HERGESHEIMER ON THE TRADE OF LETTERS

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Edited by

H·L·MENCKEN

EMPLOYÉS' WELFARE: AN AUTOPSY
Abraham Epstein

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THE BLUE SKY BLUES	*Mitchell Dawson*
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THE PICTURE	*Leane Zugsmith*
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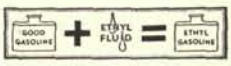

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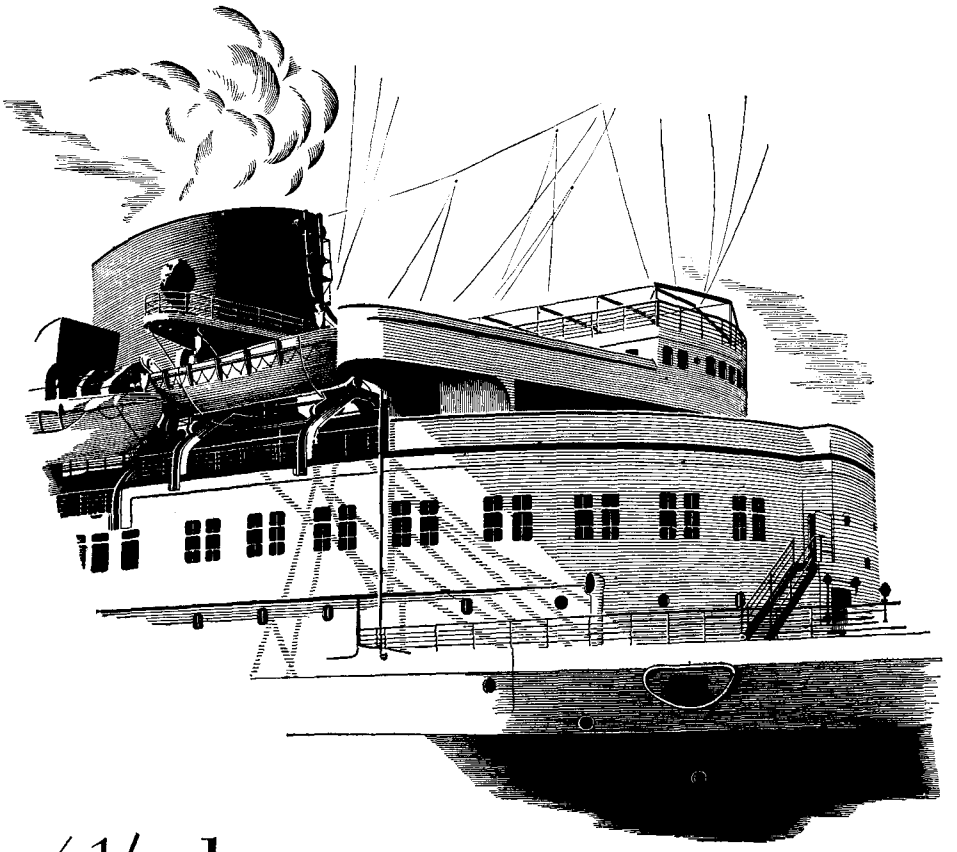

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

JAPAN: *A Short Cultural History.*
By G. B. Sansom. *The Century Company*
$7.50 10 x 6¼; 537 pp. *New York*

JAPAN: *Some Phases of her Problems and Development.*
By Inazo Nitobé. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 398 pp. *New York*

Both of these books are ably written, and full of timely and useful information. Mr. Sansom has held various posts in the British Embassy in Tokyo since 1904, and is intimately acquainted with the language, literature, traditions, and politics of the country. In his present volume, which belongs to the Cresset Historical Series, edited by Professor C. G. Seligman, he is concerned chiefly with the history of Japan up to 1868, when the imperial dynasty reassumed its ancient supremacy, and when Occidentalism, on a large scale, first made itself manifest. His aim throughout is "to record rather than to interpret." Dr. Nitobé was a member of the International Secretariat of the League of Nations. He begins his narrative where Mr. Sansom leaves off, and deals at considerable length with such matters as education, labor, population, religion, politics, and literature. He points out that "the idea of liberty has been neither a historical inheritance nor a psychological libido of our people," who would rather receive their political rights as gifts from the Emperor. The volume belongs to the Modern World Series, edited by H. A. L. Fisher. Both books have good indices and bibliographies. The Sansom is also illustrated.

ENGLAND & THE INTERNATIONAL POLICY OF THE EUROPEAN GREAT POWERS. 1871-1914.
By Alfred Francis Pribram.
The Oxford University Press
$3 9 x 5¾; 156 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pribram, who is professor of history at the University of Vienna, here deals with "the policy pursued by leading English statesmen in decisive international questions of their time." He confines himself almost wholly to Anglo-German relations, because he believes they were "of decisive importance, not only for the two countries themselves, but also for the fate of Europe and even of the world at large." He deliberately refrains from discussing the causes of the World War, but on the few occasions that he touches upon them he is very polite to the English. In one place, for example, he says that "Grey made every endeavor to avoid a break with Germany." There is a brief bibliography, and also an index.

THE TERROR IN EUROPE.
By H. Hessell Tiltman.
The Frederick A. Stokes Company
$3.75 9½ x 6½; 413 pp. *New York*

Mr. Tiltman describes the current dictatorships in Soviet Russia, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, and Lithuania. He reports at great length such things as the Matteotti murder and the persecution of Amendola, the trial of the twelve Menshevik leaders and their subsequent fate, the trial and execution of Archbishop Benjamin, and the "pacification" of Polish Ukraine by Marshal Pilsudski. The writing is at times a bit hysterical, but the documentation is fairly complete. There are many illustrations and an index.

RELIGION

THE RIDDLE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.
By Edwyn Hoskyns & Noel Davey.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8 x 5⅛; 322 pp. *New York*

The Rev. Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, Bart., is president of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and one of the most learned of English New Testament scholars. The problem he here tackles with his pupil, Mr. Davey, is whether the differences to be noted between the Gospel of Mark on the one hand and those of Matthew and Luke on the other indicate that the authors of the latter added anything to the story of Jesus that is not implicit in the narrative of the former. His answer is no, and he adds that the additions of Paul and the other Apostolic theologians added no more. This works out to the doctrine that Jesus was by no means a mere teacher of a new way of life, as rationalists commonly hold, but a genuine prophet who thought of Himself as specially sent and inspired by Yahweh. Whether or not His view of His mission was sound the authors do not undertake to say. They content themselves with trying to demonstrate by the methods of historical and literary criticism that it was really His. The authorship and datings of the Synoptic Gospels are discussed in an appendix, and in another there is a useful bibliography. Instead of an index there is a synopsis of the contents of the book.

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

UNFASHIONABLE CONVICTIONS.
By Bernard Iddings Bell. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 190 pp. *New York*

Most of Dr. Bell's convictions, here set forth with considerable eloquence, are probably less unfashionable than he seems to think. Certainly his first is not unfamiliar: "that religion is a discipline necessary to be followed by him who would come at truth." Nor his sixth: "that tolerance is frequently an evidence of enervated personality." Nor his seventh and eighth, which raise doubts about the social value of the American educational system. His fourth is less orthodox: "that the present tendency to make of men and women mere tools in productiveness of wealth is anti-Christ." And his ninth goes far over the line: "that what passes for patriotism among us is for the most part spurious coinage." The author is professor of religion at Columbia and warden of St. Stephen's College.

ESSAYS OF A CATHOLIC.
By Hilaire Belloc. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 319 pp. *New York*

Mr. Belloc writes far too much and with too easy an assurance to be ranked as a scholar, but he is at least a very dexterous and amusing journalist, and in this volume he is at his best. He begins with a denunciation of what he calls the New Paganism, proceeds to an ingenious discussion of the difference in morals between legitimate interest and usury, pays his respects to honest skepticism, outlines what he professes to regard as the true attitude of the Catholic church toward non-Catholic states, attempts to distinguish between two varieties of Darwinism, the one reasonable and the other not, and ends with a blast against Dean Inge. It is likely that some of his arguments will surprise and even horrify Catholic theologians, but he disarms them by protesting that he is speaking only for himself, not for the church. Incidentally, he introduces the convenient novelty of printing a brief summary of his argument before each essay.

THE CHRISTIAN SAGA.
By Norman Towar Boggs. *The Macmillan Company*
$9 9¼ x 6⅛; 2 vols.; 1071 pp. *New York*

Mr. Boggs here attempts an ambitious design: nothing less than a history of Christianity as a sociological phenomenon. He begins with the state of society in the Near East at the dawn of the Christian era, and ends with a discussion of the general decline of religion in the Nineteenth Century. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that his success always matches his aspiration. He has plainly read and thought a great deal about the difficult matters he discusses, but a touch of amateurishness hangs about his discourse, and he seldom presents his ideas with much force. Perhaps this is at least partly due to his style, which is simple but completely undistinguished. The chief value of his work lies in the unfamiliar materials that it amasses. The documentation is scanty and there is no bibliography, but an index (somewhat cursory) is printed at the end of Vol. II.

THE RAMAYAN OF TULSIDAS.
By J. M. Macfie. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 260 pp. *New York*

Tulsidas wrote his Ramchartitmanus (the title is commonly changed to Ramayan) somewhere in Northern India toward the end of the Sixteenth Century, and it has been widely popular there ever since. Rama, the hero, is an incarnation of the Hindu deities, Vishnu and Brahm, and Tulsidas's account of him is half fairy tale and half treatise on theology. In the present work Dr. Macfie does not attempt a complete translation, but contents himself with a critical summary. It reveals that mixture of shrewd moralizing and grotesque philosophizing which is common to all other Indian religious literature. Dr. Macfie supplies a brief but excellent introduction, and at the end there is an index.

ESSAYS

OSLER *and Other Papers.*
By William Sydney Thayer. *The Johns Hopkins Press*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5⅞; 385 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Thayer portrays Osler as a brisk and competent but somewhat cold and standoffish man. He was cordial to his staff at the Johns Hopkins, but when he was not actively interested "not even his assistant could catch his ear." Once that assistant, Dr. Lafleur, said: "I never get a chance to speak with him. Weeks often go by without my having an opportunity to talk with him." In his work he was far more concerned about diagnosis than about treatment: the latter he frequently handed over to the hospital staff, preferring to be regarded himself as a consultant. In his private practice he was noted for his moderate fees, and was greatly opposed to mulcting the rich simply on the ground that they could afford it. Dr. Thayer's three essays on him supplement usefully Cushing's more elaborate study. The other pieces in the book are less interesting: there is, indeed, a good deal of platitude in them. The two poems are dreadful. There is a good index.

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Continued from page vi

A CONVERSATION WITH A CAT *And Others.*
By Hilaire Belloc. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 227 pp. *New York*

The following chapter titles give a fair idea of the range of Mr. Belloc's collection of papers: "On Dressing Up," "On Making an Omelette," "Autobiography," "A Guide to Boring," "On Being in the Limelight," "In Praise of Ignorance," "On Jonathan Swift," "On Thinking," "Advice to a Young Man," "On Writing as a Trade," and "On Books as Wares." There are thirty-nine essays in all. They will add nothing to Mr. Belloc's reputation. Most of the essays are banal in thought and trashily written. Only two in the lot, "On Jonathan Swift" and "Advice to a Young Man," have any trace of genuine originality or dignity.

CRITICISM

A GARLAND FOR JOHN DONNE.
Edited by Theodore Spencer.
The Harvard University Press
$2.50 8¼ x 5⅝; 202 pp. *Cambridge*

The year 1931 marked the tercentenary of Donne's death, and the eight essays here were written in tribute to his memory. They are the following: "Donne in Our Time," by T. S. Eliot; "Donne's 'Paradoxes and Problems,'" by Evelyn M. Simpson; "Donne and the Poetry of His Time," by Mario Praz; "A Note on Donne the Preacher," by John Hayward; "Donne's Relation to Philosophy," by Mary Paton Ramsay; "The Date of Donne's Travels," by John Sparrow; "Donne and the Poetry of Today," by George Williamson; and "Donne and His Age," by the editor. Mr. Eliot, Donne's most voluble champion nowadays, calls him "a great reformer of the English language, of English prose," and he thinks that he "introduced the natural or conversational style." Dr. Williamson says that Donne has had a considerable influence on modern English and American poetry. Herbert Read and T. S. Eliot show it in England. "In America [it] has been felt in the most original way by the 'fugitives' of Nashville." Whether or not the poetry of these "fugitives" is any good he does not say.

ESSAYS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.
By Lafcadio Hearn. *The Hokuseido Press*
Y. 4.50 9⅞ x 6⅜; 250 pp. *Tokyo*

These essays first appeared as editorials in the New Orleans *Item* between June, 1878, and December, 1881, and in the *Times-Democrat* of the same city between the latter date and June, 1887. They are here exhumed by Albert Mordell, with an introduction by the editor and a prefatory note by Dr. Sanki Ichikawa, professor of the English language and literature in the Tokyo Imperial University. At the time he wrote them Hearn was in his middle thirties. They reveal a critical acumen that often faltered. Hearn saw the truth about Howells before it was revealed to the academic critics of the United States, but he joined them in overestimating Longfellow and in underestimating Whitman. His slating of "Leaves of Grass," dated July 30, 1882, makes painful reading today, and so does an essay of November 4, 1878, headed "Decline of the *Atlantic*," *i.e.*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, still full of life and sin in 1932! The collection includes 22 pieces from the *Item* and 40 from the *Times-Democrat*.

THE DRAMAS OF HEINRICH VON KLEIST.
By John C. Blankenagel.
The University of North Carolina Press
$3 8½ x 5¼; 262 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Kleist's life was a stormy one, ending in murder and suicide, and for years after his death a large part of his work remained almost unknown, even in Germany. To this day it has been little translated, and Dr. Blankenagel's study of him is the first of any proportions in English. Yet he was a man of great if somewhat eccentric talents, and some of his plays, poems and stories are among the glories of German literature. Dr. Blankenagel's account of him has many merits. The known facts about his life are set forth simply and clearly, and his dramas are studied in detail, with special attention to the characterizations which give them their chief dignity. The volume is well documented, but lacks an index.

BIOGRAPHY

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. *Business Man.*
By Kenneth Wiggins Porter.
The Harvard University Press
$10 8½ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 1353 pp. *Cambridge*

John Jacob Astor was born in 1763 near Heidelberg. He was the fifth child and the fourth son of Jacob Astor, a butcher. He came to America in 1784, and before he died in 1848 he amassed a fortune of more than $20,000,000. He was the first business man in America to attain colossal wealth. He was a retailer and wholesaler of all sorts of merchandise. He was a manufacturer of textiles and metal goods. He was a commission agent, did some underwriting and banking, and for a time gambled on the market. But it was by his lucky invest-

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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ments in Upper New York State and Manhattan real estate that he made most of his money. He was not a cultivated person. He "never learned to write the English language without marvelous errors in grammar and spelling." He was very near with his money, and had scant feeling for his workers or for the public at large. He left less than half a million for public purposes. Dr. Porter, who is research assistant in business history at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, has written a competent biography of him. He is inclined to agree with the New York *Herald*, which dismissed Astor as "a self-invented money-making machine." A bibliography and an index are appended to Volume II.

THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.
By Frederick Chamberlin. *Ives Washburn*
$3.50 8⅞ x 6; 390 pp. *New York*

This is a thorough, minutely itemized study of King Henry. It is heavily documented with quotations from contemporary and later medical specialists, from the diaries of the monarch's associates, and from the writings of numerous historians. Mr. Chamberlin maintains that the legendary Henry VIII, the lusty and ruthless giant, was not the factual one, and he is especially sharp in his comments on Francis Hackett's recent biography, which, he says, is full of "mistaken views . . . and errors." It is wrong, according to Mr. Chamberlin, to call Henry VIII "a monster and a bluebeard. He was nothing of the sort. . . . I think we can give him a pretty good character as a husband. . . . [He] is known to have had but three illicit sexual affairs with women in his life. . . . This is a pretty good record for a man of the Sixteenth Century in Henry's position." As a ruling monarch he left little to be desired. He was a hard worker, and ever solicitous for the welfare of his country. "Every day was a business day with [him] and Sunday was the busiest of all." He was relentless, "but we cannot feel certain that he was *needlessly* unfeeling or brutal." All in all, "he was the highest type of his people." There are many illustrations and an index.

LELAND STANFORD.
By George T. Clark. *The Stanford University Press*
$4 9¼ x 6; 491 pp. *Stanford University, Calif.*

Leland Stanford (1824-1893) was one of the great American millionaires of the post-Civil War period. He was born in New York State, practiced law for a while in Wisconsin, and in 1852 moved to California, where he amassed a huge fortune as a merchant, mine operator, and builder of railroads. He was one of the organizers and the first president of the Central Pacific Railroad, and with Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins he carried through to a successful completion the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was the first Republican Governor of California, represented his State in the United States Senate from 1885 until his death in 1893, and was the founder of Leland Stanford Junior University, named in memory of his son. Mr. Clark, who is director emeritus of the university library, has written a fairly comprehensive biography of him, but it has the marks of being an "official" job. He sees only good in his subject. He praises his "charitableness of view and his unbounded sympathy for men. Never did he speak ill of any one. . . . Behind most of his projects and enterprises was the desire to be of public service." There are numerous illustrations, a brief bibliography, and an index.

MAXIM GORKY & HIS RUSSIA.
By Alexander Kaun.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 620 pp. *New York*

Dr. Kaun, who is professor of Slavonic literature in the University of California, says that "there exists no complete biography of Gorky in Russian or any other language." His book, which is the first attempt at such a work, contains more about the great Russian's life than about his books, but it is fairly complete and ably written. He makes copious use of Gorky's autobiographical writings, and he has also obtained much fresh information during a recent visit at Capo di Sorrento. He discusses at great length Gorky's visit to the United States in 1905, and the disgraceful reception which was accorded to him by the professional moralists because of the doubtful marital status of the woman who was traveling with him. Mark Twain and William Dean Howells covered themselves with shame by the way they acquiesced in the persecution. Howells said he was sorry for Gorky, "who was put out of three hotels with the lady who was not his wife. . . . He has suffered enough in his own country, except for the false relations which cannot be tolerated here. He is a simple soul and a great writer, but he cannot do impossible things." There are a list of Gorky's writings, a list of the important dates in his life, and an index.

FOCH: *The Man of Orléans.*
By B. H. Liddell Hart. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 9 x 6; 480 pp. *Boston*

This latest military biography by Captain Hart will add greatly to his reputation. It is a thorough, bril-

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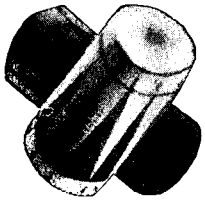

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liantly written, and highly persuasive work. The Allied Generalissimo comes out of it several pegs below the place where legend has put him. Captain Hart concedes his character and his tremendous personal appeal. "If, in 1914, Joffre may be described as the national nerve sedative, Foch, in 1918, was an international nerve tonic." It is wrong, however, to call him a second Napoleon. The latter "forgot more than Foch ever knew. . . . Foch's handicap was that he had to forget so much before he could learn." He was essentially a book general, and when confronted with the perplexing realities of the battlefield, he burst out into all sorts of contradictory commands. One day he would insist on the need to analyze facts, and the next he would declare that the theory he had taught years before, when he was a professor at the war college, "would not be open to discussion." He was incapable of bending novel conditions to his advantage. He was not a man of bold conceptions. As the Allied commander-in-chief, he was a coördinator rather than a brilliant leader. There are many excellent illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

EVERY INCH A KING. *Alfonso XIII.*
By Princess Pilar of Bavaria & Desmond Chapman-Huston *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8⅞ x 5⅞; 436 pp. *New York*

Princess Pilar of Bavaria is a first cousin of Alfonso XIII, late King of Spain. Her book is a complete whitewash of the monarch, who for incompetence and utter recklessness for his nation's welfare was second only to the late Nicholas II of Russia. The princess holds that this generally accepted opinion of her royal relative is all wrong. She is convinced that he was "gallant and brave beyond all living men, not merely brave with the red-hot courage of war, but with that far rarer, far finer courage that lives every moment in the sight of death; . . . and lives calmly, happily, and smilingly. The man who always put Spain and his destiny first. The man of unremitting toil, . . . who has yet again been betrayed by those on whom he counted and whom he loved. . . . Even his most narrow-minded and bitter enemies concede his patriotism, his dauntless courage, his political sagacity and skill, his abiding sense of duty." And so on. There are many illustrations and an index. Aubrey F. G. Bell supplies an introduction, in which he almost outdoes the authors in his praise of Alfonso.

LASALLE. *The Power of Illusion and the Illusion of Power.*
By Arno Schirokauer. *The Century Company*
$5 8⅞ x 5⅞; 320 pp. *New York*

Ferdinand Lasalle (1825-1864) was the great orator and organizer of the Socialist movement at the time of its founding. He was more responsible for the establishment of the German Social Democratic party than any one else. Though an admirer of Marx and of Engels, he was unable to win their respect. Primarily book men, they distrusted this man of action. They also could not reconcile themselves to his heavy and fancy eating and to his promiscuous love making. Marx found him "noisy and pushful", and Engels called him "nothing but a common rogue." But as time went on his historical importance became more and more apparent, so that at present he is venerated by the faithful Socialists on the same plane with the authors of "Capital" and of "The Communist Manifesto." His "pushfulness" and extravagances of living have been forgotten, and his solid contributions to the movement have come to be fully appreciated. Dr. Schirokauer's study of him is the first comprehensive one to be made available to English readers. The translation from the German is by Eden and Cedar Paul, which is a guarantee of its high quality. There are many illustrations, and also an index.

A DOCTOR OF THE 1870's & 1880's.
By William Allen Pusey. *Charles C. Thomas*
$3 8⅞ x 5⅞; 153 pp. *Springfield, Ill.*

The doctor of the title is the author's father, Dr. Robert B. Pusey, who practiced at Elizabethtown, Ky., from 1870 to 1889. He was, judged by modern standards, a man of somewhat defective equipment, but his intelligence and industry made up for the lack, and from 1880 onward he was easily the most distinguished physician in a large area of rural Kentucky. His son describes his professional methods at length—how he examined and handled his patients, what medicines he prescribed for them, what his ideas were about nursing, and how he dealt with surgical emergencies. The book is addressed primarily to medical men, but the layman will also find it interesting, for it presents a vivid and charming picture of an old-time country doctor of the best sort. The author, himself a physician, has been president of the American Medical Association, and is very well known as a dermatologist. There are many illustrations, chiefly reproductions of old snapshots, *circa* 1889.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON: *Republican Aristocrat.*
By Bernard Fay. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 9⅜ x 6¼; 297 pp. *Boston*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
By Louis Martin Sears.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$5 9⅝ x 6¼; 560 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fay's book is not a formal biography. It is a character study, written, it would seem, with more adoration than discrimination. The first President, he says, "was the last of the great land barons. . . . He was the first of the great modern politicians, who had an infallible instinct for public opinion, and . . . this made him create a practical aristocracy which the United States needed, while Adams and Hamilton completely failed in realizing their vain dreams of monarchy and nobility, and Jefferson, in his democratic philosophy, was eclipsed by a sterile triumph." Dr. Sears, who is professor of history in Purdue University, attempts to combat "the Rupert Hughes influence" in the writing of biographies of Washington. He is plainly familiar with a good deal of the relevant literature, but he has hardly achieved a distinguished book. Both volumes have bibliographies and indices, and both are illustrated.

CRANMER.
By Hilaire Belloc. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$5 9⅝ x 6⅜; 333 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Belloc says of his book: "This is not a life of Cranmer; it is a study of his character and motives, with exposition of, and emphasis upon, his literary genius and its legacy to the Church of England. For the most of the facts related I have based myself on the scholarship of Professor Pollard." He calls the great archbishop "a hypocrite, a time-server, a coward, . . . an intriguer, and a quite successful layer of traps for the unfortunate." But he goes the limit in his praise of Cranmer's work upon the Book of Common Prayer. "He was a master of the Word, he possessed the secret of magic. He had been granted power in that which is perhaps the highest medium we know of expression among men, English at its highest." There are sixteen illustrations and an index.

FRAIL ANNE BOLEYN.
By Benedict Fitzpatrick. *The Dial Press*
$3.50 9¼ x 6⅛; 318 pp. *New York*

Mr. Fitzpatrick contributes no new information about the tragic career of the unfortunate Queen, but he has achieved a highly readable, if at times slightly overdramatized, character study. He implies that Henry VIII dealt far too harshly with her, and that several of the charges made against her, particularly those of wholesale adultery and of conspiring against the King, were unfounded. He calls her "a hyperborean Helen of Troy, who altered the stream of history. . . . Never did the mesmerism that dwells in woman's spell over man evoke wider reverberation. Never did woman's soft hand mould more resolutely the plastic mass out of which posterity was made." There are many excellent illustrations, and an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

AMERICAN INDUSTRY IN EUROPE.
By Frank A. Southard, Jr.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3 8⅛ x 5⅛; 264 pp. *Boston*

This book was chosen as the 1931 prize essay in economics by a committee made up of Professors Edwin F. Gay, John B. Clark and Wesley C. Mitchell, acting for Hart, Schaffner & Marx. Dr. Southard, who is assistant professor of economics at Cornell, surveys in great detail the extent and nature of American industry in Europe, giving particular attention to the post-war period. His discussion ranges from petroleum to motion pictures, and from telephones to automobiles. The Americanization of Europe by American industry was naturally most intense after 1914. As to whether or not it will continue at the same pace hereafter, Dr. Southard says: "Even if we may suppose, as is improbable, that tariffs will be removed, other cost factors, plus the undeniable advantage of 'being on the ground' may be expected to be decisive enough to cause the continuance of the movement." There is a long bibliography, followed by two indices of companies and of subjects. Numerous statistical tables appear throughout the text.

KING LEGION.
By Marcus Duffield. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$3 8 x 5¼; 330 pp. *New York*

"Under the auspices of the Legion," says Mr. Duffield, "patriotism [in the United States] is growing to be a fearful and wonderful thing. Once it was a natural feeling, spontaneous in all of us—simple love of homeland. Now it has to be promoted, drilled into us as is a taste for spinach." The greater part of the book is given over to a detailed account of the manner in which the grand goblins of the Legion

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operate—warring upon free speech, whooping up chauvinism, grabbing public offices for themselves, and demanding ever larger bonuses for their followers. Mr. Duffield, attempting to estimate the amount of money they will be wringing from the public treasury a few years hence, concludes that it will run to really fantastic figures. They have already terrorized Congress and the State Legislatures, and there is little really effective opposition to their campaign in pulpit and press. The book constitutes a valuable record. There is a brief bibliography, followed by an index.

WHAT IS FASCISM & WHY?
Edited by Tomaso Sillani. The Macmillan Company
$5 9½ x 6⅜; 339 pp. *New York*

The aim here is not to examine Fascism objectively, but simply to present the Fascist case. The editor, Signor Sillani, is also editor of *La Rassegna Italiana* of Rome, the organ of the Fascist *intelligentsia*, and the contributors include various high functionaries of the Fascist régime, headed by two members of the Cabinet. The various chapters deal with such matters as the Fascist operation of public works, the management of the railroads and banks, the government's cultural enterprises, and its dealings with the problem of public health. Signor Sillani, in his introduction, devotes himself mainly to the Fascist foreign policy, and contrasts it with that of France. At the end of the book are some advertisements of banks, both Italian and American. There is no index.

THE PUBLIC PAYS.
By Ernest Gruening. The Vanguard Press
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 273 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gruening, who is editor of the Portland (Me.) *Evening News* and a former managing editor of the *Nation*, here makes a summary of the evidence regarding Power Trust propaganda which was taken a year or two ago by the Federal Trade Commission. The original testimony has been printed, but it is so bulky that few persons will ever read it. Dr. Gruening's summary is fairly made, and serves its purpose admirably. It tells the story of one of the most daring attempts to color public opinion ever made in the United States. Not only were many of the newspapers of the country influenced, but also a large number of college professors, not to mention some of the head ladies of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The book has an index.

POETRY

COLUMBIA POETRY. 1931.
The Columbia University Press
$1.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 48 pp. *New York*

These poems by Columbia students were selected by Professors Donald Lemen Clark, Henry K. Dick, Hoxie Neale Fairchild, and Henry W. Wells. Professor John Erskine, who supplies an introduction, thinks that the verses are "very excellent." It is not probable that many will agree with him. The poems are quite feeble, and there is not a fresh conceit in any of them. Evelyn Ruth Ahrend says that she has "searched for Beauty in slim rain, . . . and high upon the wind-swept peaks of Thought." Joseph L. Blau confides that so far as he is concerned "Spaghetti is the tangled skein of life," and Elizabeth Huber, taking a hint from Dorothy Parker, says she isn't sure about anything:

Love him?
I don't know.
Hate him?
Don't know that either.
Don't know anything.

Harold Boner, who was awarded the Mariana Griswold Van Rensselaer Prize for 1931, is certain of at least one thing:

Only the flesh
At last shall save
The bright and fresh
From order's grave.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS.
By Alice Duer Miller. Simon & Schuster
$2 8 x 5¼; 96 pp. *New York*

In this gay and unpretentious but often poignant tale in verse Mrs. Miller recites the tragedy of a triangle. Here is the sum of it:

Dear Lee, this is the truth:
That any marriage founded on devotion
Though that devotion die, as mine for Ruth,
Is not a state, but a unique emotion,
Potent, unalterable—not romantic
Love, though romantic love is where it starts—
Marriage begins only when those hot, frantic
Fires have finished welding human hearts.
It is not love, friendship, or partnership,
But this emotion—marriage, of a force
That when it once has held you in its grip
Nothing will free you wholly—not divorce,

Continued on page xviii

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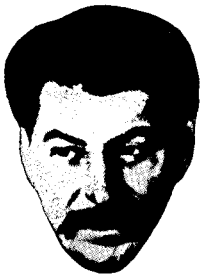

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Continued from page xvi

Or death, for these destroy not it, but you,
As I am now destroyed.
Beware, dear Lee,
Of a true marriage, if you are not true
Yourself—or you will be destroyed—like me.

THE NINTH WITCH *& Other Poems.*
By Edward Davison. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 7½ x 5; 73 pp. *New York*

In a day of wild experimentation, with its inevitable accompaniment of mountebankery, Mr. Davison chooses to follow in the decorus tradition of classical English verse. There is no excitement in his work, but there is a constant dignity, both of thought and of manner, and not infrequently a touch of really distinguished beauty. His English birth and upbringing color his themes. The countryside that he depicts is never far from London, and when he makes an urban lay the town that engages him is usually London itself. There is no straining for melodramatic effect in his verse. It deals with feelings rather than with passions. But it leaves a very vivid impression, and that impression is clearly a pleasant one. The present collection includes reprints from *Harpers*, the *Delineator*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Bookman.*

THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE.
By Kathleen Millay. *Horace Liveright*
$2 7½ x 5; 99 pp. *New York*

These verses range in subject from "Seven Songs in a Garden" to "The Tryst of the Wandering Woman," "To a Lover Unreturned," and "Religion," but Miss Millay seldom gets much beneath the surface of the obvious. Here is a sample:

GOD

There's grandeur in the buildings
That tower up so high,
There's wonder in the engines
That skim across the sky,
There's terror in the trumpet
That mourns for what it kills—
But, oh, the beauty of the mist
That hangs upon the hills!

COLLECTED POEMS.
By Laurence Binyon. *The Macmilian Company*
$4 8½ x 5¼; 2 vols.; 312 + 388 pp. *New York*

The first volume is given over to Mr. Binyon's lyrical poems, 240 in all. In date they run from 1887 to 1928, and very few pieces published during that time have been rejected. The second volume is made up of "London Visions," nine narrative poems, and three translations from Dante—the last, save for a few passages, here printed for the first time. The

Continued on page xx

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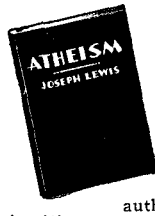

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

author's plays in verse are all omitted. The two volumes are well printed on good paper, with bindings in green. The various groups are dated, but not the individual poems. There is a brief prefatory note by the author. Each volume has an index of first lines.

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Interlingua, the latest of the proposed international languages, is defined as "a modernized international Latin, without inflections." Its vocabulary is made up of "every word common to English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Russian, and every Anglo-Latin word." In general, nouns appear in the form of the Latin ablative case, and the plural is formed by adding *s*. The grammar is very simple, and reading a passage in Interlingua is easy to anyone with a sound knowledge of any of the principal European languages and a tolerable acquaintance with Latin. The present volume is in two sections. The first includes a brief historical account of the various attempts made to set up an international language, a glossary of Interlingua, and some grammatical notes. The second is an elementary reading book in Interlingua.

THE PROVERB.
By Archer Taylor. The Harvard University Press
$2 7⅞ x 5¼; 223 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Mr. Taylor starts off by confessing that "the definition of a proverb is too difficult to repay the undertaking," but he manages nevertheless to put together a great deal of interesting matter on the subject, though it would be going too far to call the book a really scientific treatise. He describes the various types of proverbs, discusses the proverbial content and style, and gives some attention to interlingual borrowings. Necessarily, he has to deal to some extent with the folklore underlying proverbs of the popular sort, and on this subject he has much that is instructive to say. His examples come from all the European languages, ancient and modern. At the end there is a note on so-called Wellerisms, *e.g.*, "There is no accounting for tastes," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. An index is missing.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION.
By Herbert N. Shenton, Edward Sapir & Otto Jespersen. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Company
3s. 6d. 6 x 3¾; 120 pp. *London*

The sub-title of this little book is "A Symposium on the Language Problem." The contributors discuss

Continued in back advertising section, page xxvi

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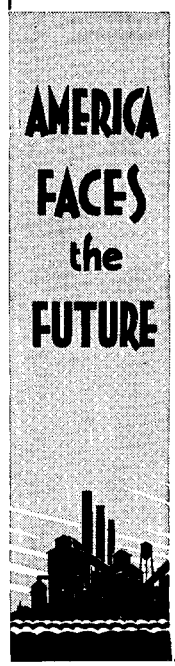

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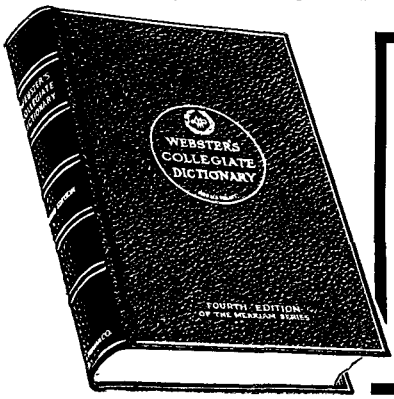

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VOLUME XXV NUMBER 99

MARCH 1932

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

ONCE the apple of every decent, patriotic, right-thinking American's eye, he is now the pebble in every American's shoe. I allude, of course, to the unfortunate former Londoner, Lord Hoover. One hears him blamed for everything from the drought in Georgia to the infernal politics of the French. He is at once damned for the moratorium, and damned for holding out against it so long. He is accused of intriguing against the cancellation of the war debts, and of intriguing in favor of it. If he has any friends left, they must all be deaf and dumb, for nothing is ever heard from them. When one of his companions at the public crib rises to defend him as in duty bound, the country is not even indignant any more; it simply laughs. He becomes the comic hero of a long series of derisory anecdotes, told across the cracker-barrels and speakeasy bars. He is succeeding the Ford Model T in the contempt of his countrymen.

In all this there is plain injustice, for the hon. gentleman is no more to blame for most of the things he is damned for than you or I. But in another sense, it is just enough for all practical purposes, for if he is being underrated today then he is only being paid off for being vastly overrated yesterday. Strike an average between the lion who came into office and the goat who will go out, and you'll probably come to a rough approximation of the modest nag who has been there all the while.

The poor man is simply in the wrong job. He was a considerable success as a promoter of Class D mine stocks, and he gave satisfaction to his customers as a wholesale victualer in Belgium and at home, but he seems to lack altogether the talents that make a statesman. He is always yielding weakly when he should be strong and standing stubbornly when he should give the other fellow some rope. He can neither induce men to trust him

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nor force them to love him. Do his principles seem vague and hence sinister? Then it is only because he really has no principles at all. His politics is simply opportunism, but it is of the furtive and sickly kind that lacks all cunning, and for every opportunity that it seizes there are a hundred that it lets slip.

The best thing we can all do is to forget Hoover and his gingerbread tragedy, giving thanks to God that it has not ruined a better man. Even if he is kicked out of office next Autumn he will still be far ahead of the game. None other of the Success Boys of Leland Stanford has ever done so well, or half so well. He will survive in the schoolbooks long after people have forgotten that 1932 was a hard year, with blood dripping from both horns of the moon. At the moment he serves admirably as a whipping-boy to take the thwacks that ought to be fanning other pantaloons, including yours and mine. For we all had a hand in making the depression, and we all deserve the evils, some real and some imaginary, which now beset us. Most of us, indeed, are getting off very lightly.

What we suffer from, essentially, is only a gross and persistent *Katzenjammer*, the natural product of the grandest jag in the history of the modern world. Three years ago every American of any respectability believed thoroughly in Santa Claus. It was an indecorum to doubt, and not only an indecorum, but also a kind of treason. One heard on the authority of high-toned professors in swell colleges that a New Economics had come into action in the Republic, and that its first principle was that what went up would never come down. The way to get on in the world, it appeared, was simply to spend more and more. And if earnings were insufficient to support that spending there was always plenty of money to be had in the stock market. Put in a dollar, and you presently had two, three, four, five—or so it seemed.

The Parisians of John Law's day were pikers: the natural prudence of the French held them back. Here in America there was no such restraint. Everyone went plunging, including even those who didn't. For every man's money, no matter how cautiously he had invested it, appeared to increase. In the market the live ones pulled the dead ones along, and presently the dead ones were alive too. Real estate followed. Profits piled up and were put to making new profits. And when stocks at home got so high that the yield was only 2% there was a rush for bonds abroad at 6, 7 and 8%.

The story of the typical American of that gaudy time may be told very simply. He started out, let us say, with $10,000 in Liberty bonds, bought partly at 100 during the war and partly at 90 afterward. They began to soar and he was pleasantly warmed, but soon he was yearning to be warmed even more, for other things were soaring much further. So he sold his bonds and took a flier, and in next to no time his $10,000 was $25,000—or so it seemed. It appeared to be easy, and he tried again. When the buzzing died out in his ears he had $50,000—or so they told him. But though he was now plainly on the road to fortune his income from his "investment" remained painfully meagre, and so he took the advice of eminent investment bankers, and bought foreign bonds at 8%. Presently he was receiving $212.50 a year on his nest-egg of Liberty bonds, $400 on his 2% stocks, and $2000 on his 8% bonds. At the start he had been getting but $425 altogether. It seemed an excellent trade.

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He began to read the financial pages with a confident eye. He became optimistic, even cocky. And then came the grand bust.

Where is this American today? He is back where he was before the circus began —back all the way, and then some. He is a great deal less secure than he was then, and enormously less happy. His nest-egg of Liberty bonds is still yielding him $212.50 a year, but his dividends from all those gilt-edged stocks have shrunk to $200, and his Chilean, Bolivian and Abyssinian bonds are bringing him in precisely nothing, with no takers. His old small but safe income is now even smaller than it was at the start of his venture, and a hundred times less safe. If he went on the block tomorrow, his Liberty bonds, once so high, would barely bring him what he paid for them. His stocks are down in the 30's. His bonds have become wall-paper. Let him sell out, and he must take a heavy loss; let him hold on, and it seems to grow larger every day.

It is a sad story, and it might be duplicated endlessly. But is it really the story of every American? Hardly. It is only the story of those Americans who yielded irrationally to professional seers and visionaries, as yokels yield to travelling corn-doctors and evangelists. It is only the old story of gamblers brought to book at last, their money gone and their shirt-tails out. Are the rest of us in the same boat? I doubt it. The boat we are in is getting some unpleasant rocking from the foundering of the other, but it is tighter of seam and will survive. We have all lost something, but not many have really lost everything. In actual values the country is still rich, and any man who owns any honest part of it still has that part, and will see it making money for him when the clouds roll by.

Not many American industries are really sunk beyond recovery. Is the power business? Is the steel business? Is the telephone business? Is the chain-store business? Is the automobile business? The street railways, no doubt, are done for, but they were done for even before the great boom, and the railroads have been sickening since the war. Both are mainly the victims, not of the depression, but of a shift in the habits of the people. Millions who once rode in trolley-cars and day-coaches, burning coal, now ride in automobiles and busses, burning gasoline. The railroad and street railway security-holders are being shaken out as the canal and toll-road security-holders were shaken out before them. They suffer sadly, but the country as a country will scarcely notice it, for every dollar they lose will be converted, in the long run, into a dollar of profit for the owners of automobile plants, oil companies and bus lines.

This shifting is always going on. It is a kind of economic metabolism, and as inevitable as that which goes on in the human body. Moreover, it is probably just as beneficent. If the street railways can't make a living, then the country will be well rid of them, and of the railroads with them. The old canal-owners howled dismally when the first rails were laid, and as their stocks went down to 20, to 10 and then to nothing they were full of tall talk against Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce, and made loud demands upon Congress for succor. But Congress could not help them, and presently they vanished and were heard from no more.

One sees all sorts of estimates of the shrinkage in the national wealth since 1928, but most of them are manifestly extravagant. Nearly all seem to be based on

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the theory that the paper profits of speculators at the height of the market were real values, and that their disappearance is equivalent to the disappearance of mills and houses, mines and lands. But that is plain nonsense, and so is it nonsense to assume that the low prices which now prevail in some quarters represent real values. If they did, we'd be ready for the bailiffs, but we are really very far from being ready for the bailiffs.

Even the foreign bonds, for all the current uproar, are surely not complete and unanimous flops. Some of them are backed by what, in the long run, will probably turn out to be perfectly sound security, and others have behind them the good faith of governments and business men who may be trusted to pay a substantial part of their debts, even if they can't pay all. Suppose the whole list turned into waste paper tomorrow: what would be the effect upon the assets of the American people? The effect would be, as I figure it, that they would lose about 5% of their total wealth. Or less than 30% of their current annual income. A heavy blow, to be sure, but to call it anything worse is a plain exaggeration.

At home the damage, at least on paper, is more serious, but the prudent investor, if he can manage to hang on a while, will have to bear much less of it than the speculator. That investor, at the moment, is suffering a painful decline in his income, and if he tried to unload tomorrow he would be badly hurt, but it is of the essence of his position that he doesn't want to unload, and cannot be induced to do so by mere alarms. Let him hang on by selling his car and having his breeches patched, and he will find, when the hullabaloo is over, that most of his income has been restored, and that he is richer than before. For if he bought a 100,000th share of a going concern he still owns it, and soon or late it will resume its old function of earning money for him.

The psychic effect of the depression, it seems to me, is generally a good one. It has made multitudes distrust such charlatans as Hoover and Mellon who were quite willing, three years ago, to credit them with the magic of saints and archangels. It has busted a long line of popular wizards, running from Henry Ford to Charlie Schwab, and from Irving Fisher to Arthur Brisbane, all of them as hollow as jugs. It has taught people the difference between speculative values and real values. It has hastened the death of sick industries, and proved the vigor of sound ones. It has blown up the old delusion that the amount of money in the world is unlimited, and that every American is entitled to a police captain's share of it.

Best of all, it has taught millions that there is really no earthly reason why there should be two cars in every garage, and a chicken in the pot every day. A few years back we were all leaping along after the pacemakers, and making shining fools of ourselves. Life in America had become an almost unanimous effort to keep up with the Joneses, and what the Joneses had to offer by way of example was chiefly no more than a puerile ostentation. So many luxuries became necessities that the line separating the one from the other almost vanished. People forgot altogether how to live well, and devoted themselves frantically to living gaudily.

It seems to me that the depression will be well worth its cost if it brings Americans back to their senses. Once they rediscover the massive fact that hard thrift and not gambler's luck is the only true basis of national wealth, they will discover si-

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multaneously that a perfectly civilized and contented life is possible without the old fuss and display. For all their current alarms, they will still be as rich as any other people on earth, and a great deal richer than most. They will still have all their actual property, though their false profits will be gone with their false prophets. They will eat and (I surely hope) drink, and they will be free from care. Children will be growing up who never heard of two cars in every garage. We'll all be poorer, but we'll all be happier.

If I am here accused of optimism, that dreadful diabetes of the soul, then I can only point out that the optimism I whoop up differs abysmally from that of the late Utopians. It is based, not upon fantasies, but upon realities. And in particular, it is based upon the eternal reality that the delights which money can bring are limited sharply by a law of diminishing returns. We have all been spending too much, and we have all been succumbing to trashy and bogus values. It will be a good thing for us to get back to the sound ones—hard work, careful forethought, decent moderation. I could live very comfortably on half of what it has cost me to live since 1924, and so could you. Both of us used to do it, and were quite contented.

As with the people, so with the nation. Uncle Sam has been on a bust too. It is hard for him to retrench, but somehow he must learn to do it. Most of the troubles of the world today are not due to the fact that it is now poor, but to the fact that it was *too rich in 1914. When a nation begins to* jingle money in its pocket it almost inevitably gets into trouble. England, Germany and France all suffered from that disease, and we were ready for it too. The war began for us as a thrilling gamble, and is ending as a throbbing headache. When that headache passes off we'll have some valuable experience behind us. Will it teach us anything? Perhaps not. But it will at least leave us too sad and decrepit to attempt the same monkeyshines soon again.

H. L. M.

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THE LAMENTABLE TRADE OF LETTERS

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE profession of letters is, probably, the most absurd occupation followed by humanity. It has, at the same time, been supported by an assumed importance not the least among its humorous qualities. Books, the art of printing, have had an incalculable influence on the world's history; an influence, however, certainly as bad as it has been good; but the nonsense that has accumulated about the practice, the actualities, of literature long ago buried its more dignified reality.

The actual writing of books, for example, is perhaps the dullest of all possible tasks. It is without any alleviating qualities whatever. An endless activity addressed in practically every case to failure. Every detail connected with it is wearisome and stupid and difficult. There is no such thing as a good, easy, an unlabored, sentence; paragraphs, naturally, are far harder than sentences; whole books more impossible of accomplishment than merely difficult. The mechanics of writing are so monotonous that a life spent upon them becomes infinitely less varied than the occupation of clam-digging.

Writing books is purely an illogical process, a ridiculous way to spend the short time at the disposal of men. It is a species of solitary confinement without the tangible restraint of bars and bolts, imposed by an idiotic inner vanity and dim hope. Day after day, for example, year upon year, in the morning I go to a small house I own in West Chester, and there, in a room that should be a dining-room, I write; I write, alone and without interruption, from ten until one, or two—until fifteen hundred words, in longhand, are finished—and then, mentally exhausted, physically oppressed and irritated, I go back to the Dower House for lunch. In the afternoon, oftener than not, I write again, fifteen hundred words. Practically every morning of my mature life, including Sunday, I sit down and face two pens, one in a silver and one in a black individual stand, and a pile of blank books in pale brown paper covers. The empty books are on my right-hand; they are moved to the left when filled; and, no matter how arduously I labor, there are always before me more blank books than I can ever master. The thin stream of ink running through my pens flows from a supply I will never exhaust.

Those incontrovertible facts, pretty enough, eventually become burdensome. The sheer effort of moving a pen over page after page is not, in itself, excessive, but as an idea it is devastating. Sometimes, in addition to everything else, I watch the pen point travel over the blue ruled lines of the books I write in; it drops line by line to the bottom of the page and then abruptly rises to the top of the succeeding page. Outside the windows of my small drawing-room, visible through a doorway, there is a pleasant street with brick sidewalks and trees, and an intermittent, en-

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gaging local activity. In Fall the leaves there are very golden, filled, in the afternoon, with a golden sunlight; and it is clear from that what, in Chester county, the world is like—blue valleys and green hills and vermilion foliage, a still air with the faint sting of wood smoke and the aroma of cider mills. I think of their relieving beauties and continue to write until dusk falls, the color fades away and the day grows cold.

In the Spring it is worse: the windows are open—after the long insulation of Winter—and a score of cheerful, distracting sounds drift into the house; the valleys, then, are white with apple blossoms, the streams brimming and musical, the dusk sweet with the clear high piping of robins and the low piping of frogs in the meadows. The listlessness of May is in the soft air. Still I sit writing at a table that is too low for me; my left arm, for hours in a single position, becomes half paralyzed; the fingers of my right hand are numb from holding the pen. Why I have never found a higher table is beyond me to decide. For three years I have continued to bend over in an awkward, uncomfortable position. There is no rug in the room where I work, and the table slips away from me; it slides off, urged by my stomach, and I find myself at the door leading to the drawing-room. At times, subconsciously, I stop it, drag the table back to where it belongs; then it moves off once more. There is a brass plate, for electrical attachments, in the middle of the floor, and, mostly, I manœuver to fix a leg of the table behind it. Then everything except my mind and hand is stationary for an hour anyhow.

I write, following the table across the room, with headaches and other distracting ills; I write in Winter when the heat, furnished by a central town system, fails, and I am rigid with cold and inactivity, and in Summer when it is so hot that the ink swims on paper soaked with sweat where my hand has rested. I go on and on, and the only calendar events are the appearances, on Tuesday and Friday, of Mrs. O'Hara, who keeps my house clean.

I do not, naturally, mean that other occupations are not monotonous, confining, but I am convinced that writing is more tiresome and repetitious than they are. What makes this particularly difficult to support is the wide-spread conviction that my life is an Elysium of idleness and pleasure. When, in scarcely more than twenty years, I have managed to write easily the equivalent of fifty difficult books I am not able to decide. The public view of me, where there is a public view, seems to believe that I divide my time between buying neckties, drinking champagne and conversing, to express it mildly, with the more beautiful feminine creatures of this and other lands. I often, with envious reflections, think about the life I am supposed to lead. The reality is so very different.

The author of novels—I am speaking, out of my own experience, of men—is everywhere held to be gay, a word that has come, in the United States, to mean amoral. Women expect a novelist to insult them. They are prepared for it. Their attitude, where he is concerned, is partly curiosity and part a preparatory resentment, an air of waiting for the worst. The flattery, if they are moved to flattery, is no better—women recite their most private troubles, usually invented and always highly dramatized, with the explanation, the excuse, that only you could understand them. They, the troubles, are invariably the same—the women are bored with their existence; word for word each repeats what all the others have said.

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They hold your hand and sigh, and then ask for some more champagne, or light a cigarette. The truth, wholly different from the public legend, is that women regard writers, novelists, impersonally; they look upon them as impersonal individuals.

The writer is not, as a rule, when he becomes at all eminent, physically attractive; his life and habits are peculiarly destructive to personal charms; and sensible women, lovely women—after they have saturated themselves with his sympathy—return with far different men to the ball room floor. In addition, any man with the slightest pretense to eminence grows ironical; he becomes more generally doubtful with every passing year; and women hate irony and doubt in men. The companionship of other men is, if anything, more difficult to establish; most admirable men live by affirmatives, positive acts and thoughts; and the detachment, the remoteness, of creative writers from causes and beliefs and acts serves to make the masculine world skeptical of their soundness. Men, no less than women, believe that a writer is essentially indecorous, an individual with the habits—and resources—of a Turk. No one will believe that he actually works, that what he does is even more laborious than what other men do, and that, rather than gay, he is somber in mind and physically depleted.

II

The material rewards of the profession of letters are, usually, so small as to warrant no hope of them whatever. They decrease in proportion to the dignity, the personal integrity, of the individual concerned. It is, of course, far easier to sell bad writing than good; indifferent writing is the most profitable of all: stories, books, without any positive qualities, that equally please Roman Catholics, Turks, primitive Methodists and Episcopalian minds. Books, principally, about a triumphant humanity, where goodness is rewarded, among other ways, by the possession of endless worldly goods. That is the perfect formula. Gold in the last paragraph and a lovely blonde feminine creature. All novels and stories, naturally, are not like that; every day more and more are free from such dull pretensions; every year a number of promising and even distinguished written works of imagination are published; they are, too, in a way, successful; but they have no discoverable relation to material rewards.

A novel that required two years of bitterly hard labor, following half a lifetime of devastating experience, might easily be a distinguished success on the plane of sheer accomplishment, and make two hundred dollars for its author. This is optimistic. A second book by the same hand, equally or even more admirable, might bring a return of five hundred dollars. Seven hundred in all, spread over a period, perhaps, of five years. I am speaking of the generality of experience. There are exceptions but no one can count upon being that. Thousands and thousands of people, men, women and children, are engaged in the writing of books and stories. One creative writer of discernible merit appears about every third or fourth year. One! He is, usually, no better than meritorious, dignified in his effort and engagement. A complication of evils immediately assails him; the more dangerous, paradoxically, are the need of money and the possibility of large sums earned with comparative ease.

There is, everywhere in humanity, a strong leveling tendency—a constant pressure, a universal vanity, exerted to make everything and everyone uniform, with

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neither uncomfortable eminences nor threatening depressions, an entire smooth and pleasant and mediocre existence. Everyone, above everything else, wishes to be justified, reassured; and writing that justifies, upholds, the majority of humanity is invariably, naturally, bought by the majority. One of the great fallacies in the world of books is the belief that lewd and immoral works are immensely profitable. They are, in reality, scarcely profitable at all. Their public is very small. Books that bind halos on the common man, the plain woman, are the actual sources of gold. They are, in the main, bought and read by women who wish to realize, in imagination, their highest ambitions and hopes. Their hopes and ambitions, principally, are fastened upon dark and handsome, romantic, men, luxury and a variety of life.

Why not!

The existence of the average woman in the United States is still without variety or romantic lovers, splendid husbands. The prospect for them in most cases is not bright. There is a great gulf, in such a woman, between her life and her thoughts, her aspirations; and novels about glorious feminine conquests, nobilities and power compose a large part of her inner, necessitous being. To a great extent she dwells in and upon them. I would never expect to sell a novel about a lonely and defeated woman to women. Not unless it were wholly sentimental. A sentimental novel, in such a case, would be one where the woes, the importance, of the woman were grossly exaggerated. A cold record of fact could have no success with them; the question, the presence, of truth and beauty have no substance. An overwhelming majority of women read for support, for the illusion of an amelioration of their fates.

Men, when they read at all, are different; they are so various that no general classification is possible. Sometimes, engaged with my mail, I think men read mostly to discover the numbers of mistakes in the books they examine. I have just published a biography of General Sheridan in which, in the first edition, at least five clear mistakes appeared; and men in every State, in every considerable city, of the Union wrote calling my attention to them. The proportion of such letters to those of commendation is about three hundred to one. Yet, in the Sheridan biography, the proportion of correctness to error was at least three thousand to one in favor of the former. However, I am, in reality, grateful for this; since it makes a necessary revision immensely easier and more accurate; here I am only interested in the fact.

It would be instructive to know the complete sales of three written works—with no reference to their comparative importance—addressed unavoidably to men: "Mountain Blood," a novel I published in 1915; "Beyond Life," by Mr. Cabell and "The Secret Agent" by Mr. Conrad. "Mountain Blood" has made me, beginning about four years after its first publication, in the vicinity of thirty-five dollars a year. Less, I suppose, rather than more. It is the tragic story of a woman who bled to death in childbirth and the subsequent loneliness, the remorse and lonely death, of her husband. Not a book that one woman dissatisfied with reality would casually recommend to another. Very few men in the United States, the truth is, read works of imagination; the proportion of interest in comparatively dignified letters, against all the facts to the contrary, still lies largely with women. Even then, however, the total is very small. A first novel of distinction has, generally, a cir-

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culation that varies between three hundred and three thousand copies.

The talent for popularity is almost as rare as a fine ability; it requires, among other things, an accompanying honesty. A writer whose books circulate in the millions firmly believes in the truth, the beauty, of what he writes; he is convinced that goodness, in a conventional sense, is richly repaid; he is certain that his rigid conception of morality is correct. I am familiar, for example, with the formula of a majority of immensely successful novels; I could write one, obeying every necessity of construction and ideas, in two weeks. Such a book would bring me about four hundred thousand dollars—on paper, on screens and on the stage—and would be a very welcome piece of reality indeed; and yet, strangely enough, I could not write it at all. The fact that its spirit was wrong, that I believed none of it, would be instantly apparent to everyone.

A very few writers are widely popular; the fact that they are, in almost every instance, very bad writers has nothing to do with them. They, like Edmund Spenser, have their abilities. It is as impossible to copy them as it is impossible, if it were desirable, to copy "The Faërie Queene." No, on the material side literature, of one kind or another, bears no security. When it does manage to provide a living the labor is incredible. A labor, as I have shown, of the most debilitating variety. Even the comparative eminence that may accompany it is not invariably desirable; most of it becomes a weariness following upon the oppression of a constant, a universal, stupidity. A repetition of dull and meaningless questions and shallow, palpably false, compliments; a burdensome demand for instruction and assistance from a myriad of writers without any shadowy ability; the endless envy, the animosity, really, of nearly all other able writers; the eternal inner mocking consciousness of the illimitable difference between any conception and its realization.

In addition there are, for the creator of letters, lovely and unlovely, no holidays, no periods of rest. He carries his difficulties, his problems, everywhere with him; they harass his days and torment his nights; they come between him and all pleasure; they abstract him from the happiness and security of love.

III

Why men, and women, engage at all with creative writing—what the especial abilities and necessities are that make it possible—is difficult to discover. It appears, contrary to the fact, to be a pleasant and easy manner of making money; and that hopeful, and short-lived, mistake encourages most of their efforts. A deeper necessity for some expression of self-justification explains a great deal of such attempted writing. This much is clear; but it fails utterly to account for the smaller, the small, number of relatively talented and persistent writers.

A mature lifetime of letters means, among other unhappy qualities and states, an inescapable isolation of spirit far worse than a mere confinement of the body. It is not a condition of health. That, at least, is incontrovertible; and by health, here, I mean the closest possible approach to a normal physical and mental well-being. In reality, normal people are almost invariably without minds or imagination. In the main they are extremely stupid. They have, fortunately for themselves, no pressing need for an intellect. They are, frequently, widely esteemed, and often occupy places of power, grow

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rich, but they have never produced an elevated written line. Imagination is a peculiarly harrowing form of disease.

Certainly, exaggerated to a fantastic degree, it filled my childhood with a darkness of fears and disintegrated the reality of my later experience. I was, ironically, a large, strong-looking boy, and the difference between my appearance and a wretched timidity, my inability to play any game even moderately well, forced me, for the mere preservation of my pride, to retire into an unreality where I could arrange affairs to my own better satisfaction. When, after a humiliating failure merely to hit a ball with a bat, I drove home from school in a carriage then called a Germantown, with two seats and glazed leather curtains that rolled up at the sides, I mentally rearranged the whole game and became its hero. That habit—it is supposed by psychologists to be deplorable—grew constantly stronger, and soon I lived almost entirely in a world of the imagination.

It was not, however, an existence peopled by fairies or companions at once imaginary and actual; my sole concern was myself, a succession of very satisfactory imagined triumphs. The truth was that I disliked fairy stories: Alice, in or out of her Wonderland, was a nuisance to me; the Bab Ballads, I thought, were, exactly, nonsense. I liked best, then, novels by the Duchess and the early books of Howard Pyle; I turned suddenly, still quite young, to the Lake school of English poetry: to Matthew Arnold—"Tristram and Iseult," "Dover Beach," and, more than all the others, to "The Scholar Gipsy." I went by way of Coleridge, a devious journey, to the dramatic personages of Robert Browning.

Through all the Summers of my early youth I was ill, the effect on me of heat; I was obliged to be quiet in a quiet house of, mostly, aged people; and I retired, isolated from the contact of events, to the top of the stone tower that dominated my grandfather's mansion. From it there was a wide view of a verdant Victorian suburb —close cut emerald lawns, ornamental iron fences, fountains with glinting goldfish in their basins, canopies of wisteria and columns of orange flowered trumpet creepers, moss roses and hedges of great June roses. In the morning a carriage, the Germantown, waited at a gate on the street to take my mother marketing; Summer afternoons the Victoria, with two horses, waited there for the invariable slow drive by the Wissahickon; the watering cart went past with its sparkling fan of water.

I sat high above that lost tranquillity, intent upon it all, watching little girls in starched white dresses with blue sashes and bows play on the bright green lawns, less interested in the ruder activities of boys that filled me with mingled envy and fear. Gradually the world of reality, like the removed scene below me, became remote; an incurable detachment from it settled upon me. Rather than take part in actuality I saw it objectively. I was conscious of all existence as a thing separate from me. This, where I am concerned, explains a great deal; but it does not explain the sense of form, the ability, to some degree, to make a comparatively clear record of my experience.

I began, at sixteen, seriously to study painting, but that soon came to an end—it was plain even to me that I would never be a painter; then, without education, with no adequate tangible preparation, I began to write. I covered thousands and thousands of pages with words that never, by any chance, expressed my hopes or meaning. There was, at that time, liter-

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ally nothing to be said in their favor. The sentences were all awkward and incorrect, their meaning confused. They were, in short, impossibly ugly. I became, after that, affected and wrote short prose poems filled with uncommon, obfuscated, words. I owned a supreme contempt for common phrases and ordinary thought. I was very artistic.

That, obviously, was not an improvement; but it, too, vanished when the twenties were, practically, behind me. I married and wrote a book that I was obliged, since it ended in Heaven, to call a romance. Then every trace of romantic mood left me and I wrote "Mountain Blood," a novel I have already alluded to. The form of what I wrote was the result of my limitations quite as much as it was brought about by the presence of any especial ability; it was the crystallized result of my ignorance and perceptions; where, if ever it was excellent, the excellence resulted from an individual need faced with what it did not know. I had to invent, out of everything, a manner.

Deeper than that I detested what happened to the fineness in people. I was horrified by the injustice that almost everywhere met and overcame humanity. I had no hope of correcting it; I simply hated it. That distinction is important for it marks the difference between the reformer and the writing I have been concerned with. I could not imagine writing a paragraph about a reformed world. The base of my attitude and indignation was the palpable fact that human existence could not be perfected. It could only be dignified, made relatively supportable, by isolated moments of courage and by understanding. Pity. A word so splendid in implication that I use it with hesitation. Those, at least, are some of the motives, the reasons, for my writing; they partly describe the form, the appearance, of what I have written.

This was not, it ought to be plain, a gay or light engagement; but based upon injuries to the spirit—those harms that are never cured or forgotten, on sickness and isolation. No one, in his right mind, would willingly address himself to such a melancholy and hopeless business. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it is all beyond individual choice. Nothing can be done about it. A few men are born to spin out the tragedy of their helpless feeling on paper; a few infinitely happier men own a talent for pleasant and reassuring prose; the rest, the overwhelming majority who write, come quickly to nothing. They are, perhaps, luckier than the other, the successful, few.

I would, personally, have chosen another existence entirely, or another time—the early Nineteenth Century—in which to write. I had, through the most difficult period of my efforts, the Great War to contend with. I knew nothing about it; my part in it was insignificant and safe. When that, at last, was over, I had lived into an era young and interested, and quite correctly, only in itself, impatient with the pretenses, and virtues, of the immediate past. That too, I realized, would change; but not before I had died, leaving my books to dark, questionable fate.

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THE PLUNDER OF CHICAGO

BY WALTER W. LIGGETT

CHICAGO probably presents the most perfect example of the apparently incurable inability of Americans to conduct their public affairs with even a modicum of honesty and efficiency. For years its municipal funds have been squandered far faster than they could be collected, despite the fact that taxes have increased 60% since 1925. The city now spends $260,000,000 annually—more than it cost to conduct the entire Federal government four decades ago—and including Cook county, inside whose boundaries Chicago is situated, it requires the staggering sum of $350,000,000 a year to administer the public needs of approximately 4,000,000 people.

The recent defaults in interest on the city's debt, its failure to meet its municipal payrolls, the refusal of the Federal government to accept its securities as investments for postal savings banks, the conspicuous absence of bidders when the city and county sought to market fresh bond issues, and the appalling revelations at a new series of graft trials have brought about another crisis and again focused the attention of the country on the apparently hopelessly tangled affairs of the mid-West metropolis.

The city of Chicago, Cook county, the Sanitary District, and the various park districts and forest preserves now have $415,564,000 in bonds outstanding, and owe $228,013,000 more on tax anticipation warrants—a device which permits the politicians to evade the legal debt limitation and to keep on spending when the cash is exhausted. Not only are the treasuries of Chicago and Cook county practically empty, but tens of thousands of small home-owners are in arrears for taxes—and so are many hotels and business blocks. Both municipalities have been about sucked dry by the professional spoilsmen.

These criminals, of course, are delighted when the newspapers make a clatter about melodramatic events in the Chicago underworld. So long as they feature the colorful gang feuds of the town, or savagely attack the labor racketeers, no attention is paid to inquiries into the municipal finances. There is drama when some squealer is taken for a ride, or groups of mobsmen are chopped down with machine-guns, but digging into dusty records is a drab business at the best.

Consequently, the politicians pay eager lip service to clean-up campaigns directed at the gangsters, but all the while they have their fingers crossed. In the first place, the gangsters pay too well for protection to have *that* source of revenue shut off. In the second place, the gangsters supply much appreciated support on election days. There are at least 50,000 of them within the limits of Cook county, and they can marshal twice that many ballots. This compact army of voters, thoroughly bi-partisan, always willing to take orders from the back-room bosses, and to change allegiance overnight, is sufficient to swing any ordi-

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nary election. If an emergency arises, the gangsters stuff the ballot-boxes with double their actual votes and prevent an equal number of respectable citizens from coming near the polling places. The professional politicians simply cannot do without these mercenaries.

But the real big dough racket in Chicago —to use the parlance of the underworld— is run, not by gangsters but by professional politicians, and, in the amounts of money mulcted from the public these "respectable" law-breakers make the vice-mongers look like penny-ante pikers. The profits of bootlegging, gambling, prostitution and racketeering are vast, to be sure,—or were so, prior to the depression—but year in and year out they fall far short of the stupendous sums which the city and county rings extract from the taxpayers. It has been estimated that the graft from all of the many overlapping governments within the city of Chicago and Cook county runs close to $75,000,000 annually—and this does not include the millions which the gangsters pay for protection money.

Ever since Charles T. Yerkes—that truly magnificent pirate, immortalized in Dreiser's "Titan"—sought to combine all the Chicago trolley lines under a fifty-year charter back in 1897, and purchased a majority of the City Council as the first step in his programme, the traction interests have dominated Chicago. Now the electric light and power and gas companies are under the same ownership as the street cars and buses, and these allied public utilities control both parties. The Chicago-Cook county political ring is essentially bi-partisan. The bosses always conduct their sham battles with an eye to the future, and even the supposedly rival precinct captains and ward chairmen usually have close working agreements. As a University of Chicago professor once remarked, "The Democratic and Republican parties here are merely the two wings of the same bird of prey."

Men who seek the suffrage of their fellows, while secretly beholden to some corporation-controlled boss, must necessarily be of a low order to begin with. And, as has been observed many times in these United States, the pursuit of public office seems to lower the moral tone of even the best of men. Most of Chicago's politicians received an intensely practical early training. A large proportion of its party leaders were reared in bitter poverty Back of the Yards, as the packing house district is called, where those who emerged were not likely to be overburdened with either scruples or illusions. Many of them quite sincerely believe that an election certificate is in effect a license to rob. Bound together by what a Chicago judge once described as "the cohesive ties of public plunder," this gang of bi-partisan boodlers has the governments of Chicago and Cook county absolutely in its grip.

Excessive prices for labor and materials on city contracts, bare-faced payroll padding, tax rebating, the leasing or sale of school lands for a tithe of their real value, grossly inflated figures paid to insiders for real estate acquired by the city or county, the placing of interest-free public funds with favored bankers, and the disposition of municipal bonding and insurance, are some of the major devices by which these predatory office-holders enrich themselves and impoverish the public. The widespread corruption imposes a double burden upon the people, for nine times out of ten the crooks are not only dishonest but also grossly incompetent. Probably the 55,000 of them waste far more than they steal. The almost incredible complexity of the municipal machinery adds materially to the high cost of misgovernment.

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II

Probably no other community in the world has such a crazy-quilt arrangement of overlapping and sometimes conflicting political units. There are no less than 415 local governing bodies in Chicago and Cook county, each with its own tax-levying and borrowing powers. Within the city limits of Chicago there are 31 independent governments and six semi-independent tax-levying boards. These include the city and county governments, the Chicago Board of Education, the Chicago Library Board, the Sanitary District, the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, the Forest Preserve District, twenty independent park districts, two mosquito abatement districts, and two operating and six non-operating townships.

Outside of Chicago, in Cook county, there are 384 additional independent and semi-independent bodies, all empowered to levy taxes and to borrow funds. These include 9 cities, 76 villages, 30 townships, 192 school districts, 30 park districts, 40 road and bridge districts, two sanitary districts and a number of other miscellaneous agencies. Practically all these units levy separate taxes for specific purposes in addition to the general tax levy. Most sections in Chicago and Cook county are subject to at least seven independent governments, and within the whole county there are no less than 450 separate tax levies. The citizens of North Village pay 37 different assessments.

The 415 local governments inside Cook county are now spending approximately $350,000,000 a year (Chicago alone spends $260,000,000 annually) and the 55,000 public employés draw yearly salaries amounting to approximately $120,000,000. The combined funded and floating debt of the 415 local governments amounts to nearly $750,000,000. These enormous sums are disbursed without the slightest regard for elemental business principles. There is no standardization of purchases; few budgets are properly balanced; costly equipment which may be used for only a few weeks a year is duplicated by neighboring units; sanitation and police services are not coordinated; and the complete lack of central authority or responsibility enormously multiplies the opportunities for graft.

Naturally, this situation is pleasing to the politicians, for it enables them to dodge responsibility. For the same reason they delight in the confusion of the almost undecipherable long ballots in vogue, which make a mockery of popular government. No less than 353 elective officials were on the last ballot within the city of Chicago; inside Cook county 650 office holders were voted for at the last general election. It is absolutely impossible—even for citizens of unusual intelligence—to judge the merits of so many nominees. The primaries are even more perplexing. Little wonder, then, that the average voter throws up his hands in disgust and lets the back-room bosses select the candidates.

The 55,000 office-holders, with their families and friends, aided by the 50,000 gangsters whom Chicago harbors, form a compact army of voters which can always be depended upon to swing behind the boss-picked nominees. If mere numbers fail, the precinct captains are prompt to resort to ballot-box stuffing and intimidation. Thus there is little if any prospect that the decent element of Chicago will ever rid the city of the bi-partisan political machine which is now riding the taxpayers like the mythical Old Man of the Sea.

To make matters worse, Chicago and Cook county are powerless to reconstruct their governmental structure without the consent of the Illinois Legislature, and the same public utility interests which have

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corrupted Chicago also control the entire State of Illinois. They want no change in the existing situation. Through a rotten borough system which is thoroughly unrepresentative the rural legislators continue to deny more than half the people of the State the privilege of self-government; and the Chicago politicians help perpetuate this bucolic tyranny because they realize that home rule must be the first step toward any real reform.

The friendly coalition between the Chicago politicians and the down-State legislators was exposed in startling fashion in 1929, when it was discovered that sixty members of the State Assembly were on the payroll of the Chicago Sanitary District for "legal services," and "expert fees," or as "investigators." The speaker of the House received $5,000 and so did the president *pro tem.* of the Senate. Both Republican and Democratic floor leaders were handsomely taken care of, and one powerful rural boss received $40,000. Other payments ranged from $413 to $27,000. A former United States Senator, a Congressman, a justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, a district judge, and a former Attorney General were all lined up at the crib.

It was proved that most of these legislators performed no services whatsoever in return for their thinly disguised bribes, which totaled $1,606,400 during three sessions of the Assembly. The funds were paid by special vouchers—which were found hidden in the files. One of the Sanitary District trustees naïvely admitted that the payments were necessary "to keep the Legislature in a sympathetic frame of mind towards sanitary tax increases and other legislation."

More than 300 members of the Chicago Bar Association received a total of more than $1,000,000 for "legal services," and when these payments were exposed, several attorneys voluntarily returned the money, admitting that they had not participated in a single case. One young lawyer, who received $4,000 a year, tried to justify its payment by asserting that occasionally he lifted legal tomes from an upper shelf and handed them to his superiors. Other attorneys, who received as much as $3,000 to $9,000 annually, put in short hours at the clerical work of checking dockets. Some spent their time lobbying before the State Legislature and others gave lectures.

Other city and county sub-divisions have their payrolls loaded with idle lawyers. These scandals have repeatedly been called to the attention of the Chicago Bar Association, but it takes no action.

Many of the Sanitary District expenditures were positively grotesque.

So gravely concerned were the trustees over the safety of their constituents that in a single year $198,000 was spent for "additional life lines" along the Drainage Canal.

A political printer was paid $120,000 to issue the "annual message" of the president of the trustees. The president had an official car which cost $8,782, and in a single year $51,000 was spent in purchasing automobiles for his subordinates.

Certain sport-loving residents of the fashionable North Side wanted a bridle path and the Sanitary District trustees obligingly constructed one—at a cost of $1,062,430. Incidentally, the cinders used on the path were obtained free from a District disposal plant, and then sold to the District. The favored contractor—a member of the State Assembly—was paid $1.60 a cubic yard to remove the cinders; then the District bought them back at from $1.95 to $2.25 a cubic yard—and the contractor was allowed $50 a day for each truck used

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to haul them back and forth. After he had been exposed and indicted he was triumphantly reëlected to the Assembly.

The Sanitary District trustees also spent $2,514,493 in constructing McCormick boulevard to accommodate some North Side constituents—although they had absolutely no legal right to appropriate funds for any such purpose—and then squandered $727,000 for a double row of ornamental light posts which cost $1,200 each. Specifications for the light posts were so drawn that only one favored firm could bid. The profit was at least $900 a post.

Dredging on the Little Calumet river cost the Cook county tax-payers $1.08 a cubic yard, although the United States government was paying only 44 cents a cubic yard for similar work not far distant.

A group of 28 "reviewing engineers" were brought to Chicago and paid $351,546. They incurred a $12,000 hotel bill and $13,000 more was paid for taxicabs. After their departure the Sanitary trustees passed a vote of thanks and had it engrossed at a cost of $1,125.

There were bills aggregating $72,000 for a junket to Washington and New York which the Sanitary District trustees and their political friends made in November, 1927. The ostensible purpose was to appear at a congressional hearing, but the date coincided with the Army-Notre Dame football game and that was the real reason for the trip.

The politicians, 120 strong, departed in a six-car special train. Champagne corks were popping before they pulled out of the Chicago yards. After the game there was a tour of the New York night clubs. Such items as "Vanity case and powder, $65" and "Five women, $130" were actually included in the vouchers submitted later. When the night clubs closed, the visiting Chicagoans continued to make whoopee at a fashionable downtown hotel. Some exuberant Back of the Yards politician tossed a light globe out of a seventh story window. Chairs, tables, mirrors and other articles of furniture followed. The hotel management demanded $6,900 damages. A voucher for this amount was allowed by the trustees.

III

But the Sanitary District thievery is by no means isolated. The South Park Board trustees did not have nearly so much money to play with, but they cannot be accused of not making the most of their opportunities. Graft aggregating $5,000,000 was traced to the doors of six trustees, the purchasing agent and chief engineer, who were indicted by a grand jury in 1930. Payroll padding, allowing favored contractors to charge excessive sums without competitive bidding, and the purchase and resale of cinders originally owned by the park district were alleged. It was the failure of a contractor to report his full income tax which brought about exposure—and so far the only conviction.

The Forest Reserve districts in Cook county have been another prolific source of revenue for crooked politicians. The Chicago Citizens Association investigated the purchase of 4,000 acres of land between 1921 and 1926, and traced illicit profits amounting to $1,250,000. Dummies representing the politicians would get options on tracts of land, which the trustees had secretly decided to buy, and then the land would be resold at grossly inflated values. There also was flagrant payroll padding on the Forest Reserve police force, whose only duty seemed to be to guard the wild flowers.

The leasing and sale of valuable school lands at figures far below fair market

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prices provides additional millions in graft, and some of the biggest business men in the city have profited by this favoritism. One lot, in the heart of the Loop district, was leased from the school board for $47,640 annually and then subleased for $301,798. That meant a yearly profit of $254,149, and as the lease runs for sixty years the total graft is more than $15,000,000.

Another lot in the business district, appraised at $3,072,000, was rented to a leading dry goods merchant for $23,000 a year, and finally sold to the same merchant for $493,368—about one-tenth of its actual value. Scores of similar instances could be cited.

A bare-faced grab by Big Bill Thompson's machine was made in 1920, when $21,000,000 worth of bonds were issued for widening streets and $2,245,000 was paid to five "experts" who were employed to appraise the value of the condemned property. It was proved in court that the so-called experts received only nominal salaries, and that the excessive fees were turned over to finance the Thompson campaign. Interested citizens went to court to halt this steal, and the judge pronounced payments aggregating $1,732,000 "utterly illegal and void." The court ruled that Thompson was personally responsible for repayment of the money, but after eight years' delay this decision was over-ruled on appeal.

Paving and the construction of sewers pay steady graft on a percentage basis. Chicago spends from $35,000,000 to $50,000,000 annually for paving, sidewalks, sewers and bridges, and year in and year out the rake-off will average close to 10%. The city is divided into districts and the three big paving concerns which have effected favorable arrangements with the municipal government have monopolies in their respective territories. Outside firms have no chance at all, because specifications can be changed to suit members of the combine. Under these conditions the only limit is the conscience of the contractor.

On Howard avenue, which separates Chicago and Evanston, one half of the roadway was paved by Chicago and the other half by Evanston. The Chicago side cost just twice as much as the side paved by Evanston. The same discrepancy is found when sewer lines cross from Chicago territory into some other municipality. Duplicate payrolls were discovered on the Broadway sewer job, and in laying another sewer more men were on the payroll than could possibly have stood in the trench. One grand jury uncovered $1,000,000 in graft on a $2,500,000 paving job, but the heads of the paving ring were too firmly entrenched in the City Hall to be disturbed. Several paving contractors were indicted some years ago, but they were acquitted after a farcical trial.

Jury-fixing, incidentally, is a recognized trade in Chicago. Most of the court bailiffs customarily spend far more for their campaigns for office than the salaries they get. They have an opportunity, during the trial of cases, to stay in close touch with the jurors, and often they can sway some weak-minded person and so hang a jury without spending a nickel. When the bailiff happens to be honest, professional bondsmen can be hired to tamper with the jurymen. In cases affecting gang leaders, if jurors are slow to listen to reason, terrorism is employed. It often proves efficacious. Few men care to risk the safety of their families for an abstract principle of justice, and, as the 100 or more bombings in Chicago since January 1, 1931, indicate, the gangsters carry out their threats.

Professional bondsmen enjoy another lucrative graft. Many of them seem immune

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to the rules which govern the fixing of bail in other communities. An investigation once showed that one bond out of every three in Chicago was defective, and more than $5,000,000 in forfeited bonds was found to be uncollected. Of some 1,400 persons who had been barred from giving bonds, 800 were continuing to sign almost daily. Other abuses uncovered were the quick transfer of property when a defendant had disappeared, the repeated scheduling of the same piece of property, and the scheduling of property which did not belong to the bondsman. Habitual criminals often have their bonds fixed at ridiculously low sums, and in cases where judges do set adequate bail, other judges are summoned from bed to reduce the amount. A large proportion of Chicago's professional bondsmen are known to be on close terms with the court attachés. Many solicit fees for fixing juries—and sometimes brag of their influence with the judges.

Payroll padding is perhaps the most common form of graft in Chicago. When Frank J. Loesch, special assistant attorney general, investigated the City Hall payrolls, Capt. F. C. Watkins, his deputy, said:

> Seventy-five per cent of the names on the corporation counsel payrolls are either fraudulent or irregular. Out of every hundred names investigated about sixteen were found to be entirely fictitious. In some instances the addresses given were vacant lots or barns. Out of fifty-five names investigated, we found that fourteen did nothing but report for duty and then go home again. Another thirteen did nothing but carry a piece of paper across the office or empty a wastepaper basket, and then their work for the day was done. We found many cases where signatures on the payroll had been forged.

The evidence seemed conclusive, but no information was filed by the State's attorney and no indictment returned by the grand jury.

Around election time, scores of "experts" and "realty valuators" were placed on the city payroll at $20 to $100 a day. The great majority of these high-priced extras spent all their time electioneering—and they would not have been continued on the rolls had they done anything else. In 1929, secret payrolls were found with payments aggregating $471,734. It is estimated that in election years the padding of payrolls runs as high as $1,000,000 in the City Hall alone, and almost as much more is wasted by Cook county. Many of the men carried on the city and county payrolls conduct businesses or work at other private occupations. Occasionally persons are found who are drawing checks simultaneously from two or more city departments.

IV

Naturally, since they customarily pad the payrolls and forge the names of phantoms, Chicago's politicians do not overlook the revenue to be derived from the sale of appointive positions. Hundreds of posts in the city and county are purchased at an average price of from one to two years' salary. It is assumed, of course, that the perquisites of office will speedily recoup the initial outlay of the purchaser.

There was until lately a regular schedule for police promotions on a graduated scale. It cost $300 to get on the force. Sergeancies ran from $1,000 to $1,500, depending upon the opportunities for graft in the district; lieutenancies ranged from $2,500 to $5,000; and captaincies cost from $5,000 to $10,000, again the quotation depending somewhat upon the pickings in that particular precinct. Numerous police officials, as in New York, have accumulated fortunes on small salaries. One chief of police, speaking of his fifty captains, said: "There are

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only ten of them who are honest and most of them would steal a red-hot stove." His estimate was considered conservative by the Chicago police reporters.

The force is under a Civil Service Commission, but it is significant that one of the commissioners was allowed to serve for two years while under indictment for bribery. The higher-up political bosses demand certain specified splits from the subordinate officials, and if an honest man accidentally were appointed to a key position he could not last long. If he did not resign, means would be found to oust him.

Some of the worst racketeers are among a ring of highly placed attorneys. These men serve the banks and public utility companies as tax adjusters, represent the grafting paving concerns, go to the front for the dog tracks and gambling wire-houses (in which several of them own stock), and in many instances have not scrupled to represent prominent gang leaders, accepting such exorbitant fees that it can be safely assumed that they were paid for their political influence rather than for legal services. One firm of attorneys received $300,000 for appearing for two of the largest beer barons; and fees almost as large have been paid by other gangsters.

Tax rebating has attained to Big Business proportions in Chicago. It is made easy because of the numerous independent political units, all with the right to impose separate levies. The system seems to have been designed deliberately to facilitate fraud. A Board of Assessors, composed of five members and elected for six years, formerly had the power to fix the assessed value of all real estate and personal property in the city and county. The assessments then were equalized by a Board of Review, consisting of three members, also elected for six-year terms. Positions on the Board of Assessors and Board of Review, especially the latter, were regarded as important prizes because of the unparalleled opportunity for building up political machines by showing preference to wealthy tax-dodgers. One member spent $276,000 in his primary campaign.

"With millions of entries, hundreds of clerks, the hopeless division of power, the lack of a central head, and the immunity inherent in the system, the assessment business in this county has been the favorite indoor sport of grafters and crooks," Professor George O. Fairweather, the University of Chicago tax expert, declared before a meeting of the Chicago Real Estate Board on April 22, 1930. "A clerk in the assessor's office could write off $1,000 or $100,000 of graft in taxes from a city block and leave the block in as favorable situation as the average in the county . . . Immunity therefore was reasonably complete and certain and inviting."

Not only clerks, but members of the board habitually participated in tax hijacking. The first step, of course, was deliberate over-assessment. The property-owner naturally would protest. That was expected, and certain lawyers were well known as tax fixers. Therefore, if the property-owner consulted his personal attorney, the latter usually would go to one of these "tax adjustment specialists." In a few days the complaining property-owner would be told that his taxes had been reduced—sometimes to a figure far below the appraised value. But the attorney's fee would be large—very large—usually one-fourth of the reduction. It was well known that these fees were split with members of the Board of Review.

When a Democratic member of the Board of Assessors landed in the Federal courts—because he had neglected to make an adequate income tax return—his trial brought out some interesting side-lights on

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the tax-fixing system. One millionaire philanthropist testified that he had paid $42,000 to have his taxes reduced, this sum representing only one-eighth of the amount of the reduction. The member of the Board of Assessors cut the usual fixing fee, it was explained, because he got the money direct and did not have to divide it with intermediaries.

Usually the politicians have been a bit more adroit. There were six coal companies in Chicago organized, owned and officered by relatives and close friends of the members of the Boards of Assessment and Review, and including some of the members themselves. If a property-owner protested over his assessment, he would be visited the next day by a suave salesman representing the Such and Such Coal Company. The salesman would suggest it was about time to put in the Winter's supply of coal and all at once.

"But I buy my coal from the Blank Coal Company," the property-owner would explain.

"Mr. So and So sent me to see you," the coal salesman would reply, mentioning one of the members of the Board of Review. Usually that was sufficient, but if the property-owner remained dense or obdurate, he would be told plainly that his assessment probably would be reduced if he purchased sufficient coal. One salesman had the slogan "Cut your taxes" printed on his card. If the coal were purchased from one of these political coal companies, a tax reduction would follow promptly—though the price of the fuel was high. Most business men submitted to these shake-downs. It is estimated that 90% of all the coal used in the Chicago Loop came from the six political companies—and fat commissions were collected on every ton.

Other members of the Boards of Assessment and Review—and in some instances their relatives—conducted businesses handling awnings, window shades and other supplies commonly used by large office buildings and hotels. Property-owners seeking reduced assessments found it expedient to deal with these concerns—and not to question the prices too closely.

In a single year, the values of Loop property were reduced to the extent of $116,000,000, and in the entire city of Chicago the reduction in assessed values was close to $500,000,000. In the great majority of cases the politicians and fixers insisted upon fees amounting to one fourth of the amount actually saved to the taxpayer. Considering the vast sums involved it can be seen that tax adjusting was one of the most lucrative rackets in Chicago.

The big public utilities were the chief beneficiaries. Their contributions were made in the shape of campaign funds. Some of them paid taxes on approximately one-fifth of the value of their property. Banks, too, virtually avoided taxation on personal property. This, of course, threw a proportionately heavier burden upon the smaller business men and home-owners.

There was grotesque discrimination in assessments. Neighboring houses, of identical construction, would be assessed at widely divergent figures. That was largely a matter of voting right. If the small home-owner curried favor with the precinct boss and voted early—and as he was told—his assessment might be ridiculously low. If he were a reformer or otherwise recalcitrant, or too indifferent to vote at all, he would be taxed for all it was thought he could stand. There was no publicity of tax assessments and nobody knew what taxes his neighbor was paying. The politicians fattened on this system, but to many a poor devil, striving to meet instalments on a home, the extra burden meant skimped milk rations for his children.

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Chicago finally revolted against this method of secret assessment, and, after a long and bitter fight, the Legislature two years ago compelled the Chicago tax-gatherers to publish assessments so that values could be compared. A re-assessment also was ordered. The professional politicians knew that this spelled the end of a very profitable racket and they resisted. The matter was taken into the courts, which finally sustained the Legislature. But, in the meantime, there was one year in which no taxes at all were collected—and this partly explains why Chicago is now bankrupt. Judge Jarecki has just declared the 1928 and 1929 tax rolls invalid, because "they are reeking with fraud."

V

The remedy? Ask a Chicagoan. According to his temperament he will either smile cynically or shake his head. In these bitter days, however, there is less smiling and more head shaking than formerly. Taxes are ruinous. Tens of thousands of home-owners are facing foreclosure. Rents naturally go up with taxes. Shopkeepers and small business men—who are compelled to contribute to the racketeers as well as to the political grafters—are finding it increasingly difficult to make both ends meet. Now that assessments must be published, and it is not so easy for the owners of banks, hotels and business blocks to shift the burden of taxation, the bigger property owners are also beginning to complain.

"I have to charge forty-five cents a square foot for office space before I can meet my taxes," the manager of a Loop sky-scraper told me. "Consequently, rents are so high that I can't fill my building. We property-owners are nothing but the collectors for a gang of politicians—and they spend the money faster than we can turn it in."

A succession of receiverships for hotels and office buildings, while many modern business blocks remain practically empty, is eloquent confirmation of what he told me; but my sympathy in this case is tempered by the knowledge that four years ago this same man was patronizing a political coal company and smiling at his own cleverness in evading his fair share of the cost of government. Now he is kicking himself for having helped fashion the machine which is destroying him. He is not the only Chicago business man to become suddenly converted to the belief that grafting politicians and racketeers are too heavy a load for industry to bear—and that Chicago cannot compete with other communities if it continues to pay this double tribute. Increased taxes—and decreased profits—have proved far more potent in arousing the business men than abstract appeals for civic righteousness.

It may be said for Chicago, however, that though corrupt it has never been contented. The city has always had militant groups who saw clearly the trend of events, and at least exposed the steals which they could not prevent. Now and then they won signal successes, as is witnessed by the fundamental change in assessment methods, just mentioned. In 1928, when the public was deeply stirred by a particularly atrocious series of bombings, directed against certain reformers, the citizenry defied the gangsters, flocked to the polls, and delivered a smashing blow to the machine candidates. The reformers even captured the State's attorney's office, the keystone in the arch of corruption.

But Chicago was to learn that an occasional defeat at the ballot-box does not necessarily mean disaster for a well-entrenched machine. As all politicians know, the public only asserts itself at rare intervals, and seldom gives sustained support

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to the men it puts into office on promises of reform. Politicians also know the difference between an office-seeker and the office-holder. While "disorganized respectability" was still celebrating the victory of the ballot, organized graft was laying plans, pulling wires, and bringing to bear all possible pressure to protect its privileges, and to prevent the proposed investigation from going very far. That it succeeded simply goes to show the almost insuperable obstacles which are placed in the path of everyone who attempts to cut through to the core of the corruption.

Few persons—even in Chicago—realize how far-reaching are the ramifications of this plunderbund, the amazing magnitude of its operations, and its appalling power—economically and socially as well as politically. United States Senators, Representatives, judges, high State officials and men influential in national party councils have their interests inextricably bound up with the Chicago bi-partisan political machine. Bankers and wealthy merchants lend their financial support and prestige—and participate in its profits. Men and women prominent on the Gold Coast or along the North Shore sometimes find it expedient to extend social recognition to politicians in return for favors. The gangs' friends are on the committees of the Bar Association and Association of Commerce. They even are represented indirectly on the Secret Six.

The plunderbund presents a united front whenever it is attacked. Now and then some minor official, caught red-handed in a particularly flagrant steal, is thrown to the wolves to appease outraged public opinion (he will be taken care of later if he doesn't squeal); but means usually can be found to make it extremely unpleasant for anyone who has the temerity to tackle the higher-ups. Business boycotts are frequently effective; banks have been known to withhold credit or suddenly to call loans; social ostracism often proves discouraging when other means have failed. Blackmail is a favorite device, and if no scandal exists sometimes it can be manufactured. Taxes can be increased; insurance policies cancelled. Ingenuity and the complexity of the laws can suggest a thousand annoyances—some of them serious.

If these comparatively polite methods do not have the desired results, frankly terroristic tactics are resorted to. This is where mobsmen are useful. Homes and business places are bombed; men's wives are frightened; not infrequently their children are threatened with kidnaping. Witnesses are intimidated—or sometimes assassinated. Last Fall a police officer was shot while on the way to court in a street car.

Newspapers, civic organizations, grand juries, honest judges, and many public-spirited individuals in Chicago are constantly assailing the gangsters, and a few of them have pointed out the corrupt alliance between the underworld and the politicians. Almost no one, however, has the courage—or possibly the intelligence—to take the next logical step, and establish the connection between the politicians and the public utility-banking-construction-paving combine.

The political Punch-and-Judy show is extremely diverting, but before conditions in Chicago can be materially improved it will be necessary to strip away the curtain and reveal what is going on behind the scenes—and exactly who pulls the strings. Until that is done, the decent people of Chicago will waste their time paltering with effects and overlooking causes. If the city faced the situation realistically, it might conceivably have a chance to conduct a clean-up campaign that would actually clean up.

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NOTES ON HANGING

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

When I got back to the city room at about 8 A.M. from my first hanging, hollow-eyed and pale after being up all night waiting for dawn and lending a hand with the drinking, I was pretty sore and a little puzzled to find that they didn't want much of a story.

I had been filling up on it, rehearsing the narrative detail after detail. It was a country hanging and we were all the sheriff's guests. There was plenty of liquor. We had the run of the jail, the sheriff's house and the Courthouse. Every now and then one of us would listen at the door to the praying of the spiritual advisor of the condemned. He prayed all night, without a letup. At about dawn everybody gathered out back of the jail inside a high board fence, and the condemned came down a stone stairway, wearing a black gown like a candidate for a learned degree. He was a white man and his face was a pale gray-green color, his eyes closed like a sleep-walker's. Two men lifted him along and boosted him up on to the gallows and he dropped through the trap sound asleep. He had been given half a grain of morphia and was more dead than alive before they hanged him. But the city editor didn't want any word picture of the scene. The only story he wanted was about the farmers outside pushing down the fence to get in after the trap was sprung.

My last hanging was not news because it was technically perfect, a flawless piece of craftsmanship. This was important from the standpoint of the advancement of the art itself, for it was witnessed by the State director of prisons, who was in a critical frame of mind. Though he was a penologist of national reputation, this was the first hanging he had ever seen. Instinctively it repelled him, but as a just and cautious man he thought he had better see it done before he began a fight to abolish hanging in his State and substitute electrocution.

His duty lay clear before him. He must first see a hanging, then he must see an electrocution. A tough assignment for a stout, genial, comfortably situated director of prisons to wish on himself. Yet here he was at midnight, trooping along with the rest of us to the gallows.

There were twenty-five or thirty of us, all men, and each had had to present a little pink printed card, "Admit Mr. So and So to the Hanging of So and So", signed by the warden. Forty or fifty other men had been moving around in the dark little street in front of the penitentiary, and when a guard would come up to the bars they would coax him to let them in. "The State's attorney told me to mention his name." "I'm a personal friend of the warden's." Or, "I was one of the jurors."

But since they had no cards of admission they were laughed at. We who now shuffled over the prison-yard cobblestones were the only guests. We included politicians who had "always wanted to see one", a bank teller who cashed the warden's checks and never missed a hanging, four

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reporters, some relatives of the murderer's victim, and a sprinkling of regular hanging fans whose names stayed permanently on the invitation list. There were two bottles of liquor amongst the four reporters, and in a dark place we snatched drinks as we walked along.

In a few minutes we were up the steps of a dingy inner building and then in a long room with a high ceiling, as high as two full stories. We stopped against a heavy chain stretched across the middle of this room. Beyond the chain, about twenty feet above the floor, was a concrete balcony running from wall to wall. An iron stairway came down from it to our floor. Looking up to this balcony we could see a door at the back. It was open and shadows moved beyond it. A long rope with its lower end wrapped around a hook just beyond the chain on our floor ran up to the ceiling above the gallows balcony, then went through a staple in the ceiling, and hung down.

No one said anything. One of the reporters breathed fast and loud, like a man after a hard run. He had complained of the cold but he was now sweating. Suddenly through the door up there in the back wall a little knot of men came rushing out on to the high gallows balcony. The man to be hanged was in the middle, and there was a guard on each side of him, clinging to him, and a couple of guards behind him. They came out on a run, like a football flying wedge getting under way.

Immediately there was the greatest bustling and fussing up there, all around the condemned man, a Negro. He had a long black gown on and his hands were bound in front of him. Two men were on their knees wrapping his ankles with rope. Another man leaned over and whispered something to him. This was the prison priest, but he did not read out of a prayer book; he simply whispered. The condemned man leaned closer to hear better and nodded his head in quite a friendly way, it seemed to me. It was like a football coach whispering last-minute instructions to a substitute halfback.

Then they were slipping a black hood over his head, and he seemed to be fumbling under his shroud like a bishop feeling in the dark for his handkerchief; then he seemed to be raising one foot. At that moment they sprung the trap and with a loud clanging and banging of steel and iron as the doors in the floor flew back, he dropped through the hole.

All this had been done so swiftly that I had not even noticed the guards adjusting the noose around his neck. He was in at the door, out on the gallows, and down through the trap, zip, zip, zip.

The men on the gallows now came rushing down the iron stairway. The shoesoles of the man hanging at the end of the long rope were about six feet from the floor. Warden, guards, physicians all clustered around him, but not close. A guard went over to the hook in the wall, unwrapped the rope and slowly let the body come lower until the feet were not more than twelve inches from the floor. The man did not twirl or spin. Nor did he gurgle, choke, wriggle or draw up his knees. There was not a sound or a motion except a slow, gentle swing which the warden promptly stopped when he got down the stairway. It was easy to imagine the whole performance a mere stunt. This black fellow had simply performed a difficult drop through a hole in the balcony, and in a minute more the circus hands would lower him all the way to the floor, untie him, and he would walk off to his dressing-room, kissing his hand to the audience.

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Presently two doctors came closer around him and fumbled through his shroud with a stethoscope. One still had the feeling that there was nothing wrong with him. He seemed just an extraordinarily tall figure in a black cloak and hood, towering a foot or so above the heads of the people around him. The rope around his neck gave his head a bowed and thoughtful look; the big knot behind his left ear gave it a quizzical tilt to one side. He seemed to gaze sedately down upon them through the hood, a presence august and benign, and not at all ignoble.

We witnesses, crowding close to the chain, stood still like people on the sidewalk watching a parade, those behind looking over the shoulders of those in front. The stethoscope passed from hand to hand and ear to ear. The doctors looked him over, felt of him, talked in low tones. They seemed like a lot of traders around a piece of merchandise, discussing price, quality, quantity. But all the time his heart was still beating. It kept on beating for eight minutes.

Then, at a nod from one of the doctors, a guard lowered the rope still further, expert hands took off the noose without removing the hood, and others laid the man on a stretcher and carried him out through a door in the back wall behind the iron stairway.

"That's the beauty of a good hanging!" exclaimed the warden, handing out little slips of paper to the reporters. "One of the most successful we've ever had. He died the minute the rope stopped him."

Typewritten on the slips was a list of the things the hanged man had had for his last meal—fried chicken, fresh asparagus, fresh peas, new potatoes, tomato salad, cantaloupe, ice cream, coffee.

The whole performance had a disarming quality. The director of prisons, with his instinctive abhorrence of hanging, didn't know what to think about it.

"It certainly seemed smoothly and expertly done", he said. "But I'll have to see an electrocution before I can tell the difference. I've got a standing invitation to see one at Sing Sing."

II

Perhaps many readers of these lines will wonder what was remarkable about a prison director staying up until midnight to see a man hanged in one of his own hoosegows. What was remarkable about it was that, so far as I know, he was the only chief jailer in the United States during the past four decades who had ever stood at the foot of a gallows and listened to a neck crack in the spirit of an eager and humble student. Today the ambitious humanist can study psychoanalysis, juvenile delinquency, policemanship, palmistry, hypnotism, finger-printing and all the related sciences, including the Sing Sing football coaching system, and so become a criminologist, court psychiatrist or penologist, but in all this great land he can find no course in the scientific bumping off of a backsliding brother. Not a ray of real light has been shed on that ancient art and mystery since 1888. About forty men a year are legally hanged in this country, yet nobody in forty years has tried to find out any reason for preferring hanging other than that "We have always done it", nor any reason for preferring something else other than that "Hanging is brutal".

The year 1888 saw the publication of the only objective study ever undertaken in America of the oldest of legal death penalties. This was the report of the Gerry Commission of New York, appointed to investigate "the most humane method of inflicting the death penalty in capital

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cases." The members of the commission were Elbridge T. Gerry, Alfred P. Southwick and Matthew Hale. It was the threshold of the Machine Age. Forward-looking men were beginning to look around for excuses to throw overboard more handicraft and substitute more mechanism. The wizard of Menlo Park was doing astonishing things with electricity. Everybody had found out that a big enough electric shock would kill a man, and Edison, it appeared, had ideas about doing the job of legal mankilling in a workmanlike manner. He said:

> The best appliance in this connection is, to my mind, the one which will perform its work in the shortest space of time and inflict the least amount of suffering upon its victim. This, I believe, can be accomplished by the use of electricity, and the most suitable apparatus for the purpose is that class of dynamo-electric machinery which employs intermittent currents. The most effective are known as alternating machines. The passage of the current from these machines through the human body, even by the slightest contacts, produces instantaneous death.

After setting this down the Gerry Commission quoted an unidentified contemporary on the degeneracy of the halter:

> It is perhaps a little significant that the gallows is the only piece of machinery that has stood stock still in this era of progress. There it stands, the same clumsy inefficient inhuman thing it was when it first lifted its ghastly framework into the air of the Dark Ages. If we must use it let us see to it that it be adjusted with at least as much accuracy as the average applepeeler.

As is usual whenever capital punishment comes into discussion the facts here were somewhat shaky. The gallows did not, as the commission stated, "first lift its ghastly framework into the air of the Dark Ages", as anyone may see by reading Genesis XLI, 13, and Esther II, 23 and VII, 9 and 10, and it had not "stood stock still in this era of progress". As a matter of fact, in the previous year (1887), the big-scale operation on the four Chicago anarchists had illustrated the immense progress of legal strangling since the crude hanging of Haman. And the record of improvement from 1888 to the sure-handed ropemanship of 1931, already described, has been at least as marked as the development of the double-barreled shotgun.

No thanks are due to the Gerry Commission for any of these betterments. For instead of seeking to perfect them, it devoted most of its report to a recital of the horrors of hanging, and concluded, without further study, that any one of the following four substitutes would be preferable alike to customer, press and public:

1. The electric chair
2. Prussic acid or other poison
3. The guillotine
4. The garrote.

The commission sent questionnaires—then something new in the world!—to justices of the New York Supreme Court, to county judges, to district attorneys, to sheriffs and to many doctors. It got back 200 answers. Eighty were for retaining hanging, eighty-seven were for electricity, eight favored poisoning, five wanted the guillotine, four the garrote, seven were for other methods, such as drowning in a bag full of pigiron, shooting through the head, stabbing, and so on, and eight were noncommittal.

One sheriff (the kind who would always give his seat to a lady, probably) favored hanging for men and the electric chair for women. A county judge wanted hanging "in aggravated cases", and electricity "where there were mitigating circumstances." No doubt his idea was that hanging hurt more, and should be reserved for the toughest fellows.

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At any rate, the Gerry report started the stampede from hanging to electricity. That stampede began in New York in 1889, and it did not stop until nineteen States had rushed out to buy electric chairs. But it did stop then. For the report stimulated the partisans of hanging, who proceeded to stand together like a band of brothers, to improve and refine even the improved gallows of 1888, and to discover horrifying faults with electrocution.

These things the Gerry report accomplished. It constituted a noble contribution to the literature of crime and punishment, but its main conclusion was what interested a nation just blossoming into electrical maturity, because it recommended an entirely new and novel death penalty. Here was mankind's first contribution in hundreds of years to the science of making bad men permanently good. Everybody read eagerly what the report had to say about the new electric chair.

Hanging's close relationship to the drinking of liquor seems to have prejudiced the commission against it at the very outset. An American hanging in the 80's often included a drinking bout, with the chief actor in the drama drunk on the gallows, and Mr. Gerry and his associates, all three of them very moral men, regarded the custom with indignation. They had a particularly vicious instance of it right under their noses, for at the hanging of the four Chicago anarchists the year before the warden had invited them all to have a drink on the State before leaving this world. Parsons and Fischer declined, but Engel asked for a hooker of port and they brought him several stiff drinks; while Spies wanted Rhine wine. The drinks were brought from the nearest saloon and the newspapers printed the story. The Chicago warden was simply following a general custom; a condemned man was always given a drink if he wanted one, and he could choose his own liquor. It braced him up for the ordeal; made a man of him on the gallows. But it also seemed to inspire a lot of others to begin drinking, especially his friends and sympathizers. Sometimes even the warden and the guards would get a little tight, with the sincere (and possibly sound) conviction that they "needed it as much as he did."

In New York, where the sheriff always delivered the body directly from the gallows to the victim's friends, the Gerry Commission deplored "the drunken and beastly orgies after solemn executions", with high wassail around the bier of the lost leader whose "evil deeds were glorified as heroism". It went on:

> One reason assigned for allowing him [the condemned man] to stupefy himself with drink is that it is a mercy to permit him to lessen his perception of the pain of dying; another is that he can thus fortify himself with unnatural strength or fortitude. Both reasons are objectionable, for if pain is an essential part of the execution then the criminal has lawfully incurred it and should be compelled to suffer it . . . Moreover, if the liquor given be enough to intoxicate the condemned, he becomes drunk. *Drunkenness is in itself an offense.*

Again, the commission feared that liquor might encourage him to resist the hangman on the gallows, and added, "Since the law regards intoxication, when an element in the commission of a crime, as an aggravation of the offense, why should it sanction or treat leniently intoxication as an incident to a capital execution?" Finally, dismissing the whole idea of gallows-drinking as preposterous from a spiritual standpoint, it concluded:

> In the moral aspect the gross impropriety of sending a man into the presence of his Maker intoxicated is too obvious to require comment.

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Here was a doctrine new to theology: that drunkenness continues beyond the grave. Is this true? All Christendom would like to have an answer even now. What do they think of a drunk in Heaven? In Hell? Is it the soul or the body that gets drunk? Does a man wicked enough to be hanged really see his Maker? How about light wines and 2.75% beer? A thousand such questions must occur to the modern theologian, but in 1888 every Christian was apparently willing to admit without question that a man who died drunk was buried drunk, resurrected drunk and brought to the Mercy Seat drunk, at least if he had been hanged.

III

The chance of bungling a hanging made the method seem faulty to the Gerry Commission and was one of its chief indictments. Any hanging was bungled, it appeared, where the victim struggled, writhed or gurgled, and from that standpoint the execution of the Chicago anarchists had been badly bungled, they believed. The New York *Herald* man had a ringside seat on November 12, 1887, and told all:

> Parsons' neck was not broken, and the horrors of death from strangulation occurred. The folds of the shroud heaved and twisted agonizedly, and the less hardened lookers-on pitied the dying anguish of the sufferer as his chest heaved in the involuntary efforts of the lungs to obtain air. . . . Engel's fall must have broken his thick, short bull neck. The heavy body severely tried the cord when the drop occurred, but the sheriff's test of strength had been wisely conducted . . . Fischer hung limp for a few seconds and then some weak convulsive throbbing partially disarranged the white face cap. A horrible spectacle was presented. . . . A purple shade suffused the lower portion of the face and the horror of a dying agony by strangulation was apparent . . . Fischer's fingers contracted violently a few times, then all was still and the blood-engorged hands hung limp. . . . Spies' body went through some ghastly contortions at the noose's end.

But here the commissioners seemed to miss two points: first, that it was probably the newspaper stories of hangings that horrified them more than hanging itself; and second, that the one man who had "died the minute the rope stopped him" (the goal of the scientific hangman), was Engel, who had gone to the gallows with several drinks in him from "a nearby saloon". True, Spies also had had a drink or two, but only of Rhine wine. The great Chicago hanging, in fact, was a triumph for the stronger and headier liquor, but the point was lost on the commission.

What constitutes a bungled hanging is of course a matter of times and taste, and a hanging that seemed bungled to the æsthetic Americans of 1888 was just a good run-of-mine job to the English, German and even American hangmen of a few score years back. Jack Ketch of England, whose name has been a common one for hangmen for two centuries, thought nothing of letting a customer jig for twenty minutes at the rope's end while he attended to a neck waiting on a nearby chopping block.

Clearly the shocked commission was thinking in 1888 about these crude hangings of the early Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. It remembered the technique of Tyburn Hill, where they drove the victim to the scene in a cart, threw the rope over the gallows arm, lashed up the horses, and let the patient drop from the tail of the cart. When he kicked and gargled his friends could grab his legs and hang on to them. This stretched him out and hastened him to Heaven. But the commissioners seem to have known nothing of the

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refinements and masters that came afterward—of William Marvell who, early in the Eighteenth Century, thought of placing the knot "right under the left ear" and so "putting victims out of pain at once"; of the new falling drop platform at Newgate that ushered in the modern era.

At first the falling platform dropped only a few inches, then two or three feet. This launched a long war in hanging circles between the short-drop men and the long-drop men. William Calcraft was the father of the cruel short-drop idea, and while he was the Newgate hangman for forty-five years his operations made him unpopular with an increasingly enlightened and finicky clientèle. William Marwood, who was Calcraft's successor, believed in the long drop. Proud of his high office, diligent about his business and abreast of the times, Marwood grew famous and popular. Always concerned about the comfort of his customers, he invented the running noose with a brass slip-ring, and he said derisively of Calcraft, "He hanged them; I execute them!"

Since the Gerry commissioners apparently knew nothing of this past progress in the art of hanging, they could not foresee any future for it. They shuddered over the crude dispatching of William Bonsfield at Newgate in 1856, but that was a short-drop job by Calcraft, so its horrors were not surprising. Once dropped, Bonsfield pulled himself up and got his feet back on the platform. He repeated this performance three times, when the desperate Calcraft, having kicked his feet off twice, finally dived upon him like a football tackler and hung on to him until he expired. This would not have been possible with Marwood's running noose, brass ring and six-foot drop, but the Gerry Commission appeared not to know anything about such revolutionary inventions.

It also made a great to-do over the hanging of Nathan B. Sutton in Oakland, Calif., in 1888, because after a drop of five feet his head was nearly torn off; it mentioned the hanging of thirty-seven people at once out West—the biggest hanging on record—in a case of murder and arson involving Indians; and it told of the dreadful Myers-Sargisson hanging at Leeds, England, in 1864, when Myers, having cut his throat, stuck a little tube in it, and hung there breathing through the tube and guffawing at the discomfited sheriff.

Then the commission did a curious thing. It switched suddenly from the shocking features to the pleasant features of hanging, raising the suspicion in the mind of the modern reader that perhaps it felt that the jolly drinking beforehand and the possibility that it wasn't as painful as it looked were really too sweet for criminals. Thus it quoted a "learned physician" on how it feels to be hanged:

> Brilliant flashes flit before the eyes and ringing sounds not unlike oppressive music fill the ears. The legs feel an unwonted heaviness and drag . . . After a slight uneasiness due to tightening of the cord there is no conscious uneasiness . . . A woman resuscitated after a suspension of seven minutes lost all sense whatever the instant after launching off . . . Montaignac, saved at the intercession of Turenne (the cord having snapped), declared that all pain vanished in a moment and that in the acme of the paroxysm a vivid light pervaded his entire body, conveying a transcendent charm.

But whether it was the brutality or the charm of hanging that moved them, Mr. Gerry and his boys decided to put an end to such goings-on in the State of New York; and whether as avengers or joy-killers, the eminent New Yorkers they consulted agreed with them, but only by a vote of 87 to 80, with scattered votes for

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even more villainous tortures. One justice of the Supreme Court enclosed with his pro-hanging reply the following clipping from the *Lancet*:

> We confess that looking at the matter all around we incline to think that hanging when properly performed destroys consciousness more rapidly and prevents its return more effectually than any mode of death which justice can employ. It is against the bungling hanging, we protest, not against the method itself. That it is, on the whole, the best we are convinced.

On such evidence and by such a margin was an ancient custom shelved and a new custom introduced. But forty-three years later twenty-two American States—not to mention England and Canada—continue to agree that hanging "is, on the whole, the best".

IV

Still we have a great deal to learn. Bungling is still bungling. As recently as February 21, 1930, they dropped Mrs. Eva Dugan so far through the trap in the Arizona State Prison at Florence that the rope took her head off. In the Autumn of 1931, Warden Scroggins had the same bad luck with a client in the State Penitentiary at Moundsville, W. Va. When the Negro John Jackson was hanged at the Maryland Penitentiary in Baltimore in 1930, the rope broke, Jackson was picked up unconscious, carried back to the gallows on a stretcher, where a new rope was adjusted, and then slid through the trap from the stretcher. In Mississippi and Louisiana, where every county still does its own hanging, the gallows have few frills, and the operation is likely to be of the rugged old-fashioned sort.

Bungled hangings today are put down to a very few causes, most of them natural and difficult to surmount, like fog in aviation. A hot day, everybody sweating, a slippery neck, a damp rope, a dislodged noose. Or the rope gets twisted and after the drop the victim spins like a dervish—most of the so-called bungles are of this type. A scheme to stop this twisting was explained to me by the penitentiary physician who thought it out. He would build a sort of door frame on the gallows over the trap so that the victim stands directly in the doorway with the noose hanging over his head like mistletoe, the rope running in a groove along the top and down the side of this doorway and so on down through the gallows platform to its hook in the wall below. This would keep the rope perfectly straight and prevent all twisting.

Connecticut has a hanging machine fitted with springs and sandbags so that a customer is first jerked by the neck into the air, then dropped as far as the rope will let him. One of the most recent persons to take a ride on this device was the eminent Gerald Chapman. It is like lynching, where all hands grab a rope flung over a tree limb and yank into the air a neighbor fastened at the other end, only it is done by machinery. In other progressive States gallows are substantial works of concrete and steel. The candidate does not have to toil up any ladders or stairs; he walks from his cell straight out upon a trapdoor as neatly concealed as a dinner hostess's floor buzzer. Soundproof cabinets with peepholes are provided for panicky wardens to hide in, with pushbuttons to press.

But even with bungling the partisans of hanging still declare it painless. The transcendent charm, the brilliant lights, the music, all are still there. As the warden said in the perfect hanging above described, "He died the minute the rope stopped him," and doctors still say this is true,

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whether he spins, wriggles, groans, gurgles, or not. Heart-beats for eight minutes mean nothing; they may last for ten or twelve minutes. At the end of the drop cerebral anemia and shock produce instant unconsciousness. The scientific hangman knows that a hemp rope is best. It gives a snap when yanked taut and the snap breaks the neck and cuts the spinal cord. A fibre rope stretches more lazily and is never used today except by amateur hangmen in lynching mobs. The rope should be fresh and new for each job, well soap-stoned, and always kept in a cool, dry place.

Hanging statistics are hard to find. Since the birth of the electric chair we have been more or less furtive about our hangings. Not until 1922 was it possible to get any nation-wide figures on any kind of legal executions in the United States. The Census Bureau actually kept some records, but no tabulation of them was ever given out. But now we know that from 1922 to 1929, inclusive, 324 persons were hanged in the United States, an average of about 40 a year. In the same period 550 persons were electrocuted, or about 68 a year. The 22 hanging States executed fewer persons than the 19 electrocuting States. There may be some significance in this for the earnest student.

And which of the hanging States has hanged the most citizens? None other than California. Her record is 67 in eight years. But Pennsylvania, the biggest user of the electric chair, has dispatched 107. Illinois, the gang State, has hanged only 40, while New York has electrocuted only 98.

These figures seem to show that hanging States are more sparing with the noose than electrocuting States are with the chair. It can't be that they have fewer murders, because the homicide records of California and Illinois are not as good as those of Pennsylvania and New York. In the ten years from 1919 to 1928, inclusive, California had a homicide rate of 9.2 and Illinois a rate of 9.7 per 100,000 of population, while Pennsylvania's rate was 6. and New York's 5.

Is hanging on the way out in this country or has it a future? Will the flight from the gibbet begun by New York, once halted, begin again? It seems unlikely. Of seven States that once abolished the death penalty and later returned to it, six, instead of seizing the opportunity to become modern, returned to their old-time hanging. In the seventh, Tennessee, electrocution was simply revived. Early in 1931, the West Virginia Legislature defeated a bill to substitute electrocution for hanging.

The League to Abolish Capital Punishment keeps an office open in New York; and if pamphlets full of graphs, figures, cross-hatched and dotted maps, articles by Warden Lawes, speeches by Samuel Untermyer and news stories by sob-sisters and brothers will abolish it, it will be abolished. Yet the average of 110 executions a year keeps up pretty well; and once in a while, even in a civilized State where the official gallows is regularly oiled and shined and the hemp is fresh and well soap-stoned, the sovereign people renounce professional white-collar hanging, grab themselves a length of rope and a coon and hoist him up by the nearest limb.

Is this the outburst of some natural instinct? Are the rope and the noose the symbol of punishment we instinctively understand? Certainly no mob ever lynched anybody with an electric chair.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

FROM the *Sacred Heart Novena*, issued by the rev. clergy of the St. Francis Xavier Mission, 1715 Octavia street, San Francisco:

We are publishing some of the favors which were received through the Novena to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Should any of your requests be granted we kindly ask you to inform us about the particulars.

OBTAINED WORK

"Enclosed find check for $5 which I promised to send if my husband obtained work. This is part of the first payment and I am sending it in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."—P. A.

SOLD STORE

"I wrote and asked you to include our intention in the Novena. The intention was to sell our store. We sold it on the very last day of the Novena. I am enclosing a donation to you."—P. O. C.

PASSED EXAMINATION

"You will find enclosed an offering for $5 which I promised to the Sacred Heart. Two favors were granted to me. My son passed his examination successfully and an operation which I underwent proved very successful."—L. M. P.

EYE SIGHT IMPROVED

"I prayed to the Sacred Heart to improve my sight, which had been very bad, and now it is very much better."—O. C. P.

REQUESTS PRAYER

"Enclosed you will find $10 for a favor received. Kindly continue to pray for me, for I am very nervous."—N. O.

LITERARY note from the celebrated Pasadena *Post*:

Among the fiction books to appear between November 15 and 22 were the following intriguing titles: "Wuthering Heights," by Charles Bronte. . . .

THE scientific life in this great State:

SOUTHERN SECTION PACIFIC COAST SOCIETY OF ORTHODONTISTS.

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF LOS ANGELES.

Programme

"How to Conduct a $100,000 Orthodontic Practise," Dr. Walter Furie.

Motion pictures of Dr. Alderson's trip to the Orient.

"Aids in Soldering," Dr. James D. McCoy.

ALDYS J. GRAY,
Secretary.

FLORIDA

THE sad last chapter of a great American romance:

BONDHOLDERS' REFUNDING COMMITTEE
PLAN AND AGREEMENT
for Certain Bonds of the
CITY OF MIAMI, FLORIDA
Maturing on dates between June 30, 1931, and June 30, 1941

At the request of holders of bonds of the City of Miami, Florida, and the City of Coconut Grove and the Town of Silver Bluff now annexed to the City of Miami, maturing on dates between June 30, 1931, and June 30, 1941, the undersigned have consented to serve as a Committee to receive deposits of such bonds under a Plan and Agreement, which contemplates the refunding of such bonds on terms and conditions calculated to further and protect the interests of holders thereof.

For the terms and provisions of and the manner in which deposits under the Refunding Plan and Agreement are to be made, the holders of such bonds are referred to the statement of the Municipal Securities Association, retained by the Committee to analyze the situation.

The Committee has fixed April 15, 1932 as the last day for making deposits under the agreement. The depository is the

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Chemical Bank & Trust Company, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Certificates of Deposit will be issued by the depositary. Copies of the Refunding Plan and Agreement may be obtained from the Secretary of the Committee.

Requests for further information should be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee.

JOHN S. HARRIS, *Chairman*
A. S. HUYCK
C. T. DIEHL
B. J. VAN INGEN
WALTER SHEPPERD,
Committee.

HARRY A. DUNN, *Secretary,*
Room 900, 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Room 1101, Second National Bank Building, Toledo, Ohio

THOMSON, WOOD & HOFFMAN, *Counsel*
120 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

INDIANA

SUPERZOÖLOGICAL note from the learned *Catholic & Record*, official organ of the diocese of Indianapolis:

> We do not know the number of the angels but it is well founded opinion of many, among whom is Cardinal Newman, that they are an innumerable multitude, more than all mankind has numbered or ever will number. Of the intelligence of the angels we have ample proof and it is no exaggeration to say that it is "immeasurably beyond our mental level." Whether they have any peculiar relationship to the stars as some have thought is pure speculation, though we well may believe that these great intelligences have a knowledge of the stellar universe much greater than man has of his earth.

MARYLAND

FROM the eminent Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

> Had Jesus lived in 1917 he would have been the first to volunteer in the American Army, to wear a gas mask, shoulder a rifle and enter the trenches, the Rev. Dr. T. Andrew Caraker, pastor of the Universalist Church of Our Father, said last night at a banquet given by the American Legion at the Southern Hotel.

OPTIMISTIC dithyrambs by Professor Alexander Geddes, Poet Laureate of Baltimore by warrant of the mayor thereof:

> It's coming, boys! It's coming! 'cause we feel it in the air,
> It's just a little longer, then you'll get your mug of beer.
> The people's growing restless and our country's getting hot,
> And we are getting ready to break the Volstead pot.
>
> It's coming, boys! It's coming! for the cellars all are low,
> Where the Big Guns had their liquors, and the Poor Fish loved it so;
> Those fish are getting thirsty, like ourselves who had it hid,
> And now,—as they can't get it, we'll see them lift the lid.
>
> The dawn is breaking, Freemen, and the hour to act is here,
> To tear the chains of tyrants who took away our beer.
> Our country's mad and furious; the people starve and cry,
> "We're tired of Prohibition; Down! Down! with every Dry!"

PUBLIC notice in the Cumberland *Daily News*:

> This is to give notice that the undersigned is now married and wishes to receive no personal mail other than that of a business nature.
>
> CHARLES M. TWIGG

MASSACHUSETTS

ANOTHER epochal advance in the New Thought is recorded by the celebrated *Nautilus* of Holyoke:

> *It is here! It is here!*
> MIND SURGERY
> By DANIEL BOONE HERRING
>
> You use MIND SURGERY to cut out negative and undesirable mental attitudes and conditions, hence the name.
>
> The PROCESS is a mental process and the ONE process of healing and demonstration taught and used by Jesus, as Mr. Herring sees it after forty years' study of the Christine drama.

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How It Works

A woman in Alberta writes that she was healed of a deadly disease, after other methods had failed, by reading and applying Lesson VI of MIND SURGERY—healed so that many repeated tests by the physicians showed no trace of the trouble.

"I am 61 years of age," writes the author, "wore glasses for 25 years and discarded them within six weeks after this IDEA got into my MIND. I now see perfectly and without effort."

This book contains all of the lessons on Mind Surgery published in *Nautilus* and in addition—

How I Give a Treatment

which has never before appeared in print and which reveals Mr. Herring's own original and unique method of applying the HEALING PROCESS of Mind Surgery.

Here is a new and startling revelation of Jesus' teachings, showing how they differ from all others, and how you can apply them HERE—NOW to demonstrate healing and wholeness.

In short—how to *cut out* distressing mental states and BECOME WHOLE.

At New Low Price

Two years ago this would have been published as a $1.60 book. After much contriving we have produced an attractive, cloth bound book, with printed jacket, at one-third less cost to you.

Price $1.05 Postpaid

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., INC.
HOLYOKE, MASS.

FROM the Boston *Herald*:

A style show in which twenty-one men of the congregation, headed by the pastor, paraded as models, exhibiting the latest in women's fashions, closed the three-day fair and bazaar at the Boston Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Lynn last night. The style display was widely advertised among the parishioners as a surprise final event and more than 500 packed the church.

The pastor, the Rev. Charles T. Allen, wore an evening gown of black chiffon and velvet trimmings with cut steel beads and carried an ostrich fan with crystals. To complete the picture he wore a blonde wig with the hair dressed in one of the latest modes. Around his neck hung a string of cut crystal beads.

The other men wore various gowns, dresses, frocks and tailored suits. All had on the necessary accessories to go with their type of dress.

MICHIGAN

THE Associated Press correspondent at Grand Rapids bumps into a new item of historical knowledge, and lets the world in on it:

Lieutenant-Governor Luren D. Dickinson, in an address here last night, declared the World War was visited upon the world as a punishment for excessive crime and drinking. "No nation in history ever broke the Ten Commandments extensively without becoming a dead nation," he said. "Prewar drinking and crime could not go on, and God sent the terrible war to punish us."

MINNESOTA

A STATESMAN of the merry town of Proctor rises to a question of personal privilege:

OPEN LETTER

To the Citizens of Proctor:

There is an issue involved in our village election this year that I would like very much to put before the voters for their decision. On complaint of our Chief of Police and others of our citizens, it was deemed necessary by our Police Department and myself to remove from the clubroom over the Moose Hall and destroy the following:

9 10-lb. sacks sugar, 27 qt. cans Sky-High malt syrup, 1 carton bottle caps partly full, 1 30-gal. vat full of beer mash, 1 30-gal. vat empty, 2 20-gal. vats empty, 16 cases (36 bottles in each case) full of beer (pints), 30 pint bottles of beer, 1 bottle capper, 314 empty pint bottles.

This action took place on May 16, 1931, at 10:15 P.M. Since it was taken we have incurred the ill will of several of its order and have been prevailed upon by several of their order to permit them to resume the practice of making and selling home brew. I have consistently refused to say yes to their appeal, as I am unalterably opposed

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to it as a distinct case of law breaking, as well as an obnoxious situation, which I will not allow to exist as long as I have anything to do with the administration of the village affairs.

Another reason which stands out very conspicuously is that the place involved adjoins the skating rink where Proctor's children go for recreation, and if we leave the impression on these young minds that "anything goes," regardless of its merit, we are falling down on our obligation and I refuse to do it.

The Chief of Police and myself were in hearty agreement on the action taken in this case. Opposition having been created on only this one question, I think it only fair that we should make our position clear, and am thoroughly willing to let the people decide.

(Signed) WILLIAM J. GREENE,
Village President
(Countersigned) JOHN GRAHAM,
Chief of Police

MISSOURI

FROM a circular broadcast by the Association of the Miraculous Medal (the Rev. Joseph A. Finney, C.M., director), St. Mary's Seminary, Perryville:

One who carries the medal about the person in any way will receive many special blessings, but to gain the indulgences of the Association one should wear the medal suspended from the neck. However, one complies with this if the medal is attached to the neck of a garment that is worn suspended from the shoulders.

To belong to the Union of Masses of the Association there is required the annual offering of twenty-five cents for each person, living or deceased. Each member receives a booklet explanatory of the devotion, a membership card and a Miraculous Medal.

A promoter is one who secures twelve annual members (twenty-five cents each membership) for the Union of Masses or three dollars in memberships. A band of twelve members is symbolic of the twelve stars of the Miraculous Medal. However, anyone securing four annual memberships or one five-year membership, living or deceased ($1) will receive as a premium—a Miraculous Medal brooch or a silver-plated Miraculous Medal.

Benefits of Promoters. 1. They participate in the monthly Novenas of Masses offered for members. 2. Three special Novenas of Masses offered each year for promoters—one in the Shrine of the Miraculous Medal at Perryville, Mo., another in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome; and the third in the Chapel of the Apparition in Paris, where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Sister Catherine. 3. A special Novena of Masses is offered each month for promoters, beginning the sixth of each month. 4. Active promoters at their death become perpetual members of the Union of Masses of the Association, and they also share in the other Novenas of Masses offered for promoters. 5. Promoters are entitled to premiums according to the number of members they secure, as stated on our premium list. 6. Promoters receive a Promoter's Medal and a certificate entitling them to a Papal Blessing granted especially to them.

Burn a Novena of Lights at our Miraculous Medal Shrine. A light will be burned for nine days for $1 and for one month for $3.50. Send in your petitions and they will be placed at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

NEW YORK

A LEARNED correspondent of the *Putnam County Courier*, of Carmel, goes Eddington:

THE UNIVERSE IN TIME: A CONCEPT

Conceivableness of the universe in time predicates the imperativeness of an infinite void containing Nothing in the Absolute. It is a difficult concept. It must impose the appreciation that nothing is everything; and, from that departure, that the absolute nothing is the ideal, complete, infinite, eternal, evacuated of boundless space and scope, something from which nothing can be taken—because its vacuity is absolute; and nothing can be added—because its absoluteness is complete. Only such a conception will permit of a comprehension of eternity and infinity in Time. And it is only such a conception that admits a per-

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missibility of immortality; and the utter impossibility of death. It imposes the admission that out of nothing comes everything, upon the simple premiss that the perfect unit—ZERO—as the conceivable sum of the infinite universe in time—is absolute in creative content, adaptable to every conceivable manifestation. It is a composition of every opposition and every affinity, beneath, by, of and above visibility. And it is Time. With Time potentially and materially complete in its infinite vacuity, it contains all infinite and measurable space; the universe of mind and matter—of itself, Time and its manifestation, Space. The universe in Time is therefore Time made manifest in space by means of the infinitely potential and material propensity of Time for eternal preservation. Thus ZERO is the unit sum of an infinite total of units;—in the terms of biology, the infinite sum of males, translatable into a finite fraction of females.

FRANKLIN JAMES HUNT.

THE RT. REV. EDMUND F. GIBBONS, bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Albany, as reported by the *Evening News* of the same town:

I believe the publicity at Edison's death and his lack of faith made him one of the greatest detriments to the world today.

RESOLUTIONS presented to the National Funeral Directors' Association by the Hon. George W. Frear of Rochester:

Whereas, our professional terminology is generally acknowledged to be in a sadly muddled condition, and . . .

Whereas, such terms as *funeral director* and *mortician* are without definite or proper use, and

Whereas, the terms *embalmer* and *undertaker* are ill-favored; and are hangovers of a day and age long past, and do not fitly describe, denote, or connote the man or his work; and are a handicap to the modern practitioner; are an eye-sore to the public and without due respect for the modern practitioner, therefore be it

Resolved, that the terms *undertaker* and *embalmer* be abolished and the following terminology be adopted by this Association:

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: for one who is a *licensed or certified* director of funerals, and to be used in place of *undertaker.*

MORTUARY SURGEON: for one who is *licensed* and certified to prepare bodies for burial, and to be used in place of the unfitting and unjustifiable title *embalmer.* The *mortuary operation* or *mortuary surgery* will follow in place of *embalming.* The field of *mortuary surgery* will include the usual work in plastic, derma, and demi surgery, restorative art, disinfection, preservation and ALL work on the body. . . .

MORTICIAN: for one who is both a licensed or certified funeral director and also a licensed and certified embalmer or mortuary surgeon. This title denotes the man who has both licenses; one who is capable of serving in both capacities and as the chief. This term discriminates. It should only be used as such; it has no other use.

Respectively submitted.

OHIO

THE wrath of the Lord in Stark County, as revealed by the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News-Sentinel*:

That as high as twenty snakes crawl out of and over the grave of Chester Bedell, atheist, near Alliance, O., is declared to be true by the Free Tract Society, which has investigated the various stories spread throughout the country about "snakes in an atheist's grave."

While living, Mr. Bedell declared that there was no God and never did believe in one. One man from Alliance, O., said, "He did not hesitate to speak of these things. Occasionally Bedell attended the Presbyterian Church in his home town of North Benton, O., and the members said his presence threw such a coldness over the people as soon as he entered, it almost broke up the meeting. He built a bronze monument years before his death. His statue is of bronze and in his uplifted hand is a scroll with this inscription, 'Universal Mental Liberty.' Under his left foot is a scroll representing the Holy Bible with the inscription, 'Superstition.' Before his death he made this remark, 'If there be a

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God or any truth in the Bible, let my body be inhabited with snakes.' Since his burial the family lot has been full of snake holes around the curbing. The neighbors say that the more snakes they kill the thicker they seem to be."

The Rev. L. B. Lehman, of Franklin, Pa., not far from North Benton, O., motored to the cemetery and declared the story was "weird but evidently true." Another man who investigated the case said that at the funeral it was necessary to remove a snake from the grave before the casket could be lowered, and that the sexton said he never saw a snake at any other grave. Bedell died at the age of eighty-two years in 1908.

TENNESSEE

PARTIAL list of the new sciences taught at the Taylor University of Bio-Psychology, Chattanooga:

Cosmic Bio-Psycho-Dynamics
Bio-Psycho-Genetics
Bio-Psycho-Analysis
Personality Development
Personality Orientation
Generation of Personal Power
Biology, Theoretical and Applied
Psychology, Theoretical and Applied
Functional Anatomy
Endocrinology and Bio-Chemistry
Cell Instincts, Emotions and Intelligence
Social Psychology, Economics and Human Progress
Cosmologies—Ancient and Modern
Phyletic and Genetic Evolution
Bacteriology
Modern Physics
Modern Metaphysics
The Laws of Relativity
The Cryptic Sciences
The Ultra-Conscious Intelligence
The Infra-Conscious Intelligence
The Supra-Conscious Intelligence
The Sub-Conscious Intuitions
The Telaesthesic Senses
Evolution—Mechanical, Emergent and Inspirational Diseases and their Treatment
The Telepathic Senses
The Telekinetic Senses
Man in Relation to the Universe
Motives and Their Significance
The Philosophies of Life and Their Significance
Homogeneity, Heterogeneity and Synthesis.

ELDER J. L. BROWN, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner*, is chided by a reader from Bristol:

All the heretical sects reject the true Bible Baptist Church, yet you call them brethren. Shame! You know as well as I do that these false teachers are not children of God. Are not brothers to Jesus Christ. And if you are not one of God's children they are not your brother, then why call them "Brother"? I am so sick hearing folks, preachers, and D. D.'s calling my Lord and Master a brother to the children of the Devil. I wish they were all children of God, then they could call Jesus Christ and His followers their brother and tell the truth. You cannot make me believe that Christ is any kin to the ones that teach and believe contrary to what is taught. I would be ashamed to call them brethren. I would know I was telling a falsehood. So if you insist on calling them brethren, please don't call Jesus Christ your elder brother.

W. L. VANCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL intelligence from the Dresden correspondent of the celebrated Nashville *Banner*:

The climax to a church split came when the Rev. George Swanner, formerly of East St. Louis, and pastor of one faction of the Pentecostal congregation north of Dresden, was tried in the Circuit Court here on a charge of disturbing public worship. It was alleged that on a night when the Rev. Mr. Douglas, another preacher of this congregation, was preaching, Mr. Swanner disturbed the worship by laughter, clapping his hands and saying "Sick 'em! Sick 'em!", all of which Mr. Swanner denied. He stated on the witness stand that everyone laughed when Mr. Douglas attempted to demonstrate how the whale vomited Jonah up on dry land. Some twenty witnesses were placed on the stand, coming from all sections of the county. Mr. Swanner was exonerated of the charge against him.

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VIRGINIA

THE trials and tribulations of an aspiring statesman of Russell County, as revealed to his public in the Lebanon *News*:

To the Voters of Russell:

I feel that I should thank my friends for the support given me in the late election, but sorry you lost your vote.

I was honest in thinking the people were going to support me, at least that was what they promised to do, even the defeated candidates in the convention told me they were for me. It wasn't because of anything that I had against any candidate that I made the race, but because I was encouraged to do so by hundreds of good Republican farmers, but nevertheless I had some real experience which I will relate to show you just what a candidate has to go up against and then get beat by the people that there is nothing in what they say.

I was playing third base in the game. I ran my car 1,100 miles, shook hands with 9,000 people, kissed 613 babies and a few wives, wore out two pair of shoes, put up 1,000 posters, drove 20 boxes of carpet tacks, helped cut 50 shocks corn, ground 1 acre cane, shod one horse, helped cut 8 cord of wood, dehorned 26 cattle, fixed 18 punctures for tourists, found husbands for 3 widows, told 11,965 lies, climbed to the top of every hill to listen to 25,000 lies, helped to buy 2 organs, 3 church lamps and 1 burnside heater, hauled in my car 436 hitch-hikers, 430 of which were voters of my county, and having kept a record of those who told me since the election that they voted for me I am claiming the election over Mr. Castle by a majority of 637.

My friends indicated by their vote that they stuck.

So thanking one and all with no hard feelings toward any one, and wishing Mr. Castle much success, I am

Very truly,

J. WIRT GIBSON.

WASHINGTON

CONSOLATION for the faithful in the *Metaphysical News* of Seattle:

Question: I want to demonstrate a thousand dollars by a certain date. Am I right in assuming that my demonstration will be made through something I wish to sell? *Answer*: In treatment you should not outline *any* specific channel through which your money will come—this is equivalent to telling the all intelligent Mind, God, how to do His work. You cannot possibly conceive all of the marvellous channels that are always open for your supply. Keep an open mind. Cling to your definite idea of money and let God do the work.

WEST VIRGINIA

PROGRESS of the Higher Pedagogy in Wheeling:

Dr. Charles H. Keesor and his staff of school nurses have been assigned to conduct a survey among the students of eleven schools of the Wheeling district to determine the number in each grade guilty of biting their finger-nails.

WISCONSIN

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Ashland:

The County Board members of Ashland county today pondered over a note from a farmer submitted to them by the county nurse in her annual report calling for greater health education in rural schools. It read:

Dear madam: "I can't give my children a bath until the sauer-kraut barrel is empty."

CANADA

FROM the Montreal *Daily Star*:

The public is advised that there will be no collection of garbage on Immaculate Conception Day [Tuesday]. At all places where garbage is usually collected on Tuesday citizens are requested to wait until Friday before putting out their garbage receptacles.

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THE CASE FOR THE MACHINE

BY WARREN S. THOMPSON

MUCH has been said in recent years about the Machine Age and the way in which machines have mechanized man's life until he is no longer quite human. We are told of the speed at which he is forced to move to keep up with his machines, of the fatigue resulting from the same monotonous movements hour after hour, of the close attention which results in nervousness and irritability, and of the care with which he has to watch his step among the machines which surround him while at work. In addition to the general degradation of the personality of the machine-tender, the machine is also accused of so mechanizing and routinizing the life of the rest of us that we suffer from it quite as much as the laborers themselves. It is said that the whole tempo of our life has been increased to the point where it is wrecking the philosophic calm which characterized the pre-machine age and that we are becoming the servants of our automobiles, our airplanes, our radios, our telephones and telegraphs, our electric motors, our typewriters and our calculating machines.

One often gets the impression from these arraignments of the machine that if only we could destroy it and return to the age of hand labor we would rid ourselves of many, perhaps most, of the unlovely problems of social and personal adjustment which so harass us today; for it is quite generally assumed that in the past handwork and the skill associated with it, together with the slower pace of that time, made life far richer, far more interesting, and far more satisfying for the majority of people than is possible today. We all have read diatribes against the machine in which it plays the rôle of a veritable Frankenstein monster, rending and consuming its creators.

Having been born into the family of a skilled worker and having learned a trade in the days when handwork was far more the usual thing in that trade than it is today, I have often wondered whether much of this inveighing against the machine does not come from men who never had any actual experience in handwork, and whether they are really in a position to compare the life of today's machine-tender with that of yesterday's handworker.

Recently I have spent somewhat more than a year in lands where the machine is of but little moment in the lives of the masses of the people. This experience has more than ever confirmed my belief that those who most vigorously damn it know very little about the conditions of daily life in a handicraft civilization (which, by implication at least, they glorify when they hold the machine responsible for most of the evils of our time). I have come to feel that they have failed to comprehend the significance of the machine in human life, that they have confused its effects as such with its effects in our own particular social organization.

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If I were to set up a thesis here, it would be that the machine is an unmixed blessing to the mass of mankind, and that the evils of our time, which are so frequently attributed to it, result not from its inherent nature but are rather the consequences of the social and economic organization within which it functions. In other words, we have not yet learned how to organize our community so that we can make the proper human use of our machines. We have allowed robustious men to control their use and output in such a way that many of us cannot call our souls our own. Instead of using machines to release ourselves from drudgery and monotony, we have allowed them to fall into the control of men who regard them, not as offering economic salvation to man, but rather as offering only a new opportunity to make use of their fellows.

Perhaps the most oft-repeated criticism of the machine is that it makes an automaton, a robot, of its operator, and jumping Jacks of the rest of us. A New York City literateur visits Dearborn for a few hours and not only psychoanalyzes Henry Ford but tells us how operator 111111 screws nut 1234 on bolt 5678 six hundred and thirteen times an hour for eight hours. He then asks us to behold this human robot and to compare him with the old-fashioned handworker who leisurely hammered out his bolt and threaded it by hand and then did the same with the nut and in the end could exhibit with pride a finished product over which he could proudly exclaim, *Feci! I* have made it! Usually the picture is finished at this point and one is left to infer that the stalwart smith has received a benediction from his work which the machine-tender does not get from his.

I am not saying that there is no hand labor which shares the joy of creation with the true artist, nor am I saying that the work of the machine-tender is generally satisfying. But what I do maintain is that most handworkers are far more the slaves of their simple tools from the standpoint of the smothering of the spirit than are the machine-tenders in a modern factory the slaves of their machines. For instance, I have watched the Chinese smith make the diminutive sickles with which rice is harvested. They sell at about a cent apiece. They are neither artistic nor durable and to save my life I cannot see where he has any reason for pride in his work. He is his own boss; yes, perhaps! But his neighbor across the way, making the same article, is a keen competitor and he must work distressingly long hours (twelve to fourteen a day) to keep up with him. If he and his neighbor get together and raise the price a copper or two, then the smith in the next village will undersell them. It is true that he does not have to adjust his pace to that of a machine, striking so many blows a minute or making so many revolutions a second, but day in and day out he has to compete with other workers and can take but little respite without falling behind and losing his trade.

And what does he get for this privilege of being his own boss for the twelve to fourteen hours he works? An occasional spell of gossip with other tradesmen or customers, the right to strike twenty instead of thirty blows a minute if he so chooses, at the end of the day the right to go hungry to bed in a foul and stuffy room, also the privilege of spending his ten or fifteen cents a day on rice and a few vegetables, and occasionally to buy a cheap piece of cotton for a new coat or pair of pantaloons. I have not overdrawn the picture and I could cite numerous similar instances among brickmakers,

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tapestry weavers, silk weavers, rice-pot smelters, china painters and so forth where the blessings of handwork are precisely such as I have described in the case of the sickle maker. I could go further and point out that the finished product in most of these industries is neither artistically good nor practically durable.

II

When I say that the worker in a handwork civilization is more the slave of his tools than the machine-tender is a slave of his machine I mean that the former must work exceedingly long hours, often at very exhausting work, that he seldom has any time for recreation, that if he has time he has neither the means nor the equipment to make good use of it, that he is generally desperately poor, so that as a matter of fact he does not, on the average, keep body and soul together more than about half as long as we do, and that he is usually treated as a mere beast of burden by the one per cent or less of the population that gathers unto itself nearly all the product of his labor above the barest necessities of a poverty-stricken existence.

In a handwork civilization the dreary, harsh and almost bestial nature of much of man's work is difficult for most of us to conceive. Fuel is packed on the back or pushed in a wheelbarrow; water is carried in the same way; stevedoring is done on the back; cloth is woven largely by hand; food is scarce and the diet is exceedingly monotonous—indeed, is what in most cases we would only consider fit for our cattle and our poultry; clothing is coarse and frequently, if not usually, inadequate; housing is bad beyond description (25% of the total population are actively tuberculous in many areas); the traveler moves largely by the applied hand power of his fellows, and so forth. I have not exaggerated the hardships of the common people in such a civilization, nor is it unfair to say that as compared with one in which the machine has become important it is bestial in many ways.

Even the artist rug-maker, jeweler, tapestry weaver, pottery glazer, china painter, and woodcarver, along with all other artisans, have to work such long hours for so little pay and under such frightful conditions (poor light, bad ventilation, cold or hot rooms and so forth) that there can be but little joy in their creative work. Lest it be thought that I exaggerate, one only need to inspect some of the figures showing the death-rate in London—a city of handwork and trade—two centuries ago. It approached 50 for 1,000 of the population and was about four times what it is today. Even among the cottage workers of that day conditions were but little better, and within the year I have seen cottage workers in China doing fine work under conditions in which only the exceptional worker could hope to live past forty or forty-five. These conditions were not unusual, either as regards the industry or the country, for a handicraft civilization.

Handwork is in general so little productive that as long as it persists 95% or more of the people must live on a bare subsistence level, in squalor, cursed with all manner of disease, suffering from cold and hunger, and leading a most wretched existence. The readiness with which people from such a civilization migrate to a machine civilization is the best evidence of their own appraisal of the relative merits of the two. If one cites against this the fact that many of our immigrants return to the old handwork order of things, it will be in order to point out that they return either because their jobs here do

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not hold out or because they have accumulated enough to enable them to return home to join the ranks of the small class which can exploit the cheap labor of its fellows.

In comparing the actual physical labor of the handworker with that of the machine-tender, I must say that I should greatly prefer to be the machine-tender. In our worst factories his day seldom runs beyond nine or ten hours and, in consequence, he has some time to do as he pleases and more means to do it with than ever the handworker had.

But even if what I have just said is granted, it will probably be countered with the statement that after all, in past ages, only a few people were engaged in the trades while in industrialized lands today the majority of people are more or less so involved; that formerly the great majority of men tilled the soil and thus were not driven to work or to live as the handworkers I have described.

As a matter of fact, it is quite generally assumed that the peasant, the agriculturist (perhaps four-fifths of most peoples in the past) had an opportunity to give expression to his personality and to be a man in his own right, which the machine-tender of today lacks. This myth of the happy and contented peasant making his own tools to work his own land, to produce his own food and clothing, should have been exploded long ago by the facts that jump up to meet us everywhere, but alas, it has not! Of all the men in the world who are enslaved by their tools, the peasant is from many angles the most helpless. Even in the United States, where the farmer is in heaven compared with the peasant in older lands, most country boys cannot get off the farm and into the factory and accounting office fast enough to suit them.

But even so, our farmers are not typical of the peasants in most other parts of the world. For two or three generations now they have had reasonably good plows, harrows, seeders, mowing-machines, reapers and a relative abundance of horsepower. In most parts of the world, or at least in those parts where hand labor is customary, the peasant's is the most bestial work in the community. He labors his land with crude and inefficient tools and must perform in the most slow and painful manner what the machine farmer does easily and quickly. In China I have seen men and women harnessed to the plow alongside a donkey or horse.

If those who laud the sturdy independence of the peasant who makes many of his own tools and tills his own land and markets his own crops would only spend a few days in almost any peasant community where hand labor prevails and study the situation of these peasants, they would be startled at what they would discover about their life. They would find in many communities that 50 to 75% of the peasants are tenants giving one-half or more of what they raise to the landlord; that this same landlord or his relative is the grain merchant and money lender; that most of the peasants have to sell a considerable part of their crop at harvest time, when prices are low, in order to pay debts that they have contracted in buying food and seed in the Spring and Summer, when prices are high; and that interest rates are 3 or 4% a month (not a year). They would further find that the peasant has to do a large part of the work of preparing the seedbed with a primitive plow and hoe and shovel and rake, which would break any man's back and leave him far more exhausted at night than is the machine farmer among us, and that he has accomplished hardly a tithe of

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what our machine farmer does in the same period.

Then at the end of the season, when the peasant comes to sell his produce, he often has to carry it on his back to market and bring back in the same manner the goods for which he trades it. He does this over roads which we would consider utterly impassable and at a cost, in terms of labor, which is appalling. Furthermore, when he has arrived at market he finds himself wholly at the mercy of the organized buyers, if indeed he does not have to sell directly to his creditor at the latter's price, as is frequently, if not generally, the case. The handworking peasant the world over is a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He is a veritable beast of burden and is always exploited by landlord and villager unmercifully and without cessation. He produces but little above a bare existence year in and year out and he has a goodly part of that little taken from him by the shrewder townsman, who regards him as a bumpkin.

III

Unfortunately, the picture just drawn of the handworking peasant has some likeness to our more mechanized farmer, but I submit that as the machine enables the latter to produce more, he gets more for himself and he has more time and more energy to rebel against his exploitation by others; and that to the degree he becomes a machine farmer he has the energy and the will to cease being the lowly beast of burden he has been in the past. It may well be that he is also losing some of the love of a particular piece of land which so often characterizes the handworking peasant, but he is also losing poor health, the dull, clod-like mind, the feeling of inferiority, the abject subservience and the utter hopelessness which have generally been his lot in past ages.

But even if it be granted that the hardship of life under a handwork régime is such as I have described it for the artisan, the carrier and the peasant, it may yet be urged that somewhere in this round of monotony and weariness a spirit of pride in work, of independence and of being master of his destiny creeps into the soul of the handworker which the machine-tender can never possess. It seems to be quite commonly felt that the machine-tender is driven by some impersonal, relentless and malignant force which makes of him another machine—a being bereft of human dignity and lacking in certain fine qualities of spirit which were the prized possession of the handworker.

I have pondered this matter much as I have watched many different peoples at their handwork and then I have come home again and have watched our own workers at their tasks in the factory and I cannot feel that the machine has been aught but a blessing to the mass of the people who have come within its influence. I have come to feel that the strictures on it as a debaucher of men have too often been made by comparing the machine-tender with an ideal for man in the mind of the writer, rather than with the actual handworker as he is found over the greater part of the earth today.

On comparing the actual machine-tender with the ideal worker we might well have, I agree with much that is said of the stunted life of the former. But when I think of what I have seen in handicraft civilizations I have no desire to see the Golden Age of handwork return. It is like all other Golden Ages of the past; it is only golden when seen in the haze of an ideal projection of the author's dreams into a dim and largely unknown past.

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THE ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAINS

BY JAMES STEVENS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Farmer Fagan was a peerless leader among the jungle-bums of the Western roads. Long after he came to his disastrous end I heard tremendous stories about him and his twin stomachs. They were a legend among the camp-men. The Fagan stories had a personal interest for me, as I had encountered their hero while I was yet a pious ranch boy, and he had greatly influenced my life.

At that time I was well started in the respectable career of a cheese-maker. My relatives agreed that I had a shrewd talent for this honored trade. At fourteen I was a prize student in an Idaho agricultural academy, where ranch boys were enabled to pay their way through a high-school course by working five hours a day. My job there was in the milk-house. When my first term ended, the dairy foreman, Mr. Predder, kept me on as a hired hand. I was the pride of my family.

"There you are, not fifteen yit, and already holdin' down a man's job and drawin' man's wages," my cousin by marriage used to say. His name was E. U. Lape, and as he was a section-hand who lived in the nearby ranch town, I saw him often. "Time you come of age you oughter be a full-fledged cheese-maker," prophesied E. U. Lape. "Likely you'll have your own factory afore you're thirty. You should say a prayer of thanks every blessed hour of the day for your won'erful opportunity."

I modestly agreed that I was doing mighty well. I saw no other way to look at my circumstances and prospects. E. U., for example, was past thirty, and his only hope was to become the boss of a section in another ten years. And a section-boss did not begin to have the standing of a cheese-maker in our Idaho valley. So I was properly thankful for my opportunity, until the afternoon of late Summer that brought Farmer Fagan from the jungle of the ranch town to the milk-house door.

The day was an Idaho scorcher. Heat waves shimmered over the great red dairy barn and dimmed the rolling hills of alfalfa stubble. In the barnlot cows snoozed wherever shade fell, rousing only to switch the fly swarms. Inside the milk-house the day was more tolerable. I had just flushed the cement floor, and the moist air had a refreshing feel and smell. Still, I was wilted. I had been working with hot water and steam for ten hours. It was now two in the afternoon. I could do as I pleased until four, when the evening milking would start. The first thing I did was to drink a dipper of cold buttermilk. Then I sprawled on the separator bench. It was in the coolest corner.

Almost at once I fell into a morbid doze. A broody spirit had been growing in me with the hot weather. Whenever I had a minute to myself it would rise like a cloud and smother all my fine thoughts about my job. Lately it seemed I could think of nothing but the sour smell of the milk-

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house, the gummy scum to be scrubbed from cans, pails and separator parts, the mountain of bottles to be put through the washer while I breathed the steam from scalding and soapy water. I would even catch myself imagining that a cheese-maker was the last thing on earth I wanted to be.

So I brooded morbidly now, as I sprawled on the bench behind the cream separator and dozed. It seemed that I had a bad weak spot in my makeup. Grown men were begging for my job. The year was 1907 and a money panic was on. Many families were so pinched that our school was helping feed them. E. U. Lape was one of the men laid off by the railroad. His church, the Advent Christian, had offered comfort and aid, but my cousin Luella would not hear of taking charity. I had not visited E. U. Lape and his family for some time, for I had to listen to too much hard talk of misery in their home.

Yet I did not have the gumption to appreciate my own luck. Mr. Predder was firm in keeping me, standing like a rock against the idea of giving my job to some starving homesteader. He was a sort of fanatic on dairying and its products, living in a world bounded by milk, cream, butter and cheese. The chemistry of this world was magic to me at first, and my response to it had inflamed the dairy foreman with a passion to save me for the fold.

"A born cheese-maker if I ever saw one," Mr. Predder declared. "And I aim to see your born talents get a chance if it's the last mortal thing I do."

And here I was, being a traitor to Mr. Predder. I hadn't felt worse about myself since my backsliding, at the age of nine, from a Methodist conversion. But it couldn't be helped. More and more I was seeing my future as a cheese-maker with a bilious eye. On this particular scorcher of a day I was as sunken and morbid and miserable as a body could be while I dozed on the separator bench.

In that temper I first met the peerless leader of Western jungle-bums.

II

The screen door opened and closed. I sat up, rubbing my eyes and yawning. Then an amazingly deep voice, more like a bull's grumble than a human tone, made me stare curiously around the separator.

"Howdy, bub," said the tremendous voice. "The Lord be with you, and where could I find the boss?"

For a spell I could only stare and gulp. A huger hulk of a man I had never seen. A good six-and-a-half feet up from the cement floor a mat of coaly hair jutted ragged ends from under a black, round-crowned hat. Bulging black eyes glared like a revivalist's from under frowning brows. Two fat humps of shoulders swelled a blue shirt. From stagged sleeves swung forearms like hams which still had the bristles on the rinds. But it was the great man's middle that made me gape. It was the most tremendous human bulge I had ever seen, appearing to swell out a solid two feet above his overalls. Now it heaved and shook. The voice rumbled again.

"Job Fagan," it said. "Bub, you're lookin' at Job Fagan hisself. And he is lookin' fer the man who runs this here place."

"He won't be here till four o'clock," I managed to say, still marveling at the man's great middle. Then I remembered to be polite. "Could I do something for you, Mr. Fagan?"

"Hum," he said, gazing around the milk-house and then staring hard at me again. Suddenly he heaved out a sigh like a blast of wind. "Jest as I was at yore age," sighed

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Mr. Fagan. "You'd never think it to look at me, would you, now? But it's true as Scriptur'. Yes, sir, bub, I had jest such a good start in the dairy business. Only it was in t'other end. I was a bull-tender on a breedin' farm when I had jest turnt seventeen," said Mr. Fagan. "About yore age."

I was so flustered with pride at being taken for a seventeen-year-old that I didn't know what to say. So I simply tried to look grown-up and important and let Mr. Fagan talk on.

"But I never got no more'n a start," he said, after another windy sigh. "I was gored by a bull. That's how I learnt I had twin stummicks. The doctors found 'em when they went to sew up my rip. Twin stummicks," groaned Mr. Fagan, rolling his eyes. "They swell me so!"

I could feel my back hair raise in a shiver. The man's hugeness, the bulge and glare of his black eyes and his revivalist's manner of speaking had overpowered me from the first. Now he was giving me a bad turn. But I was curious, too. The idea of a man having two stomachs was wonderful and amazing. It seemed that I was showing considerable feeling in my looks, for Mr. Fagan suddenly became deeply confidential.

"You've got a Chrischun heart in you," he said, after a solemn pause. "It's mighty rare in a young man of seventeen, I can tell you. It moves Job Fagan, it shorely does. Yes, sir, Job Fagan is moved to show you his doom of a livin' death, the mortal burden of shame and sorrer he bears." He glared around, as though afraid somebody might be listening, then moaned like a voice from the tomb. "Doomed to a livin' death. Sold like a black slave to the medical ghouls. To you Job Fagan will show his cross."

While he was moaning, Mr. Fagan shucked the shirt down from his fat shoulder humps. Then he turned his back on me. Four rows of square, dark-red letters crossed his back just below the shoulders. They made these words:

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CHICAGO, ILL.
EXPRESS COLLECT

I crouched back in the corner, shivering with the grisly horrors. Once I had heard a gruesome sermon about some young men who were studying to be doctors, and who sneaked into a graveyard one night to steal corpses. Of course a storm came up, and the wicked young men were all struck dead by lightning. I could imagine just such ghouls gloating over Mr. Fagan. I wanted desperately to be rid of him, but I was sorry for him too.

"When I'm a corp' I'll be shipped to my owners, so's they can cut out my twin stummicks and parley over 'em in Greek," said Mr. Fagan dismally, as he pulled up his shirt and turned around to me again. "You'd never dream the like could go on in a Chrischun land, would you, now? But if it's the Lord's will to afflict His servant like this here, Job Fagan is not the one to say Him nay. It's fer the innercents that Job Fagan groans in anguish, the babes and sucklin's who ask him for bread, and he can jest give 'em a stone."

Once more Mr. Fagan was going it like a revivalist.

"A beggar in the vineyard of the Lord, as humble and low as Lazarus at the table of Dives," groaned Mr. Fagan, clasping his fat hands over his middle and bowing his head. "Allus in sackcloth and ashes. But fer the sorrers of his sinful self Job Fagan never laments or complains. It's the seven innercent and hungry mouths he has to feed that lays him low."

Mr. Fagan snuffled, and pawed at his eyes. I felt stricken and weak.

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"I wish I could do something for you," I managed to say. "I honestly do."

"The Lord bless you, bub, I knowed you had a Chrischun heart!" That quick Mr. Fagan had reached down and grabbed my hand, his eyes simply beaming into mine. "Not fer me, of course, but fer them seven innercent and hungry mouths I jest know you'll be glad to spare some butter and eggs!"

I was cornered. It was one of Mr. Predder's strictest rules that tramps should always be refused even a dipper of buttermilk.

"Feed one, and we'll be pestered by droves," Mr. Predder had said. "Just you send 'em to me. I'll handle 'em in short order."

But this afternoon Mr. Predder was in town with other leaders of the school, attending a State convention of the Christian Endeavor. I had to handle Mr. Fagan myself. And I simply couldn't refuse him now, with him pumping my hand as if I were a long-lost brother and beaming at me with such faith. Anyhow, I hoped that Mr. Predder would not object to sparing something from the milk-house icebox for such a poor and unfortunate Christian soul, who had made a fine start in the dairy business but had been gored by a bull and had suffered mortal trouble ever since.

So I got up and started for the icebox. Right away Mr. Fagan took matters into his own hands. He shoved in ahead of me and opened the icebox door.

"Would you git me a gunnysack, bub?" he said. "I wouldn't go so fur as to ask you to pack up the truck. Jest git a gunnysack, and I'll do the rest myself."

Feeling sort of helpless, I went to the back room for a sack. When I returned Mr. Fagan had three dozen eggs and four pounds of butter out on the cement floor, and the icebox was closed.

There was no doubt in my mind that giving Mr. Fagan so much would cause trouble for me with Mr. Predder. I tried to say so, but Mr. Fagan cut me off by starting a prayer. My bringing-up would not allow me to interrupt anybody who was praying, so I was mute while Mr. Fagan scooped the eggs and butter into the sack and said devout thanks over them. Then he was up and heading for the door. He spoke over his shoulder:

"The Lord be with you and yourn, brother."

I could have sworn that Mr. Fagan's fat jowls were spread in a grin as he turned from the door toward the town road. There was worry in my mind as I slumped on the separator bench again and tried to fix the story of Mr. Fagan's twin stomachs so that it would appeal to Mr. Predder. I knew I could not do it. Somehow my own faith in the story had gone with Mr. Fagan himself. I was more morbid than ever as I fell into a doze again. Pretty soon I was having a queer dream.

There had been a carnival in the ranch town on the Fourth of July, and now it seemed that I was among the bright tents once more, with flags flying overhead, and band music and the yells of the barkers sounding round. But I was not in the crowds. Instead, I was on a platform. A barker pointed at me as he bawled:

"Right this way, folks! Right this way to see the Idyho Marvel, the boy with the twin stummicks! Hear him tell how he escaped from the claws of the medical ghouls! Lookit their brand, burnt with a hot iron into his naked flesh! This way . . . this way! . . ."

It was sort of pleasant. My milk-house troubles seemed far away. I simply sat and rested, while the band played on and the crowds marveled. Then a black curtain seemed to fall over the fine scene. Actually

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I slept for two solid hours. It was after four when Mr. Predder shook me awake. I could tell by his expression that he had already checked the eggs and butter in the icebox. And, just as I had surmised, he snorted at my story about Mr. Fagan.

"Sounds mighty likely," he sneered. "Twin stummicks and seven mouths to feed! Well, it's your lookout. Reckoned up, what you give to that tramp comes to a dollar and a nickel. I'll take that out of your wages. Let it be a lesson to you, young man."

I brooded rebelliously as I finished the evening chores. Mr. Predder was right and I was wrong, I had to admit, but it sickened me to think of more than my wages for twelve hours of this miserable work being gone for nothing. That was how I thought of the dollar and nickel, not as money, but as a day of my work. I couldn't console myself with the belief that I had performed an act of Christian charity. I hadn't given the money, but it had been taken from me. Twelve hours of work for nothing! I simply felt cheated and sore, and for the first time I thought seriously of throwing my job up and telling Mr. Predder that never on this earth would I be a cheese-maker.

But my spirit was still too weak for it. I finished the chores in good order and went to supper without saying a word to Mr. Predder. Then I decided to go to town and have a visit with E. U. Lape and family. In my heart I wanted to hear E. U.'s envy and praise. It seemed that I needed such bolstering up.

III

The sun was setting when I tramped into the street nearest the ranch town's railroad yards. This section was built up with shacks in which working people lived. The street was only a dirt road. There were no sidewalks. The only brightness anywhere was in an occasional truck garden behind a shack. The Lapes had one. My cousin Luella tended it, as she was far more ambitious than E. U.

I was not surprised to find Luella in the kitchen, sweating over a big ironing. The room was like a furnace, as the wood stove was going full blast to heat the sad-irons. Luella was simply dripping over the board. Her faded calico waist had wet stains around the shoulders and arms, like the shirt of a harvest-hand. Her eyes burned fiercely through straggles of wet hair. She kept ironing in a sort of grim fury. The two boys were fetching stovewood. They tip-toed in, solemn and quiet. Certainly something was terribly wrong.

Then Luella started talking, working more grimly than ever. She appeared to be talking as much to herself as to me.

"I got shet of him," she said. "I don't never want to hear the name of Everett Ulvia Lape again. He's made it a shame. He picked up with trash, riff-raff and scum. Fer a week he run with 'em. Then he brung home some vittles he had begged. Shamed me thet way a'ter I'd got washin's to do fer us to live by. We fit. I took a stick of stovewood to him. I won't be beholden to nobody. I won't be married to nobody who will be beholden. E. U. shamed his fambly. I got shet of him."

Luella banged a cold sad-iron on the stove, wiped her face with her sleeve, and tested a fresh iron. It hissed properly from her wet fingers, and she was working furiously again. I ventured to ask who were the riff-raff E. U. had picked up with.

"Tramps," snapped Luella. "They got a camp down by the river. He's there now. Good riddance to bad rubbish. I got shet of him."

Luella wouldn't say any more. Her eyes

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burned on at her work and her thin lips kept moving. Once I caught a whisper—"I won't be beholden. I got shet of him." I knew how it was with Luella. The words were pounding in her head. She was morbid, as I was those days. She wouldn't be wanting anybody around. And I didn't want to stay there. I was curious about the tramps who had taken E. U. in. So I said goodby, intending to look for him.

Outside, I asked the oldest Lape boy where the tramps had their camp. He pointed out a big clump of willows on the river bank beyond the tracks. Then Luella called sharply for him to get busy fetching stovewood. I moseyed on.

The sun was behind the gray hills now, but a smother of heat still lay in the twilight. Every willow bush along the trail to the river was as still as death. Not a leaf quivered in the tall cottonwoods. A cowbell sounded dully from far off in the bottoms. The hot, heavy air made me want to gasp as I breathed. It seemed I had never been so miserable in all my born days. I had an idea of talking E. U. into making up with his family. But something else was working in me, something I did not want to admit. It was a rebellious spirit against hard, honest work. I was sick of it. Back there was Luella, so down from work that hardly any human feeling seemed to be left in her. E. U. was with a pack of tramps who did not work at all. I was glad of this excuse to see what they were like.

As I came nigh the willow clump I heard a catchy tune mourning sweetly on a mouth-organ. The music drew me like a charm. There was grass around the willows, and I lay on my belly in it and peered over the bank. A dozen feet down a gang of men was sprawled around a fire which was smoldering into red embers. A steaming bucket of coffee swung above the coals. Some of the men were humped over tin plates, which were loaded with food. In the center of the circle loomed the bulk of Mr. Fagan. After the first shock, I was not astonished to see him in the midst of a pack of tramps and performing like a leader there. Both in Iowa and in Idaho I had known so many hypocrites that I had finally become suspicious of all church people who quoted Scripture and named the Lord at every turn. I had not been entirely fooled by Mr. Fagan that afternoon. He had simply smothered me with his prayerful talk, as Mr. Predder or E. U. Lape or any other professing Christian could do at any time. I had a conviction of sin in my own heart and could not hold up my head before sanctimony.

Seeing Mr. Fagan now, brazenly a sinner, I actually warmed toward him. He surely was enjoying himself. He leaned against a rock padded with a blanket, wagging a monster foot and waving a fat paw in time with the mourning mouth-organ. The player, a scrawny figure of a man, was directly in front of him. I could not see the player's face, as he was using both hands for tonguing out the tune. But I did not need to see it. There, I knew, was my cousin by marriage, Everett Ulvia Lape.

Down there with a bunch of bums squatted the man who had been the loudest of all my relatives in telling me how lucky I was in my milk-house job. There was E. U. Lape, so strong a member of the Advent Christian Church that he often served as a lay preacher. There was the most earnest tenor of his congregation, tonguing out a tune so gay and lively that it was bound to belong to a wicked song. There was E. U., plainly having a good time, while his wife was working her fingers to the bone over an ironing board.

I tried to feel a proper loathing for him, but I could not do it. I lay in the grass

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and listened to the soothing music as enjoyably as any of the tramps in the circle.

Then, all of a sudden Mr. Fagan held up his hand like a deacon hushing the congregation for prayer.

"I done made up my mind," he said to E. U. "You'll be prime fer the idy I've worked up. With the pious kind of face you got, Snipe, this here idy can never fail. You hearken, now."

I expected to hear the sinfulest kind of idea, and it certainly was. Snipe, as Mr. Fagan called my cousin by marriage, it being a slang name for section-hand, was to pretend he was a Methodist preacher who had lost his voice from asthma. Mr. Fagan would have some handbills printed, and they would tell the Rev. E. U. Lape's sad story. E. U. was to heave and wheeze when his knock was answered at somebody's door and then pass over a handbill for reading. If the story failed to take hold, E. U. was to throw an asthmatic fit, gasping for air, while he clasped his hands, rolled his eyes, and seemed to choke out a dying prayer.

"That'll shorely fetch any sound Methodist, or Baptist either," declared Mr. Fagan positively. "Right now, Snipe, is yore high and shinin' time. With the country in a panic, nobody'll ask why don't you go to work. Put in with Farmer Fagan, Snipe, and we'll live fat from here to sunny Cal."

"The old asthmy fer me!" said E. U. Lape, with a brazen grin.

For a minute or two I drew back from the edge of the bank and stared at the grass blades under my face, pondering righteously on what I should do. I knew it was the proper thing to go back uptown and tell the marshal all I knew about this pious bum, Farmer Fagan. But it was plain that this would cause E. U. to be thrown into jail, too, where he would be a worse shame than ever to Luella. Anyhow, I simply did not have the spirit to be righteous now. The grass here was so restful and cool. A breath of freshness was rising from the river. And then the mouth-organ was mourning again, sweeter and more soothing than ever.

Now Farmer Fagan was singing. His voice had a rough huskiness, but it sounded so deep, mellow and sort of contented that I had to listen. The song simply lulled me down:

I'm headed for a land that's far away,
  Beyond the crystal fountains,
Where the jaybird sings by the lemonade springs,
  In the big Rock-Candy Mountains.

Oh, the big Rock-Candy Mountains
  Are a land that's fair and bright,
Where the handouts grow on bushes,
  And you sleep out every night.

I listened on, the song lulling me down more and more with every line. The pictures the words made were so restful. It seemed that I could doze forever in the cool, cool shade. I felt my fingers go limp. My arms and legs were too heavy to move. My eyes went shut and my face sank into the grass. I let everything go. Sinking down, sinking down, and I had only one drowsy thought, that nothing in life was so good as this.

An instant later, it seemed, I was starting up. A solid hour must have gone by, however, as the shadows were thick over the river. The boom of a locomotive whistle was fading in a hoarse moan.

"Come on, you stiffs," Farmer Fagan's big voice growled. "We're makin' this rattler. You stick by me, Snipe."

"Amen," chuckled my rascal of a cousin by marriage.

There was a dull sound of tramping feet in the trail that slanted up the river bank and twisted around the willow clump. It thumped on toward the railroad. I sat up

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sluggishly and yawned over my thoughts for a spell. They didn't amount to much. I felt all emptied out. Nothing seemed to matter except the weariest kind of urge to get back to the school and to bed.

The freight was a manifest, and only stopped here to take on water. When it rumbled away I crossed the tracks and headed for the school road. I could see a light burning in Luella's kitchen, but the other windows of her shack were dark. Probably she was still working furiously and grimly over her ironing. I could not care.

The Rock-Candy Mountains song had possessed me. It kept whirling in my head like the calliope of a merry-go-round. Back at the school I caved into bed with my clothes on and simply sank.

IV

At three in the morning, the rising time for the dairy crew, Mr. Predder could not rout me out. That day he himself did my work, and I slept on and on. When I did get down to the milk-house again I still felt emptied and dull. My bright future would not shine. I had to keep smothering my fancy, for it would make nothing but charming pictures of the life Farmer Fagan and Snipe Lape were leading on their way to sunny Cal. That life was wicked and vile, I knew, but the Rock-Candy Mountains song haunted me day by day and made carnival pictures of the roving jungle-bums. It was the last straw in breaking my ambition to become a well-known cheese-maker.

I somehow forced myself to put in the time until the Fall term of school started. Then I became so do-less and neglectful in my work that Mr. Predder sadly transferred me out of the dairy. A new dormitory was under construction. I was given a chance with a team and wagon, hauling screened sand down from the hills.

The new job turned out well. I had two five-mile trips to make in five hours. It was the lowest job in school, offering no chance to learn an honored trade and promising no kind of bright future. But I soon quit worrying about that. The riding rested me. I felt akin to the horses. While they plodded on I could freely sing and talk to myself.

One day, without a bit of warning, I made a poem about a girl in the school. It was a miracle, this poem of mine. I recited it over and over in tones of awe and delight as I rocked on the seat of the sand-wagon. The marvelous rhymes inspired grander fancies. They gave me an idea about my life, and I made a secret resolution.

Never again, I resolved, would I work at a job which made me keep my mind on it from morning to night. Instead, I'd always drive a sand-wagon, so that I could make marvelous poems and enjoy grand pictures of fancy through the hours of every work-day.

"I won't be a cheese-maker, and I won't be a bum, either," I vowed. "I'll be a poet."

So I finally struck the trail for my own Rock-Candy Mountains. The vow has been kept. From that day to this I've refused to hold any kind of job that might interfere with my day-dreams. For ten years I was a teamster. When the motor truck came in I resorted to the plainest manual labor in the sawmills and the woods, to jobs which might be performed mechanically and could never never imprison the fancy that was my real life.

But Farmer Fagan's fate warned me permanently from his kind of life. I heard of it from E. U. Lape, who returned home in late Winter, chastened and repentant. In a testimonial meeting he confessed how

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he had sinfully lied by pretending to be a preacher who had lost his voice from asthma. The Lord, however, had not deserted him, but had guided him, instead, to Pasco, Washington, where the Rev. Billy Sunday was conducting a Winter revival. For a spell Farmer Fagan and Snipe Lape had been enriched, as they told their sad lies to the Rev. Dr. Sunday's converts. Then the exhortations of the revivalist awakened the spirit in my cousin by marriage and caused it to work mightily. He went to the mourners bench and confessed. His confession caused Farmer Fagan and the bums who followed him to be arrested and put to work in a chain-gang.

The gang was on a blasting job. It was digging a sewer ditch, and the earth was like stone. Farmer Fagan was blown to flinders when he tamped black powder into holes which were still hot from being sprung with dynamite sticks.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,'" testified E. U. Lape, looking and sounding so piously glum that Luella fairly beamed with pride. "And the good Lord got His vengeance there in Pasco. For not only did Farmer Fagan come to a violent end for his sins, but he was blasted and blowed into so many bits that the wicked medical ghouls could never have his corpse now and parley over his twin stummicks. Allus may the Lord's will be done. Amen!"

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

IS THE ARCHITECT AN OUTSIDER?

By William E. Willner

It is a frequent complaint that the architect has not taken sufficient cognizance of the revolution in structural methods. He is pictured as a mere decorator of the engineer's handiwork, and not as a very successful decorator at that. With his eyes fixed on the dead past—so it is alleged—he creates designs which are irrelevant even when handsome, and which serve only to conceal the beauties proper to the tower of steel.

The more radical critics even go so far as to suggest that the engineer, if left to himself, would bring the skyscraper to a definitive expression much faster than he can with "outside help." An analogy is drawn between the steel building and the automobile, and the architect is cast in the same ignominious rôle as the designer who tried to make the new vehicle look like a horse-drawn carriage. The inference is, of course, that the architect does not understand modern construction, and that he is blind to its æsthetic possibilities. The engineer may not be any less blind, at present, but if he is left unhampered he will surely blunder into an appropriate, a predestined result. So it is argued.

The theory has its amusing side. In this intensely practical age, when the client's esteem for the architect so often hinges on his success in keeping building costs at a minimum, it is reassuring to find that he is still regarded in some quarters as an artist, unconcerned except as to the appearance of his buildings. There is the flattering implication that in spite of the vast multitude of details which make his lot harder than that of his predecessors, he has nevertheless impressed somebody with his honest desire to secure a beautiful result.

But it is not so pleasant for him to find his efforts regarded as "outside help," his handling of the design as "superimposed æsthetics." If his conscience troubles him on any one point more often than on others, it is because he has had to give so much attention to the details of finance, of economical construction, of mechanical equipment, and of other practical desiderata, that he has had less and less time for the specific problems of design.

If the analogy with the automobile may be carried farther, the architect must be compared to the manufacturer who assembles a car instead of building all its parts in his plant. The engine, the starter, and all the other details may be designed by experts in their respective fields, but the assembler is not thereby released from the necessity of knowing how they all work and how they should be put together to secure the best result.

In theory, perhaps, the assembler of automobiles may not be entitled to the same respect as the manufacturer who builds everything himself, but this latter type is no longer to be found. Moreover, the man who came closest to the ideal was for a long time unrivalled as the creator of the world's ugliest automobile, and was compelled, at length, to rebuild his plant and

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change the design of his car to conform to the taste built up by the lowly assemblers.

The automobile is the greatest triumph of our time, the star case of that rapid approach to ideal form which is possible where there is no hampering tradition. But its admirable design cannot be regarded as a purely accidental result, a by-product of the engineer's single-minded concern with utilitarian perfection. The mere existence of so many successful manufacturers of automobile bodies is sufficient to upset such a notion. The first definite improvement in the appearance of the American car can be traced, besides, to the influence of French makers, and it must be admitted that the French seldom manufacture anything without some regard to style, to design. Whether, therefore, the American automotive engineer hired designers of his own or copied the work of foreign artists, he can hardly claim all the credit for the beautiful result. Some account must be taken of the continuity of a tradition which forced him, as it did the coachmaker before him, to approach a form acceptable to the taste of humanity at large.

Thus it takes a certain perversity to maintain that the æsthetic triumphs of the Machine Age are triumphs solely of the mechanical spirit, unaided by any conscious artistic striving. It may be true that the finest and most characteristic products of the age are those in which the mechanical function is uppermost; but that is just another way of saying that the simplest things are usually the best-designed. The mere multiplication of details and of functions makes it improbable that a skyscraper can ever be so completely successful, either in appearance or in usefulness, as a portable typewriter or a repeating rifle.

The designer must, of course, understand his whole problem, whether it be the design of the simplest sort of tool or the design of a large modern building. It is rather naïve, however, to assume that the modern structural engineer has a more complete grasp of the problem of the skyscraper than has his partner, the architect.

In the first place, the engineer is not one person. There are some engineering firms which are prepared to design every part of the structure and mechanical equipment of a large building, but there are more concerns which specialize. One man designs the steel, another the elevators, a third the plumbing, a fourth the heating and ventilating system, and a fifth the electrical layout. Still another man may be retained to design the foundations.

Even where all these engineers belong to the same firm, there is often a serious conflict in their aims, and the architect would serve a useful purpose if he did nothing more than to smooth out those conflicts. No one who has not gone through the actual work of reconciling the various requirements can have any idea of the ingenuity necessary merely to reduce the space occupied by pipes and ducts and to keep them from ruining the appearance of the rentable office space. If the architect did not do this work, the engineer would presumably do it himself, but he shows little disposition to take over such tasks at present. He commonly feels that when he has furnished a diagram of the necessary structure and equipment, his direct responsibility is at an end. He reasons—and quite rightly, according to present standards—that it is the architect's business to combine all the elements of a building in their final form.

Thus a large part of the architect's work amounts to a redesigning, in consultation with the engineer, of the mechanical systems of the building, a simplification which makes the building itself a better machine and at the same time contributes

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to its appearance. But it is not to be supposed that the "specialist in æsthetics," as Lewis Mumford calls him, goes no farther than this to meet the engineer.

A glance at the curriculum of a first-rate school of architecture, or better, at a set of the examination questions which an architect must answer in order to be registered in Illinois or in Pennsylvania will reveal a number of things which have a bearing on this question. Since the candidate's artistic capacities cannot easily be established by means of an examination, this becomes a minor matter, but he is expected to know how to design everything that goes into a building, quite as though the modern consulting engineer did not exist. He is asked to design beams and columns in steel, in concrete, in wood. He is required to figure all the loads in a truss and to check his results graphically. He is next asked to design foundations and retaining walls and to compute radiation and boiler capacities, and then, when he has designed a plumbing system and set down the necessary sizes for ventilating ducts, he is put through a catechism on building code requirements. If he fails to pass this examination he cannot practice architecture in these States, though he be a more accomplished designer than Michelangelo.

If he remains, after all this, a "specialist in æsthetics," the fact ought to be set down to his credit. If he still believes, after such an ordeal, that architecture ought to be a fine art, it is certainly not because he has had his eyes closed to the practical aspects of building.

But if the architect has gone a good deal more than half-way to meet the engineer, it might be expected that the engineer would show a corresponding interest in the specific problems of the architect. Has he made any attempt to bridge the gap?

Let us examine the curriculum of a first-rate school of engineering. The first thing that strikes the eye is a course in architectural engineering, which should dispose of the problem very quickly. But a canvass of the architectural and the engineering faculties will reveal that the course is a compromise, satisfactory to neither group. The whole reason for the modern separation of functions is at once apparent in the fact that the graduate of such a course is usually at a great disadvantage as compared either with his classmates in the civil and mechanical engineering courses or with those in the architectural school. No matter which way his subsequent interests may lead him, it will take years for him to overcome the handicap. There are, of course, some very successful graduates of these courses, but most of them are men whose gifts make up for any deficiencies in training.

But even if we suppose that such courses are successful in producing engineers who are fairly good as architects, or architects who are fairly good as engineers, it remains true that most of the men who go into the branches of engineering connected with building have taken courses leading to degrees in civil, mechanical, or electrical engineering. These are still the most important categories, whether we are considering the schools or the world outside. It is thus pertinent to ask whether, in the planning of these regular courses, the engineering colleges have recognized the very considerable influence which their graduates may have on America's architectural future.

The evidence of the catalogues should be conclusive. The freshman studies mathematics, chemistry, rhetoric, and mechanical drawing, and works in several shops. The next year he takes calculus, physics, mechanics of materials, more shop work, and perhaps some surveying. The third

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year—supposing him to be a civil engineer—he devotes to such subjects as hydraulics and structural design. In his senior year he goes on with courses involving the practical application of what has gone before; and then, to keep him from becoming narrow-minded, he is given a course in general economics.

He can acquire a pretty thorough comprehension of all the details of structure and mechanical equipment in buildings, and can go on to a study of secondary stresses in bridges, without ever suspecting that a building is anything more than a machine. As a student, at least, he has no conception of the ends which structure may serve, and when his brother in the architectural school works all night on his design problems, he regards him as a crazy fanatic, wasting his energy on impractical dreams. The engineering student is expected to be hard-boiled.

If in later years he comes to sympathize with the architect's aims, and displays a corresponding willingness to coöperate, the result can hardly be attributed to his education. He leaves school with a chip on his shoulder, firmly believing that though architecture has been emasculated by its separation from engineering, engineering has suffered no loss by its separation from architecture. From a fear of making their other courses such hybrids as those in architectural engineering, the schools have gone to the other extreme and ignored architecture altogether.

There may be nothing grotesque in so training men to construct skyscrapers without even indicating the possibility of humane ideals in building. But there may well be something grotesque in the result, when the engineer, the realtor, and the architect must work together to produce the new architecture. However impatient we may be with the slow advance toward this new architecture, can we hope to accelerate the advance by turning the problem over to the engineer and the real estate man? Even if we accept the hoary falsehood that the modern architect is blood-brother to the amateur of Renaissance times, who drew façades on paper without knowing anything about building, can we regard the engineer as the legitimate successor of the medieval master-builder?

The builders of the Gothic churches certainly did not learn their trade by computing the thrusts of arches and by breaking cubes of stone to ascertain their crushing loads. They learned by studying fine buildings, and while they mastered the methods of their construction they also became familiar with the beautiful forms of their detail and the grand proportions of their spaces. There was no other school for the builder, and it was simply impossible that he should have any great experience with important construction without gaining a corresponding knowledge of the best design of his epoch.

The separation of architecture and building has had some unfortunate results, but such a separation was inevitable in any case, and would not have survived if it had not presented some very great advantages. The achievements of the engineer, in particular, would not have been possible without such specialization, and if his department of the art of building has progressed more rapidly than other departments, it is nevertheless a special field, and not the whole art. If the architect's achievements seem less brilliant by comparison, if he has as yet failed to incorporate all the new elements of his problem into one organic whole, it should be pointed out that he is in the same boat with the rest of humanity, who have nowhere succeeded in absorbing the new world of science into a unified politics or philosophy.

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Physiology

THE POSSIBLE ORIGIN OF RELIGION AS A CONDITIONED REFLEX

By Jacques Malan

No problem in the anthropological field has been more persistently productive of theories than that relating to the origin of religion. And after long and extensive dabbling into this ghostly lore, I find the last theory as finally unconvincing as the first. The trouble, it would seem, is that the inquiry starts at the wrong end. By working backward, the examination, at the farthest throw, hardly reverts beyond Neanderthal Man, who, if he is not summarily dismissed as a noisome atheist, is credited at most with a crude animism, whereas the probabilities are that he was not only a deft hand at religious conjury, but could moreover show a formidable line of ecclesiastic ancestry. That, at any rate, is the implication of a conviction that has steadily grown upon me; just how, I'll relate directly.

Round about the Christmas of 1920, I fell in with a company of baboons (*Cynocephalus porcarius*) in the untamed country lying south of Grabouw in the Caledon district of the Cape Province of South Africa. They had established themselves on the flank of a hill that terraced skyward in 45-degree slants, and they seemed to view my arrival with indifference. My own camp clung to a hill that companioned the buttress possessed by the baboons, and between lay a chasm that, bridged by the eye, separated our camps by no more than 120 feet. They were an easy-going community of a rather suburban order; too engrossed in domestic detail to pass as genuine gypsies. In all we were together for about a month.

For the most part of the day—and one day was very like another, once you had got the hang of the routine—they squatted about digging roots, hunting body insects, philandering, quarrelling, turning stones, and engaging themselves generally in the business which occupies such a society. The side of the hill tenanted by them faced the morning sun but was shadowed from about three o'clock in the afternoon. Once or twice they followed the sun and spent the afternoon on the western slope, where they could bask till sundown. But for the rest they remained on their usual ground, frittering the afternoon away in the shade; occasionally varying the programme by raiding an orchard that swept round the base of their camp and was thick-hung with fruit.

But no matter what held their attention, the moment the sun touched actually the horizon, they left their ground, swarmed over the ridge, and barked themselves into ecstasy at the sinking sun. At such times they seldom busied themselves with anything, but remained in a sort of rapt watching attitude until the sun had gone. Then they returned to their ground—I thought in a chastened and strangely chatterless mood, but that may have been an illusion stimulated by contrast after the din they had just made. In the mornings the rising of the sun was nearly always greeted with the same chorus of barking, and its movement over the rim of the horizon watched with the same peculiar raptness.

The obvious analogy did not suggest itself at once, but the following year, in a district 100 miles to the north of where the baboons had their Summer camp, the casual remark of an old colored man, as the bark of a baboon echoed out of the

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sunset, suddenly flashed a new light on the performances I had watched on the hill at Grabouw. *"Daar gaan ou bobejaan nou kerk toe"* (That old baboon is off to church), he said. "What", I said, "and why to *kerk*?" "But they always go to *kerk* when the sun goes down." I asked others: people living close to the soil and observant. I give the results:

Out of roughly a hundred people—Europeans, Cape colored folk, and natives—, questioned as opportunity presented over the period 1921-31 (the last definite reply was from a colored farm laborer in June, 1931), about forty said: "Can't say I've noticed." But these were nearly all white men. Of the replies received from the remaining sixty, analysis disclosed that in certain readily defined areas, the colored people and natives, in speaking of *Cynocephălus*, frequently used phrases such as: *"Hy gaan kerk toe"* (He goes to church); *"Hy bid"* (He prays); and *"Hy hou godsdiens"* (He holds religion). What they meant thereby, I found in a number of cases, was not that what the baboon did was *like* praying, or *like* going to church, but that these functions were actually performed. Although not many of those I questioned had seen the baboons at these *gedoentes* (doings), the phrases cited recurred so often that they were clearly the outcome of general observation, and indicated a definite association with human religious rites.

Now, when those facts first began to piece themselves together, I looked to find a record somewhere of this aspect of anthropoid behavior; I even hoped that someone would have remarked upon its possible religious significance. Such a record may have existed, but if mention of it occurred in any of the more accessible writings, it certainly eluded me with singular competence. In 1925, however, came unexpected confirmation in a strange and beautiful book. Its author, Hans Coudenhove, a rare Thoreau-Gauguin personality, and one of the most remarkable of living men, brought to the making of this book—"My African Neighbors", he called it in tribute to the animals and natives who had companioned his voluntary exile in the African jungle since 1898—the double gift of prose and observation. And there in a brilliant chapter on the Kima monkeys, he said:

> They collect every evening on the tops of the largest boulders, and in chorus call out their farewell to the setting sun.

He went on:

> There is something touching in this cult of the sun practised by many animals—the origin, perhaps, of man's worship of the fixed star. When walking in the early morning, years ago, along the sea beach in Portuguese East Africa, and in Natal, in places where the virgin forest came down to the shore, I was always struck by the sight of the monkeys which sat motionless in the topmost branches, with outstretched arms, looking at the sun as it rose out of the Indian Ocean.

This pious streak seems to manifest itself pretty generally among anthropoids. In his book "Uit Oerwoud en Vlakte,"[1] published about the same time as the Coudenhove book, Pienaar remarks on the Colobus apes of East Africa, and from what he records, scanty as it is, their behavior at sunrise bears strong resemblance to a sort of solar ritual. But the anthropoids are by no means the only animals in the "religious" business, although they have probably brought the thing to a finer and more spectacular art than the inferior fauna. Coudenhove, for instance, after noting that "many of the bigger birds greet

[1] An English translation under the title of "Adventures of a Lion Family" was published in London in 1924.

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the sun with the same gesture of adoration", tells this of a pet mongoose:

> A few years ago, I was living in a house to which the rays of the setting sun came . . . at one single spot only in the uninhabited back part of the house. A small mongoose that I had, although it hated to be alone, went there by itself every day when twilight was near, and, lying down on the verandah, watched the sunset. As soon as it was gone, she would quietly come back into the house, seek her couch, and go to sleep. As long as I lived in that house, she never once missed the sunset. Before she died, a few years later, she laboriously climbed up to the thatched roof . . . and gave a long, last look at the sun, then she came down again with great difficulty, and died.

I have myself often watched meercats, the common little South African rodents whose burrows pockmark the veld for miles in some parts of the country, emerge from the ground with almost military precision as the sun was about to set, and squat with fore-paws akimbo in a sort of hypnotic trance as the hemisphere slowly spun clear of the sweeping rays; afterward to return to their burrows or to resume whatever work they had on hand.

Such then, in outline, are the results of a series of independent, if casual observations all made, it is interesting but not, I think, important to note, on the African continent, albeit thousands of miles apart, within recent years, and supported in the case of simian idiosyncrasy by the long and cumulative observation needed to lodge phrases, such as I have indicated, in the daily idiom of the colored and native inhabitants.

I would hazard a guess that the main clue to their meaning is to be sought along the lines indicated by Pavlov's research into the nature of the reflex. The thing to investigate is the retinal reaction in animals to sunlight. Daringly, and I have no doubt, somewhat unscientifically, I would put it that at the moment of the sun's setting or rising the vibration frequency of the normal sunray is subtly altered and that the retinal reflex, which in some peculiar way is probably much more sensitive in animals than in man, draws the animal toward the direct light.

In the baboon, the "mechanical necessity" which originally motivated its behavior may have disappeared by now; its retina may no longer (if it ever did) react in the manner suggested. Its action in "worshipping the sun" may be a conditioned reflex built up by conditions or a condition which need no longer necessarily operate. In any case the determination of the exact mechanism is not of immediate importance in the present consideration; what is, is that there is a definite relation between the movements of the sun and the behavior of the baboon and that the explanation is reasonably suggested by the results obtained in a field where similar problems are being encountered.

More simply, of course, it is possible to think of the animal's reaction to temperature, although in a tropical or subtropical climate, where the difference between shade temperature in the afternoon and the ordinary temperature immediately after the sun has set is barely registered, this does not seem likely.

On the other hand, in a purely psychological consideration of the problem, a good case might be made out for the rudimentary nature of the intelligence required to register so striking and important a phenomenon as the movements of the sun and the alternation of dark and light, and to construct an association fabric round a circumstance which had so essential a bearing on animal existence. But whatever the most fruitful line of inquiry the odds

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seem to be that certain fixed reactions to the sun are firmly rooted in animal behavior by the time human consciousness emerges and that sun-worship is merely an elaboration of a tendency already vaguely formulated in animal consciousness.

To begin with, I would prefer to restrict the examination to the physiological aspects of the situation, for, quite plausibly, it seems to me, the problem of religious origin might ultimately resolve itself into a statement of physical reaction necessitating no departure from the language of physiology when describing the properties of a simple reflex action.

In itself, the sweep of this conception is enormous, once the universal reaction of living matter to solar influence is fully appreciated. For the baboon and the mongoose and the meercat and the bird are at most only obtrusive links in a chain that welds in the insects and the flowers, and dangles one end in the primordial jelly. Relate religious origin to reaction to the sun and the mystery of the alleged "universal urge to worship", that last argumentative straw of the religionists, stands stripped on the instant, for, if similar reflexes condition approximately similar behavior, a baboon in Australia would "worship" the sun in much the same manner as a baboon in Africa, and would, in fact, do so, were it situated in the moon, as long as identical conditions were to operate there.

Then there is the problem of mysticism, and it, too, perhaps, needs just that one sure probe into its entrails to slay forever "the mystic's spiritual divinity" and to lay bare a new maze of shuddering reflexes. Well may it be that the mystic, and with him the "man with a natural aptitude for religion" are merely men whose primitive reactions are still more or less functioning and whose animal memory or animal reflexes are still wholly or partially acute. The mystic almost certainly, therefore, has ecstatic experiences (occurring most frequently, it is significant to note, at the hours of the rising and setting of the sun), but these experiences do not, I am led to suspect, mark Yahweh's chosen as beings of a rare spiritual order, but, at best, indicate them as biological curiosities.

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THE PICTURE

BY LEANE ZUGSMITH

Of course, she didn't remember all the little squabbles between Mother and Father. But the five or six big storms that Ellie couldn't forget she referred to privately as the Battle of Bull Run, or the Battle of Chickamauga, or the Battle of Gettysburg. That was because in sixth grade last year Miss Keough had spent so much time on the Civil War. Until that time, although Ellie had admitted it to no one but Frieda Plum, she had always thought that the Civil War had had something to do with being polite. It really seemed natural enough to have thought that. She didn't know why she should be ashamed of not knowing the real meaning of the Civil War before the sixth grade. For one thing, Casey—who had been her governess until she went to school—had always told her "Be civil" in a cold, dark-green voice that had made her feel like sticking out her tongue and screwing up her eyes and shouting something like . . . like, oh, well, something mean.

But the real reason for naming Mother and Father's battles after Civil War battles was not just because those were the only names she could remember, but also because, according to what Miss Keough had said "civil" meant, it was a sort of an inside war. Mother was the South and Father was the North, and the apartment was one of the border States, say Kentucky.

Sometimes Ellie pretended that she was a slave and sometimes she pretended that she was the beautiful daughter of a Confederate colonel who was harboring a wounded and very handsome Yankee captain of infantry in her white-pillared mansion.

One thing she never pretended . . . and that was to be a spy. There was nothing lower than a spy. And she suspected Miss Scrope of being a spy. Sometimes Ellie liked Miss Scrope. For one thing, she was always willing to go to the movies, and she was appreciative when they went. She agreed with Ellie that John Gilbert was handsome, and that Colleen Moore was adorable. Miss Scrope wasn't really Ellie's governess. She was Virginia's governess. Gin was five and needed some one to look after her. But Ellie was eleven; she was in the seventh grade at school; and she did not like Miss Scrope to deceive herself into thinking that she was to look after a girl of her age. Except in matters like the movies; or sewing buttons on, which Ellie despised; or perhaps brushing her hair, which gave her a lovely feeling, no matter who touched it.

Miss Scrope was an old maid. She must have been lots older than Mother, even though her hair hadn't turned white yet. But she looked oldish and she dressed oldish and she thought oldish. For one thing, she simply did not understand married people.

She didn't realize, as Ellie did, that all married people fight. Some might fight more than Father and Mother did; and some might fight less. When they fought

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less, it was just an argument—and no one paid any attention to it. When they fought more, it was a war. Mother and Father were having a war now, and that was all there was to it. But wars didn't last forever. The real Civil War had lasted four years; and Mother and Father's Civil War had been going on for only one year. In times of war, people who did not go out to battle conducted themselves with fortitude. Which was exactly what Miss Scrope did not do.

Not only did she give signs of having spied on both sides; she got nervous headaches when any of the roar of battle penetrated to the back of the apartment where Gin and Ellie and she had two connecting rooms.

"Good grief! I can't stand this!" Miss Scrope would exclaim and then rush out the back of the apartment, down the steps and into the yard, with Gin, terrified, tagging after her.

Ellie would follow at a more dignified pace, not because she was deserting either the North or the South, but because she felt that Miss Scrope was making a great deal out of nothing, and that it was the place of some one who understood to bring her back to common sense.

So Ellie would follow Miss Scrope into the yard and watch her sink on to a bench. Miss Scrope would then look up at Ellie with the sober, pitying eyes of a gull or something. Her eyes would say: "My poor child, my poor, poor child!" Those were the only moments that Ellie really hated Miss Scrope. The spy business and her illusion about also being Ellie's governess meant nothing at all . . . but the pitying eyes and sorrowful air made Ellie feel prickly all over.

Then Ellie would purse her lips and look far away and say in a languid voice:

"You know, Miss Scrope, I've changed my mind about John Gilbert. He's nice enough, but not very good-looking. I think I really prefer some one like Adolphe Menjou."

Miss Scrope always rose to this. She was always prepared for evidences of Ellie's "fickle nature," and here was proof. Too, she would be stung into defending her favorite and attacking Ellie's choice.

After this, Ellie would suggest getting something to eat, being careful to mention the name of some sweet that Gin recognized, so that the kid would set up a whimper for it, too. Miss Scrope would feel very governess then, and spend at least five minutes lecturing both of them on the evils of eating between meals. After that she was, just as likely as not, willing to go down to the drugstore and charge some ice-cream cones to Father's account. She always took chocolate, just as Ellie did. Gin was allowed only vanilla. But that taking chocolate was one of the nicest things that Miss Scrope did. The chocolate preference usually belonged to people who were good fun.

Even if they didn't go to the drugstore, Miss Scrope would have forgotten what made her come down in the yard . . . and the battle would always be over by then.

II

The battles were usually over quickly; that was because Father's temper was sudden but short. And if they weren't, Mother would dash out of the apartment. That was one of her greatest weapons, for how could Father fight an enemy who wasn't there?

The only time she couldn't dash away was at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg. Something funny happened to stop her then, and Ellie had never known what it was. That battle was fought at the crab-

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bing party Mother and Father gave at the beginning of Summer. They had let Ellie go along, because she had never been on a crabbing party.

It had been lots of fun. Every one laughed a great deal. Mother had looked prettier than ever before. And Father had looked so sunburnt and strong in his white ducks. He had lifted Ellie on to the little roof of the cabin at one end of the boat, and they had cast their lines from there, with Father carefully re-baiting Ellie's every time she caught anything.

She really caught four crabs, but she also caught nineteen sea spiders, which were no good at all, and a nuisance.

After the nineteenth sea spider, Father lifted her down and they joined the rest, who were laughing more than ever, and eating, and drinking a lot of stuff out of the tall shaker that usually stood on the serving-table in the dining-room at home.

Ellie had been awfully hungry and there were so many good things to eat that she had stuffed. She knew that. After that, she had not wanted to catch any more sea spiders, or even sit up next to Father on the little roof of the cabin.

Of course, they all laughed some more and said "The poor kid is seasick." But she hadn't minded it. It was friendly laughter. And she wasn't really miserably seasick, like Mrs. Carewe, who had been lying down and groaning ever since they'd left the bay.

But anyway, Father had picked her up and laid her down on a cushioned seat and fixed some one's parasol so that the sun wouldn't hurt her eyes. And she began to feel much better, so much better that she fell asleep and so missed most of the battle, although Father's voice and Mother's finally awakened her. They had been standing quite close to her, too, Mother looking white and defiant, Father looking red and bitter, and Mrs. Carewe's husband not far away, looking as if he weren't listening to them and yet as if he'd had a lot to do with it.

And then Father said something that made Mother stop looking scornful and sort of flinch. Mrs. Carewe's husband flinched, too, and looked over Ellie's way and saw that her eyes were open and said:

"For Christ's sake, can't you see that the kid is hearing everything that goes on? If no one is going to be spared, you might think of her!"

Father's face got almost purple and very grave, and he looked at Ellie with the saddest expression she'd ever seen outside of the movies. And Mother gave a little laugh and moved away with Mrs. Carewe's husband. But Father sat next to Ellie and said in a voice that sounded the way he looked: "I'm sorry, Ellie."

Not knowing what to say when a grownup apologizes for something and you don't know what it is he's apologizing for, Ellie closed her eyes and pretended that she had been asleep all the time.

But how Miss Scrope got wind of the Gettysburg battle would always be a mystery. Ellie had a feeling that Miss Scrope had followed them in a little dory, disguised as a fisherman, so as not to miss anything.

Perhaps she really didn't know anything about it; but only pretended that she did, for she had that sober, pitying look in her eyes for several days. It was horrible. And she would sometimes look at Ellie and Gin, and shake her head like an idiot child.

After the Battle of Gettysburg Father went away on a sort of business trip for over a week. And Mother was out most of the time, so the apartment seemed awfully still, almost spooky.

Miss Scrope seemed to look brighter, that

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is, she would look around and swing her shoulders back, as if she were being let out in the country and was breathing in the different air. Occasionally she would give little sighs of relief, which Ellie suspected she never thought of doing unless some one were in earshot.

But she clung to the sober, pitying look too long. That was what made Ellie decide that it was up to her to use general's tactics or perhaps just corporal's tactics.

It would have been much easier if all this had been happening three years before, when they had lived in the apartment in Oak lane, because then Mother's room had been full of pictures of Father and her, lovely pictures, some of them taken together where they looked as loving as movie sweethearts. But Miss Scrope hadn't even been with them, then. That had been Casey's reign.

Since then, they had moved twice. And each time it seemed as if more and more of those pictures disappeared, until now there was only one left, hanging next to the chiffonier in Mother and Father's room.

But it was really the picture that Ellie most loved, because it wasn't posed. It was an enlarged snapshot of Mother and Father taken when they were engaged. Mother had on a funny Summer dress and looked awfully young and thin and pretty. And Father looked years younger than he did now, and very jolly. He had his arms around Mother's waist, and she was smiling in sort of a shy, happy way up into his face. And what made the picture funny and very beautiful at the same time was that Mother's dog, who had died of old age since, but who was young then and a lovely mutt, was sitting on his haunches, looking up at them with the most human expression.

It was the sort of photograph that reassured Ellie whenever a tiny doubt crept in that Father and Mother's war might last longer than the Civil War. Then she would look at the picture and see how happy they were in it, and how much in love . . . and remember that all married people fought; it was just people like Miss Scrope who didn't understand.

So in that period after the Battle of Gettysburg, while Father was away and Mother out most of the time, Ellie found a number of very plausible reasons to draw Miss Scrope into Mother and Father's room. Each time she would arrange that they pass by the picture, so that she could stop in front of it and say:

"Don't people have a silly expression when they're terribly in love?"

Or: "Doesn't the dog look as if he's saying: 'Two's company, but a dog's a crowd'?"

On one occasion when she could think of no excuse to lure Miss Scrope into the room, or any way to pin her attention to the picture, she was reduced to carrying it into the pantry and wiping the glass with a damp cloth until Miss Scrope passed, and stopped aghast at such industry.

After three days of this treatment, the pitying look actually left Miss Scrope's eyes. She stopped sighing. Once Ellie even overheard a fragment of her conversation with Frieda Plum's cousin's Mademoiselle. "But if you could see how they look in this picture in her . . ."

It was enough. It was triumph. Ellie began to sing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" at the top of her lungs, until both Miss Scrope and Mademoiselle jumped on her. And while she was deciding whether or not to answer back, she remembered that Casey would have said: "Be civil!" Which made quite a funny coincidence at the moment. So she laughed instead.

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III

Father came home that night, looking really a lot like the North because he wore his blue suit. And Mother stayed home for dinner. Afterward they went to the front of the apartment and began talking in such low voices that Ellie thought she might just as well go in with them, particularly since Gin was already in bed, asleep, and Miss Scrope was taking her Thursday night off.

She walked down the hall, which was long and narrow, and pretended that she was walking a tight-rope, so that by the time she reached the living-room she had almost fallen off the tight-rope because she was waving her arms so wildly.

And then she forgot about the tight-rope, because Father let out a real growl, a terrible, terrible sound, like nothing she had ever heard before. He began to thrash his arms around like a wild man and say things in a loud voice that sounded like thunder and bitter medicine and hate in the Bible. Mother just turned on her heel and walked out of the room; she seemed surprised to find Ellie standing in the doorway, but she took her arm and pulled her along with her.

Father was stamping and shouting and seemed almost to be following them, so Mother quickened her steps and dragged Ellie into the bathroom and shut the door and locked it.

For a moment Ellie thought Father was standing outside the door; it seemed as if she could hear heavy breathing like a dragon's. But he wasn't there, because he didn't pound on the door. And Mother seemed pretty calm. She sat on the bathroom stool and polished her nails. She didn't say anything, but once she looked up at Ellie, balancing on the edge of the bathtub, with a smile that looked like a wink. It seemed to say: "We understand. He'll get over it. And if he doesn't . . ."

And once she smiled to herself as Ellie had seen her smile at Mrs. Carewe's husband. It made Mother stop looking pretty, it made her look a little like a vampire in a close-up, which was all right for the movies, but not in the bathroom with Father trampling around in the apartment like a shot horse.

Although Ellie preferred being locked in the bathroom with Mother to being outside with the shot horse, she couldn't help remembering that the Summer she had the whooping-cough and had to go on the roof with Casey every day because she was contagious, Father had stayed with her for a little while every day, and Mother hadn't come near her.

But there was one good thing now—Miss Scrope was out.

There was a silence, and Mother put her ear to the door. But she seemed to hear something, so she just went back to polishing her nails.

Ellie was about to ask politely, "Don't you think I could go out now, Mother?" when there was a terrible crash and Father's voice could be heard shouting frantically: "God damn you! God damn you to Hell!"

That was awful. Ellie had never heard him use all those words at the same time before. She felt embarrassed for Mother.

Then the front door slammed. And Mother got up, saying: "Come along. He's gone. I hope you weren't frightened, Ellie."

Just the same, Mother opened the door as if *she* were frightened, and she took Ellie's hand and more or less tiptoed down the hall to her bedroom. But Father had really gone. A few chairs were pushed out of line, and that seemed all. Ellie remembered the smash and looked carefully to see if all the lamps were still standing.

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Then she looked up at the picture, feeling the need of a little comfort. It was not there. And Ellie saw it on the floor, its glass smashed to splinters, the picture itself torn.

Mother followed her gaze. But instead of standing silently as Ellie did, she began to laugh. It was a light, tinkly laugh, the kind you make when some one has said something bright at the table.

"Run get a dust-pan, Ellie," cried Mother.

Without a word, Ellie turned and went into the pantry, where she was usually afraid to go after dark because of mice. She got the dust-pan and brush. She came back and carefully swept up the glass and torn pieces of cardboard. She unlocked the back door and carefully threw the rubbish into the ash can. The janitor would collect it in the morning before anyone was up.

Then she went back into the apartment. She could hear Mother's voice, high and gay, over the telephone . . . giggling.

Ellie tiptoed into Gin's room. A streak of moonlight illumined Gin's crib, where she lay asleep with the sheets all kicked off, and her favorite dirty rag doll in an upside-down position near her head.

Ellie stood by the crib and looked down at her sister. She looked down at her sister with Miss Scrope's sober, pitying eyes.

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THE *MENACE*

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THERE was a hiatus in the holy war at the beginning of the century, and Protestant America languished. The American Protective Association, founded in 1887 to defend these shores against "any ecclesiastical power not created by American citizens," had vanished as utterly as its predecessor, the ante-bellum Know-Nothing party. Two million A.P.A. vigilantes, after some bloody jousting, had settled back to restful obscurity. The Rev. William Joseph Simmons, that extraordinary traveling salesman, had yet to put aside his sample cases to assume the niveous robes of his "high-class, mystic, social, patriotic, benevolent association," and Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, down in Texas, was puttering among his dentures with scarcely a thought of showing his teeth in a holy crusade.

All thinking Protestants of the day agreed, of course, that for every Catholic male child born another rifle was being set by in the cathedral cellar, and that the Pope might be expected to take ship for America any time. But no one was doing anything about it.

It was at this critical juncture that there issued out of Aurora, a foothills town in Southwestern Missouri, a weekly paper called the *Menace*. The first number of this ominous sheetlet, dated April 15, 1911, reiterated to dwellers in all the hills and flatlands roundabout that the Roman Catholic Church was a sinister threat to the Republic. This was old stuff, to be sure, but the new weekly waggled the tocsin clapper so effectively that soon Baptists and Methodists throughout the Bible country were girding themselves to settle the Roman hierarchy's hash once and for all.

This, for certain cash considerations, the *Menace* proposed to help them do. It was a large order, but the *Menace* was as ambitious as it was militant. And while it was never to achieve anything like adequate triumph in its struggle with Rome, the commercial success of the enterprise, no mean end in itself, was assured from the start. The subscription price was set at twenty-five cents a year. A year after the first issue the sworn circulation was 662,358, and later, in 1912, as reputable a contemporary as the *Literary Digest* conceded the great patriotic weekly more than a million subscribers.

Some of this prosperity, it must be confessed, was a result of one founder's ability to profit by another publisher's experience. W. F. Phelps, who, in partnership with his step-son, Earl McClure, had bought the equipment of a decrepit country weekly in Aurora to start the *Menace*, had once been a staff-member of the *Appeal to Reason*, the puissant Socialist organ just across the State line in Kansas. That, also, was a highly profitable publication in its day, and why Comrade Phelps decided to leave it and go on his own has long been a moot point, particularly in the hostile Roman Catholic press. The *Appeal* once

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intimated that the high ideals of its organization could no longer brook the fellow's turpitude.[1] But Phelps responded that his only sin was a growing conviction that the *Appeal to Reason* had been howling up the wrong rainspout all along; that he had attempted, and had failed, to show its editor that the real menace to this country was Romanism, not Capitalism.

So when he fled to the Missouri hills to establish his own paper, he carried in his head a few of the Socialist weekly's sure-fire methods for eliciting cash from poverty-stricken readers. Thus, while the two papers shared ideals not at all, in business policy they were often at one, and many an abracadabra tested on Socialist readers worked as persuasively on the more conservative Baptist-Odd Fellow, Methodist-Mason customers of the *Menace*. The two-bit annual subscription price led them into the corral, and, that accomplished, importunate cries in every column induced them to come forward for shearing. Each subscriber received packets of subscription coupons, the sale of which was his chore in the great Christian work. Bundles of papers were sent out on consignment. Memberships in high-sounding honorary organizations were conferred on subscription hustlers.

The *Menace* established its own lecture bureau, a haven for "escaped" nuns and renegade priests. Deployed in Protestant pulpits out over the wheat and corn country, they were always willing to put in a few licks for the paper. General Nelson A. Miles, the old Indian fighter, came out of his retirement to go marching up and down the land recruiting for the Guardians of Liberty, an anti-Catholic organization, and *Menace* representatives followed in his wake.

Remittances came in at such a great rate and so immediately that the observer, discounting divine patronage, is likely to suppose that the *Menace* publishers had the rare luck to strike a field in which the pickings were inordinately easy. This does them a grave injustice. The *Menace* had an extremely tractable audience to work with, granted. Roman Catholics were few and far between in the Middle Western rural communities, and the less the free citizens knew about Rome, the more terrified they were at the prospect of a papist invasion. But they have always been reluctant to turn loose their silver for such intangible produce as the *Menace* had to offer, and it took considerable ingenuity to extract larger contributions from them, once their quarters had placed their names on the sucker list.

W. F. Phelps demonstrated that he had this ingeniousness to spare, and that what he had needed all along was a paper of his own on which he could have plenty of room to strut his stuff. The mere writing of the paper, with its portentous headlines and columns of highfaluting, he delegated to his editor, the Rev. Theodore C. Walker, a Congregational preacher and a Civil War veteran, who had gained some newspaper experience as a country correspondent at Aurora, and who was eager to unleash a really razor-edged pen. This man of God had been steeped in the Republicanism of Paw Paw, Mich., from childhood, but he was not above taking a tip from the Socialist pamphleteers. So, substituting the Roman Catholic hierarchy for the plutocracy, papal for capital, and the Pope for John D. Rockefeller, the *Menace* was filled with potent prose and poesy revealing the diabolical intrigues of the Church in its attempt to make America Catholic—alluring dope, and yet grisly enough to throw a stiff scare into the most confirmed scoffer. And the *Menace* car-

[1] The *Appeal to Reason*, Feb. 4, 1905.

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toons, in which the porcine figures were clad, not in diamond studs, checkered suits and stovepipe hats, but in the black birettas and frocks of the Latin priesthood, were as elegant as any of the day.

Affairs around the *Menace* establishment were roaring, indeed, although Earl McClure, one of the founders, presently showed a tendency to cold feet. How he ever happened to embark on a career of militant journalism is a mystery to this day, and a later *Menace* editor wrote of him, rather uncharitably, "He never was known to take much of a stand on anything." So Phelps paid him $50,000 for his interest, a colossal return on his original investment, and sent him on his way. The craven soon ran through all his money and dropped dead ignominiously in a St. Louis chophouse. The *Menace*, through either oversight or animus, did not even charge that he had been assassinated by the Knights of Columbus.

A pleasant contrast to the timorous McClure was furnished by Marvin Brown, who had been brought in as managing editor in the Fall of 1911. Brown was not only a bang-up journalist; he was also a 32° Mason, a Knight Templar, a Shriner, a Campbellite, a Tennessean, and two years later distinguished himself further by founding the National Order of the Knights of Luther. Pastor Walker continued as editor-in-chief, but his polemics always carried a certain theological stodginess, and when Brown cut loose with some real invective against the Roman blight it was evident that he was the man the *Menace* had been looking for.

All hands pitched into the presidential campaign of 1912, although none was able to descry a candidate on whom the *Menace* could place its approval. Taft was a confirmed papal toe-kisser, having recommended a Roman Catholic for appointment to the Supreme Court. Governor Wilson was "polluted by Catholic connections. . . . His first official act was to appoint a Catholic private secretary, and he has been indiscriminately associated with Catholic influence ever since." And Roosevelt, the *Menace* recorded with loathing and horror, at a jubilee for Cardinal Gibbons, had predicted that "sometime there would be a Catholic President." It regretted sorely that Bryan wasn't running that year, because he had kept clear of the fish-eaters, and he was the only candidate it could conscientiously support.

II

There were other ways in which the paper could make its political power felt, however. It was charged in a hearing before a Congressional committee on bills to bar scandalous, scurrilous and libelous publications from the mails, in 1915, that the *Menace* had been responsible for the defeat of no less than forty-eight Democratic Congressmen in the 1914 elections!

By that time the sheet had an average circulation of almost two million, and to American Catholics it had the aspect of a menace as horrendous as it was, making the Romanist curse out to be *Our Sunday Visitor*, a Catholic periodical started up shortly after the *Menace's* first appearance, laid on in good old Donnybrook style, and a high time was had by all. Many large cities, coerced by the Catholic vote, passed ordinances forbidding the street and news-stand sale of the great Protestant weekly, and the Canadian postal authorities barred its entry into their country.

Such proceedings, the Canadian ukase particularly, set the *Menace* in a frenzy of defiance. An intrepid go-getter named Coss started a Dominion edition inside the

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boundary, but the project petered out after two issues. Then, in 1915, a Federal court indicted the publishers for sending obscene matter through the mails, and they emitted a front-page bellow that brought all the hill-billies tumbling from their cabins in the belief that the Vatican Guards were upon them at last. The seven counts, for some reason, did not mention the *Menace* as such, but only a book by Ex-Priest Jeremiah J. Crowley, sold through its mail-order book department. This work was one of the *Menace's* Powerful Protestant Classics, a voluptuous series which included Gury's "Doctrines of the Jesuits" (translated from the ancient and indecent Latin of the papacy); Crowley's "The Pope: Chief of White Slavers"; Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures, as Exhibited in the Narrative of Her Sufferings During Her Residence of Five Years as a Novice and Two as a Black Nun in Hotel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal"; Billy Mayfield's "The Jew and the Gentile Girl"; and William Lloyd Clark's "Peoria by Gaslight."

The Federal indictment, apparently, was a fell blow. It took the canny Phelps to detect that it was only Opportunity knocking again. He hastened off to a lawyer, advertised him impressively in the *Menace* as the Free Press Defense League, and soon all the bucolic patriots were turning out their pockets for the defense fund. The response was so gratifying, and the jury ("American to the core!" the *Menace* exclaimed) acquitted the publishers with such dispatch, that the League held over as a permanent organization, with *Menace* staff-members as officers and shareholders.

The battle with Rome, however, had begun to pall on W. F. Phelps, principal shareholder in the publication, at that time incorporated as the United States Publishing Company. His station in the fray was lucrative but it was also onerous, and while he was growing wealthy he was growing weary. So he was ready to retire. In 1916 he transferred his holdings, on mortgage contract, to his cohorts incorporated in the Press Defense League.

But Phelps' retirement caused not the slightest let-up in hostilities. Benjamin Orange Flower, a high-pressure editor, was imported from Boston, the cradle of liberty, and the Hon. Gilbert O. Nations, Ph.M. (Hiram College, 1900), a retired probate judge from Farmington, Mo., and a Prohibition lecturer of renown, was sent on to Washington the better to keep tab on Romanist manœuvers at the capital.

These reinforcements provided an imposing editorial array, but the loss of Phelps' adroit guidance was soon noticeable. Although times were booming and money was flush, the *Menace* suffered a grievous falling-off in accounts. It set up a terrific shindy, charging that a Roman Catholic boycott was intimidating its contributors and subscribers. The hard-headed Phelps, nevertheless, appeared a year later to demand payment of the mortgage he held on the plant, the rest of the purchase price. So in 1917 the *Menace* regaled its subscribers with a Mortgage-Lifting Campaign that placed the First Liberty Loan Drive in the shade, and valiant hundred-percenters everywhere rallied to defy the hellish Roman boycott. They came through so handsomely that the indebtedness was retired, and then some.

This heartening testimonial brought back the old sanguine atmosphere to the *Menace* plant. Its editors refused to let the country's entrance into the World War distract them from the real issue. They realized that they were "under constant espionage . . . hounded by government spies, who, in many cases, were

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Knights of Columbus," but they would not be sucked into a fracas of secondary importance. Anyway, they were satisfied that the Pope was back of the affair:

> At no time or place has the Vatican been more deeply guilty of a great tragedy than in its responsibility for the World's War. . . . At the root and base is Austria's quarrel with Serbia, a little Slav state where but one person in every 300 is a Roman Catholic. The quarrel arose over the trial of the assassin of Archduke Ferdinand and his morganatic wife, who were killed by an enraged patriotic Serb student. His act was prompted by the activity of the archduke in forcing on Serbia a concordat with the Vatican by which the schools of Serbia were virtually confiscated by popery and the priests and bishops paid by the public tax. These facts alone establish the papal connection with the match that fired Europe.

Then, in 1918, someone set off a stick of dynamite in the *Menace's* press-room. No great damage was done, but the explosion added to the general excitement. The editors were always vague about the responsibility for the outrage, but they felt confident that no Protestant could have been guilty of such a scurvy trick. It did serve as a convincing object lesson, though, and it had a salutary effect on contributors.

Diabetes carried off Flower of the editorial board, and Brown, the managing editor, resigned in bad health. The others flogged the tom-toms stoutly, and the *Menace* swept into a tremendous million-dollar campaign for subscriptions and literature to be used in the elections of 1920. Each incoming mail was laden with silver, and the *Menace* plant pulsed with activity. The Aurora bankers dry-washed their hands and bale on bale of tracts tearing the lid off Rome's hidden iniquities jammed the *Menace* stock-room in readiness for the opening gun. The great Protestant newspaper was at its zenith.

And then, one December night, there were real alarms in Aurora, that fountainhead of fear. The clangor broke dreams intricate with overtime. And on the morning of December 11, 1919

> the *Menace* plant was a smouldering mass of ruins. Rolls of paper and tons upon tons of books and pamphlets smouldered for days. The machinery lay twisted and warped by the white heat of the vicious flames, beyond possibility of salvage. One hundred employés were without a job. . . . The origin of the fire is too apparent to be doubted; but it was never possible to place the responsibility on any individual. . . .

Greater than any physical loss, the conflagration destroyed "documentary evidence of papal guilt of, and in, the World's War, sufficient to fill a three-volume work of encyclopedia size, together with valuable manuscripts."

This was enough to discourage the most resolute, but the board of directors met, determined to build on the ruins. But they reckoned without one member, the Rev. Theodore C. Walker, who (the editor recorded sourly) "had been with the paper almost from its first issue and continued on the staff more as an ornament than for his practical usefulness." Pastor Walker had celebrated his eightieth birthday the Summer before, and his years made him cantankerous. The other directors were unable to come to any agreement with him about the rebuilding. The corporation's attorney sided with the old man, and the *Menace* men fell to clapper-clawing one another in a berserk fashion previously reserved for the Pope and his agents.

But ample funds were at hand, and two of the directors presently began buying equipment to reëstablish the paper. The dissenting director promptly got out an injunction to prevent them from going forward with the holy work. The other

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directors retaliated by seeking a receivership in a nearby Federal court. The court assumed jurisdiction with a great show of innocence, even to the point of permitting building operations to start. Then it came to a sudden decision that a United States court could not, without imperilling its dignity, be a party to the high patriotic work of getting out the *Menace*. Years of litigation stretched ahead.

It looked as if the great Protestant weekly were done for at last, not through Romanist machinations, but by the mulishness of its own directors. Pastor Walker started a paper he called the *Torch*. Later he and his relatives appropriated the *Menace* title. They moved about the Ozark uplands with it for five years. Then it vanished completely.

III

Meanwhile, the real *Menace* had never given up the ghost, although it was very badly wounded. One of the men who set about resuscitating the paper was known to the movement as Billy Parker. He was one of the most picturesque characters ever attached to the last crusade for Protestant Christianity, and beside, his life points a high moral lesson.

His photograph shows him with long-tailed coat, lapel badge, flowing black tie, square jaw and leonine pompadour; in brief, a spellbinder of the old school. His biographer says:

> On the lecture platform he was a genius; he was inherently magnetic and possessed a knowledge of crowd psychology that stood him in good hand. . . . All the speeches I ever knew of him making were made extemporaneously. I have seen him make the crowd reach for their handkerchiefs one minute, have them laughing in the next, and shouting "Go to it, Billy," in the next breath.

Brother Parker had immigrated to this country from Scotland at the age of twenty-two. Some previous experience as a Sunday-school secretary, and some as a coal-miner, fitted him for honest citizenship. The latter took him to the coal-fields of Western Pennsylvania, but he was not long in the mines. He left for Boston to go into the grocery business with his brothers. The grocery failed promptly, and he returned to the coal country, this time in the less arduous capacity of Socialist soapboxer and organizer.

The Catholic Church, at the moment, was using all the force it could muster to extirpate the accursed Socialist heresy, and Parker soon ran afoul of its priests. They had some dodges that irked his turbulent soul; one, in particular, was the special mass that a priest would hold at the same hour the Socialist tub-thumping was scheduled, threatening the loutish coal-miners with excommunication if they attended the meeting instead of coming to mass. He was getting good and fed up on this papal abomination, and on Socialism, too, and so was in a receptive mood when an early copy of the *Menace* came his way. The *Menace* was then booking dervishes of all descriptions for its lecture bureau. Parker, with his magnetism, felt that he could do better with Roman infamy than he could with Marxian exegesis, so he set out for Missouri forthwith.

The *Menace* organization, the principal of which had also had his brief fling with Socialism, welcomed him, and presently he was touring Arkansas and Northeastern Texas in the cause of Protestant righteousness. His first good break came in 1915, when the Knights of Columbus put his teammate, the Rev. William Black, on the spot in an effort to dissuade him from delivering, in Marshall, Texas, that night, his famous discourse on "Roman

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Nunneries." Testimony at the murder trial brought out that the parson's bodyguard had also fired some shots, and the Knights, pleading self-defense, were acquitted. The reflected notoriety added considerably to Parker's reputation as a yogi, and when he resumed the platform he didn't pull his punches.

A year later the *Menace* rewarded his courageousness by making him a director in its Free Press Defense League, which afterwards became the paper's editorial board. He continued across the countryside, harassing the enemy in one-night stands, and he found the work not insalubrious, although there were many ticklish occasions, such as the one at Lost Nations, Iowa:

> It was a bad day, but the meeting had been well organized, and, shortly after mid-afternoon, farmers for miles around began drifting into town—some afoot, some on horseback, some driving; nearly all of them carrying lanterns for the homeward trek. That night the meeting had little more than started when the wires were suddenly cut and the house was plunged in darkness. There had been rumors of trouble. Billy immediately called out, "Bring me a lantern, so the Knights of Columbus can see where to shoot, if they want to shoot!"

That was the sort of thing that fetched them; more so than what Billy wrote for the *Menace*, which was always a trifle bald, "lacking detail and softening explanations," his biographer felt. It is likely that he would have gone on ingeminating the abhorrent threats of popery for years if the destruction of the *Menace* plant had not brought him suddenly back to Aurora.

The obstinate Pastor Walker met his match in Billy Parker. When the schism came, Billy led one faction off to Kansas City where, in company with Judge Nations, the third director, he busied himself with reviving the *Menace*. Injunctions had placed the fat bank account, as well as the paper's name, out of their reach, but they got some money together, and on April 15, 1920, the *Menace's* ninth birthday anniversary, the first issue of the *New Menace* appeared. Most of the veteran staff members were back, the bombast had its old verve, and the *New Menace* was almost indistinguishable from the original. The parallel, unfortunately, did not extend to the response. One year had scattered the phalanxes that had once turned out quarters so generously, and there were slender days ahead. Judge Nations grew restive. He was willing to continue as the *New Menace's* Washington correspondent, but he was playing with the notion of starting his own magazine, the *Protestant*, and he induced Parker to buy his interest.

The *New Menace* pickings were so slim that the new editor soon turned to a money-making device favored by orators before and since—oil stock. The Parker Oil Syndicate, he advised prospects through advertisements in the *New Menace*, differed from the usual catchpenny undertaking in that it combined quick private gain with altruism:

> It has always been my desire to serve the people in the patriotic movement in some way that would make their financial condition an hundred times better than it is.

But the enterprise, for all its high purpose, went on the rocks, and many patriots lost their savings. The ingrates turned on the *New Menace*, to the large dismay of the other shareholders, who considered themselves in no way responsible. The whole episode had a tendency to thwart the noble work.

Meanwhile, the benevolent Parker had found his true métier as an organizer for

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the Ku Klux Klan. His old-time magnetism was soon coaxing the incipient knights in at a great rate, and it seemed that he was in the big money at last. Then some pettifogger unearthed the fact that he had been born in Scotland. He was Nordic, he was Protestant, and he was a mighty gladiator against the Pope, but he could never be more than 99 44/100% American. The discovery of an alien in the ranks was an occasion for genuine distress. There was a sad to-do, but finally everyone decided that the less said about it the better for klankraft.

Billy Parker turned back to the *New Menace*, which was perking up somewhat under the ministrations of his brother, whom the reorganization had made business manager. The court receivership had ended in the sale of the old *Menace* property, including the new equipment bought in 1919 and the building that the trustees had put up. The *New Menace* acquired the works. Everywhere the great Ku Klux uprising of the '20's was reviving the old fear of the Pope, and the *New Menace*, without making any concessions, was prepared to cash in.

The prodigal, unfortunately, returned with acute indigestion and a vocabulary of caustic words, the attainments of his years in the field. He and his brother, with customary fraternal rapport, soon had clashes over matters of policy, and they squabbled so frightfully that they threatened for a time to place the *New Menace* alongside the old. But the brother was no match for a man accustomed to tongue-lashing the Pope, and after a year he withdrew. Meanwhile, the Ku Klux had waxed and waned, and the mazuma was in other patriots' pockets. Billy Parker, now in sole control of the *New Menace*, labored sedulously to bring back the palmy days, but they were gone forever. The paper slumped sadly, and in June, 1927, its editor was ready to admit defeat and sell.

He cast about for something to tie up to. Down in Jacksonville, Fla., there was an organization called the Blue Shirts, 4000 white, Protestant, American Fascisti. He found them, after a year and a half of searching, and he became editor of their publication. But dissention attended him, and when the division came he was at the head of one faction. His editorials against the opposing clique were drenched with the venom he had used in more exuberant days. One afternoon in September, 1929, three Blue Shirts came to his office and emptied a gun into his body. He had predicted in many a lecture his violent death at the hands of the dreaded Knights of Columbus. But the knights who cut him down were 100% Protestant Americans.

An unfinished editorial lay on his desk. When his assassins entered he was writing,

> In fact, if I was in God's place few preachers I know would get into Heaven.

The following week the Denver *Catholic Register* commented piously,

> His was a wasted, lying life. But the real end did not come September 28. Parker is now in eternity, with Judas and Pontius Pilate and others who betrayed the truth for silver and politics.

The tom-toms throbbed out over the grasslands again, and the *New Menace* pressed on heroically. Only the most astute connoisseur could have detected any shading-off in the violence of its holy fervor. But the inflow of silver, stemmed so abruptly in 1919, never rose to its old flood mark, and the circulation remained a mere shadow of its former figure. Although Billy Parker had had no connec-

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tion with the paper for almost two years, his assassination was made the occasion for a frantic drive to push the subscription list up to 100,000, not one-tenth of the distribution the paper had enjoyed in its heyday.

IV

And yet even the *New Menace* had its moments, and issued some great, if sporadic, editions. When the Governor of Oklahoma led the State militia into the arena against the Ku Klux Klan in 1923, it deluged the State with Ku Klux specials. It prospered mightily again in 1928, when the Pope moved on the White House with Al Smith as his falseface, but the rally was temporary, and the editors lamented that thousands deserted the cause when the tabulation of votes revealed that the situation was not as grim as the *New Menace* had described it. And, one jubilant day in 1930, when Tom Heflin was making his final run in Alabama, it issued one of his magnificent patriotic addresses in a record-breaking special of five million copies, and the eagle screamed again. A short time later its editor observed, in a coy aside:

> Whether you like the Klan or whether you don't, you must admit that it is quite a nice and handy thing to know that it is in existence, down there in Alabama, for instance, a force that can distribute a million papers in two hours of any appointed day and cover the State like a blanket.

And after a few more numbers it allowed that "the *New Menace* has enjoyed in recent months a constantly increasing spirit of friendly coöperation in Klan circles." This rapprochement was not surprising, although the *New Menace*, for several years, had been promoting a similar organization of its own, the American Protestant Alliance.

> Most people underestimate *hate* as a vital force for patriotism, morality, and spirituality. The American Protestant Alliance intends to specialize on teaching the entire citizenship of America, under the leadership of Protestant ministry, to HATE Tammany.

The real sponsor of the latter order, however, was the *New Menace's* New York correspondent, the Hon. William H. Anderson, LL.D. (Illinois Wesleyan), and there is a justifiable suspicion that he had a knife to grind. He will be remembered as the battered Christian combatant, who, after so many joyous triumphs in the Lord's cause, fared ill among the fleshpots. He was occupying the exalted position of New York superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League when he was arrested, tried and convicted of third degree forgery, whatever that may be. Many columns of the *New Menace* were taken up with Dr. Anderson's explaining precisely "How Tammany Railroaded Me Innocent to Sing Sing to Make Al Smith President." Indeed, the fallen Prohibitionist's expatiations usually occupied a good half of the paper. Although his prison term broke his affiliation with the Anti-Saloon League, he came out unshaken in his belief that

> the Anti-Saloon League was divinely inspired. I believe it was divinely led up to the enactment of Prohibition. I think any Christian man of really developed spiritual susceptibilities must admit this in view of its marvelous victories in the interest of righteousness against humanly impossible odds. . . . [But] frankly I entertain serious doubts as to whether God has been allowed a free hand in all of its policies since the enactment of Prohibition. . . .

The *New Menace* was disposed to hew close to the line of anti-Catholicism, but it

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never curbed Dr. Anderson's meanderings. After all, everything led back to the same thesis. The Roman Catholic Church, the *New Menace* continued to submit at length, has been responsible for every calamity that has ever happened in America, from the stock market crash on down to the prison mutinies. And, side by side with dispatches telling of Romanist corruption in high places, it printed reports of papist depredations on the lower levels:

FALSE RUMOR AT PERTLE SPRINGS IS RESENTED

* * *

PEOPLE WONDERING IF DISAPPOINTED PRIEST STARTED FAKE STORY

Warrensburg, Mo.—Pertle Springs people are aroused over the circulation of a rumor, presumably started by Roman Catholics, that the swimming pool had been found unsanitary and closed by the State. . . . The rumor is thought to be a matter of spite work, due to the fact that while one Father Kennedy and a fellow priest were in bathing at the pool a third member of the priestly party sought to buy liquor at the refreshment stands and otherwise made a fool of himself to the point of having to be handled rough. This occurred on July 29 and the rumor was put in circulation soon after. There is some speculation in the community as to where the thirsty father took his first swig of courage to seek liquor in strange haunts *without* some prior stimulant to his courage.

It might serve as an alibi for him to say he was just trying to avoid the water, but Pertle Springs regards it as no joke and prosecution may follow if the rumor can be chased down.

But there was one section of the paper that was even more disquieting than this front page stuff—the letter column. Here it was not so much that startled outsiders, having seen sample copies, wrote in crying bigotry. It was inevitable that the *New Menace* should flush, occasionally, such conies as George Gooze of New York City, who thought that it was "somewhat shocking to find that at this age, in this country, publications of that sort are still in existence. I am not a Catholic, . . . yet I fail to see the justification to attack the above institution." People named Gooze could always be squelched with, "When a man with your foreign kind of a name undertakes to read a lecture to a patriotic organization of Americans respecting a publication that was fighting the battles of America when a lot of your constituency was still on the other side of the ocean, then you start something."

More depressing were the commendatory letters from patriots with stout English and Scotch names. They insisted on telling their ages. Any one week would reveal:

Glenwood, Ark.—I sure do enjoy the *New Menace*. Am 79 years old and expect to remain in the fight as long as I live.

Hickory, N. C.—Yes, I am past 75 years of age and unable to work.

Webster, S. D.—I am 73 years old and have not got a lot of this world's goods.

Lee, Maine—Am past 80 and cannot get around much, but have tried to interest my neighbors.

Beatrice, Neb.—I am 83 years old and have been out of a job five years on account of a Knight of Columbus.

Such a following, of course, brought in some revenue from advertisements of Peplets for restoring vigor, cancer nostrums, radium ore bars, *et cetera*, but obviously it was in no condition for any such thumping campaigns as the old *Menace* led. There was a dreadful possibility that the ancients might expire overnight, and with them a great part of the *New Menace's* subscription list.

Some of this foreboding, perhaps,

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prompted the following notice in the issue for February 7, 1931:

SHALL WE DO IT?

> It has been frequently suggested to us that this paper could accomplish considerably greater results if its name were changed to something other than the *New Menace*. And the suggestion is not without merit, for it must be admitted that the enemy has builded in the minds of Protestants far and wide a certain reticence, to call it by its prettiest name, against the *New Menace*. . . .
>
> But just what do you think about it as a move for reaching out to new folks and would it, in your opinion be an advantage to you folks in the field? Would we serve the cause by doing it?
>
> What is your vote on it?

The question was rhetorical, but hundreds of veterans replied to it, and many of them protested vehemently. One old soldier in Taylorville, Ill., exclaimed with apoplectic ire, "Gentlemen, it is not the name of your paper that hinders circulation, it is the ignorance and prejudice of those people that should read it!"

The *New Menace* editor wrote a suave rejoinder:

> This comes from an old friend who has used the *New Menace* effectively. What he says is true to a large extent. But influence can eventually be made to operate for the *Monitor* which never in this world would touch the *New Menace*. That's just being frank!

The last issue of the *New Menace* came out on February 28. The next Saturday there appeared in its stead the *Monitor*: Devoted to Free Discussion of Great National Issues. But a separately enclosed subscription blank reassured readers: "We Changed the Name, but Not the Nature." Webster's definition of *monitor* was displayed at the masthead.

Other than that there was only one innovation, a humorous column entitled, "Pun-Jabs with the Near Great." It began:

> Now that the Pope has settled the little detail of long skirts, long sleeves, and high neck waists for the ladies we would like to see a little reform in the garb of priests. We suggest that in order to match their collars their pants be also buttoned up the back. Then when the time comes they must back up, they could still claim they were going forward.

The *Monitor's* paragrapher has not to date, however, dredged up for his column any pearl quite as quotable as one that Jas. Esdale, grand dragon of the Illinois and Alabama Realms of Klankraft, extracted for the paper on the Deadly Day of the Wailing Week of the Horrible Month, Anno Klan LXIV:

> The world has witnessed one Perfect Klansman. His name is Jesus.

And in Aurora, the *Monitor* records with a fine glow of satisfaction, the government has started work on a large new postoffice building.

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EMPLOYÉS' WELFARE: AN AUTOPSY

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

Now that millions of American workers are jobless, the leading business men and industrial seers of the nation are heading charity drives and soliciting funds for them. The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is composed largely of such high-hatted gentlemen. Their appealing voices are broadcast nightly over the radio. By a skilfully devised system of "voluntary" deductions from the pay of the workers still employed, they are able to swell their own contributions to the relief funds. Yet no one appears to question the unselfishness with which they are carrying out the responsibility which they assumed aforetime in their industrial welfare programmes.

A few years ago these programmes were acclaimed as constituting a new departure in employer-employé relationship, and were credited with ushering in a povertyless, strifeless, and Bolshevik-less America. They were ascribed to the far-sightedness of American industrialists and lauded as peculiarly American in origin. They were supposed to explain why social legislation was unnecessary in the United States. American employers, it was asserted, were "increasingly recognizing their responsibilities toward their workers," and on their own volition were taking over the burden of supporting the victims of the industrial system instead of leaving them to the care of governmental agencies. According to the spokesmen of American industry they had adopted their programmes because of their affection and forethought for the welfare of their workers. But why, then, are these programmes, particularly designed for hard times, not performing their functions now? Why the need for charity appeals and increased governmental expenditures?

The truth is that the relatively few and inconsequential company welfare plans which were inaugurated during the days of prosperity were not actually instituted for the welfare of the workers. They were set up chiefly because of hoped for advantages to the corporations which adopted them. The question of the workers' welfare or security, if it was considered at all, was at best only secondary. The fact that all the plans, with a few isolated exceptions, made the benefits contingent upon the worker staying with the company, with all benefits ceasing as soon as he left, is proof enough that his security had little to do with the matter. An employé can get no aid under these systems once he has quit or been discharged—in other words, when he needs it most.

The welfare plans were really instituted primarily for the purpose of increasing the worker's loyalty, reducing the labor turnover, frustrating unionization and strikes, and making possible the retirement of inefficient executives, who could not otherwise be dislodged so easily. Upon the discovery that these potential boons did not materialize, many corporations promptly and unceremoniously abandoned their

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elaborate programmes. Wherever they are still maintained it is because the corporation, rightly or wrongly, believes that they pay, or is fearful of the consequences which might result from scrapping policies which have been advertised with so much ballyhoo.

The major welfare programmes prevailing in American industry today are the following: (1) Industrial Pensions; (2) Mutual Benefit Plans; (3) Group Insurance; (4) Employé Stock Ownership; (5) Unemployment Benefits.

II

The oldest welfare programme directly undertaken by employers in the United States is that of promissory pensions to workers upon reaching the age of sixty-five or seventy, provided they have been with the concern for a period generally running from twenty to thirty years. The first such plan was adopted in this country in 1875. Altogether, four companies were in line before the turn of the century. The greatest development in this direction occurred in the fifteen-year period between 1910 and 1925, when nearly 300 concerns inaugurated retirement systems. With few exceptions these schemes were financed entirely by the corporations undertaking them.

A keen student of the problem aptly describes all such industrial pension systems as "if and maybe" propositions. "In effect," he says, "such a system says to the worker:

> "If you remain with this company throughout your productive lifetime,
> "If you do not die before the retirement age,
> "If you are not discharged or laid off for an extended period,
> "If you are not refused a benefit as a matter of discipline, [*i.e.*, because of joining a union, asking for a raise, or, in some cases, for "immoral" conduct],
> "If the company continues in business, and
> "If the company does not decide to abandon this plan, you will receive a pension at the age of ——, subject to the contingency of its discontinuance or reduction, after it has been entered upon."

Altogether, less than 500 American companies have formally adopted such programmes in the past fifty years. Before the depression set in it was estimated that only 4,000,000 of the 31,000,000 workers in industry and commerce in the United States were covered. The number is certainly smaller today, and it is estimated that only about 110,000 or 1 2/3% of the 6,600,000 persons in the country over sixty-five years of age, are actually receiving benefits under such plans.

The National Industrial Conference Board, which for years refused to admit the inherent inadequacy of industrial pensions, was finally forced to acknowledge in its 1931 report on "The Support of the Aged" that

> The chief impediment to an increase in the number of employés who might benefit from industrial pensions is the service requirement, usually from twenty to twenty-five years, since only a very small percentage of workers fulfill this requirement. . . . A weighted composite of five surveys in different parts of the United States shows that only 5.3% of factory workers stay with one firm for more than twenty years. Records of railroad companies, which have had pension plans established for longer periods than any other industry in the country, show that the number of pensioners at any one time equals from 3 to 6% of the total number of employés on their payroll twenty-five years before. Calculations made by actuaries for the purpose of determining costs of pension plans, based on turnover figures for five large companies, indicate that for the typical median employé in industry,—that is, a man about thirty-six years of

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age,—the probability of remaining employed by the same company to the age of sixty-five is from 1 to 5%.

Years before the depression set in, the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission prophesied that "the large majority of the pension systems now in operation are so constructed as to preclude any hope of their ever becoming effective instruments in solving the great problem of old age dependency to any considerable degree. . . . As pension obligations are now carried, unless our present business prosperity continues without periods of reaction, it is likely in the long run that public or charitable agencies will be forced to assume the maintenance of many thousands of workers whose employers had led them to expect that they would be granted pensions in their old age." A study of 149 industrial pension plans in New York State by the 1930 Old Age Security Commission disclosed that in only 49 of these plans was there some guarantee of payments, once the pension had been granted.

Although the abandonment of a pension plan is obviously a most serious matter to the workers who are dependent upon it for old age security, the Industrial Relations counselors report that eleven companies have completely abandoned their plans since October, 1929. Meanwhile, three railroad companies have reduced their pension rates, and a number of other large concerns have cut pensions and changed their plans by requiring contributions on the part of their employés. How many companies have given up or reduced their pension payments without official announcement can only be guessed. It is significant that the plans that are presumably sound financially, requiring the actual setting aside of money annually, are being dropped at a greater rate than the unguaranteed schemes.

III

Among the oldest welfare agencies are the mutual benefit societies, now in existence in about 800 American plants. These societies go back half a century. Their main aim is the protection of their members against the hazards of accidents, sickness and death. In the early days they were generally initiated by the workers themselves, who often refused suspiciously to accept contributions from their employers. But when bosses began to be admired instead of distrusted many of the societies welcomed company assistance.

However, most of them now offer only small and inadequate benefits. A study of the subject a few years ago by the National Industrial Conference Board disclosed that the predominating benefit rates were from $5 to $6 a week, granted only for a limited number of weeks. It was also found that "many associations which have been in operation over periods ranging from ten to twenty-five years are still paying the same rates of benefits as they did at the time they were organized." The societies are rarely soundly financed, and in many instances the benefits depend upon the accumulated funds in the treasury and cease when they have been spent.

At the moment the most popular form of welfare work—which, although hardly known abroad, has spread rapidly in the United States—is group insurance, *i.e.*,—the protection of the dependents of deceased employés by insuring the lives of the living. An English newspaper once described this plan as an "American scheme for giving the family of the deceased worker one year's notice of the demise of the pay check." High pressure salesmanship by the insurance companies has made the scheme the most widespread in the United States today.

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The reasons for the growing acceptance of it until recently are not far to seek. It offers the cheapest method of securing practically all the results which employers seek through welfare programmes. The company not only obtains greater loyalty on the part of the workers themselves, but also creates "a desirable influence in the worker's home." Insurance agents are instructed to sell these policies to an employer with the following argument:

> Practically half of your workers have no insurance protection whatsoever for their wives and children. Whenever one dies a hat is passed around the shop in behalf of the widow. A certain amount of costly time is inevitably wasted in such a collection. But this is nothing compared to the depressing spirits caused in the shop when your employés are reminded of their own fate. Then again, you are generally asked to put something into the hat, and you cannot refuse.
>
> You have also probably been in the habit of giving your employés a basket or a turkey for Christmas. But what happens? It is very much appreciated while it lasts, but your wonderful generosity is completely forgotten as soon as the leftovers are gone.
>
> Now, for the price you spend on a Christmas turkey, you can procure a group policy providing approximately $1,000 on the death in your service of an old-time employé. You may begin with $100 for those who have been with you only one year and raise the policy $100 for each additional year of service, up to say a maximum of $1000 after ten years. We shall provide each of your insured workers with a beautifully engraved policy which he can take home and hang in the parlor. John's wife will not only be everlastingly grateful to you for your thoughtfulness of her, but you may be sure she will do everything she can to prevent him from quitting when he is disgruntled, or from going on strike, or joining a union when she knows that if he does so her only protection in the case of his death is gone.

Generous employers need no further persuasion. The more rapacious ones are advised that they need not pay the entire premium themselves. Delicate persuasion can readily secure the "coöperation" of their employés in bearing at least half the burden.

For the extreme misers the insurance agent resorts to one final trick in his bag —a gentle hint to the effect that since the premium rates, being based upon the average age of all the employés, are higher the older the workers, the costs will be reduced if the corporation increases the proportion of younger workers. The charge has been repeatedly made, and soundly, that one of the chief reasons for the employment deadline encountered by middle-aged and older men in finding work is that older workers raise the insurance premiums on group policies.

Despite the eloquence of the insurance agents, the peak of the group insurance business was passed in 1929. The companies authorized to do business in New York—they do more than 90% of the national business—had outstanding at the end of the year 16,563 group policies. Not all of these, of course, covered industrial employés. Some covered National Guard and State police units, fraternal organizations, teachers, clerks, professional associations, and labor unions. At the end of 1930 the number outstanding was only 16,177, or about 400 less than in the previous year. Of 607 policies carried by the Morris Plan in 1929, only 7 did not lapse by 1931. The Metropolitan began 1930 with 548 policies in New York State, but after writing 46 new policies, it wound up with only 545 at the end of the year. The Equitable began with 369, wrote 30 new policies during the year, and ended with 363. Thus several thousand companies have abandoned their promises to the

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prospective widows and orphans of their workers.

In 1931 the National Industrial Conference Board estimated that "more than 6,000,000 employés [out of a total of 31,000,000 industrial workers in the United States] are now covered by group life insurance, and the average coverage is approximately $1,200." This average, it admitted, "is, of course, inadequate for the support of a family, or even of an individual for a considerable period," but it argued that it "gives the family a new start that may be sufficient to lift it to a self-supporting basis." The New York Old Age Security Commission, however, has another point of view. It says:

> Here again the difficulty of money averages comes in, because the higher policies of officers and executives weight the averages greatly, and the amounts of wage-earners only would fall considerably below the general average. A study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicated that the usual minimum is about $500, although some firms set their minimum below $300. The maximum amounts start at $500 and range up into the high levels of executive salaries.

As in all other welfare plans, group insurance benefits depend upon the employé's remaining in the service of the company. Should he die shortly after leaving the company—even after many years of service—his widow and orphans are as unprotected as though he had never worked for it. Although workers upon leaving can continue paying the regular premium rates in accordance with their age, the Old Age Security Commission aptly points out that

> This, however, raises a difficulty group insurance was devised to avoid, the prohibitive cost of insurance to many workers. Those men who could not have purchased ordinary policies when employed would be less able to do so when out of work.

IV

The sale to employés of those (formerly) most precious of all things, industrial stocks, was hailed not only as proof of a paternal and fraternal affection on the part of the industrial leaders of the nation for those who worked for them, but also as evidence of an economic revolution which was making track-walkers and bricklayers colleagues of railroad presidents and bankers. It was frequently asserted that the number of stockholders in the country had increased from less than 5,000,000 in 1920 to about 15,000,000 in 1927. Elated, Professor T. N. Carver, the Harvard economist, declared that this meant "a revolution that is to wipe out the distinction between laborers and capitalists by making laborers their own capitalists and by compelling most capitalists to become laborers of one kind or another, because not many of them will be able to live on the returns from capital alone. This is something new in the history of the world."

The baselessness of these Pollyanna claims of the New Era economists was known to all sensible people. But the fable of 15,000,000 stockholders was perpetuated even after the late Joseph S. McCoy, actuary of the United States Treasury, stated that only some 3,000,000 individuals in America owned corporation securities, and that only about 1,000,000 were bond buyers. "Only one in every thirty persons in the United States," said Mr. McCoy before the crash, "now belongs to the legion of capitalists. Investigations have shown that some individuals own as many as 500 different stocks."

How many of these investors were wage-earners? On the basis of extensive studies, the National Industrial Conference Board estimated, before the stock

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market collapse, that about 1,000,000 employés had subscribed for or owned non-voting stock amounting to about $1,000,000,000, or about 1% of the total market value of all the stock then outstanding. In other words, in the heyday of employé-stock-purchase plans only 1 out of every 31 workers had purchased any stock at all. Were these 1,000,000 "employés" really wage-earners, or were they salaried men and executives? Following two surveys of the subject the Conference Board said categorically that the stocks had been largely purchased by the higher paid employés rather than by the wage-earners. It went on:

> In some companies stock is offered for sale only to a restricted group, consisting usually of executive, sales and office staffs, the managerial and supervisory force in the plant, and perhaps certain key men in the rank and file. But even where no restriction, apart from the nominal service requirement, was placed upon subscription for stock, most of it was found to be held by a comparatively small number of employés. This appears to be due partly to the fact that cancellations and resales by other employés are often absorbed by this group.

What is the import of these stock sales in terms of the worker's security, since, according to the Conference Board, thrift has been overwhelmingly "the chief motive actuating the purchase of company stock by employés?" All stocks have depreciated to a small fraction of their former value. Unless the companies repurchase those held by their workers at the prices originally paid, the savings of the latter have been almost completely wiped out. But of 99 companies which stated their policies in reply to the Conference Board's questionnaire in 1930, only 8 said that they had made a mandatory promise to repurchase employé stock at cost!

Thus, in so far as stocks were sold to wage-earners the movement turned out to be a deception. Gambling in stocks is a risky proposition even for the wealthy. To encourage poor workers to invest their scanty savings in company stock is certainly reprehensible. Many employés bought such stock not only for reasons of thrift but because they believed that their purchases gave them certain privileges and brought them greater security in their jobs. Some corporations actually compelled their employés to subscribe for stock at the risk of losing their jobs. During the past two years, however, many of these stockholders have not only had to dispose of their stock at heavy losses, but have also lost their jobs with the companies in which they fondly thought they were acquiring ownership and partnership. The entire movement, far from offering any security to the workers, has only served to divest many of them of the small savings which they had accumulated through thrift and scrimping during a lifetime of work.

V

The latest *fata morgana* is unemployment relief. The first company benefit plan was inaugurated in 1916 by the Dennison Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Mass. In 1928, twelve years afterward, Mr. Bryce M. Stewart found that only eleven companies, employing approximately 11,000 workers, had set up such plans, and that they covered but 8,500 employés. The total expenditures during that year amounted to but $11,871 *for the entire country*. Two other companies which had adopted such plans had been forced to abandon them prior to 1928.

Notwithstanding the interest aroused by and the wide advocacy of unemployment

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relief during the present depression, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, in a follow-up study made in 1931, found that the number of plans outstanding had risen to but fifteen, and that one of these —the plan of the United Diamond Works —was suspended because of the depression. The second largest system—the joint company plan in Rochester—does not come into operation until January, 1933. Shortly after the publication of this study, the largest of the fifteen concerns—the General Electric Company—also announced the abandonment of its original system of unemployment benefits and the substitution of a new plan of work guarantees.

At the time the Bureau of Labor Statistics study was made, the fifteen companies had about 116,000 employés, but only "slightly more than 50,000 were eligible to benefits." Excluding the Rochester joint plan, which, so far as benefits are concerned, is still inoperative, and the completely altered General Electric Company plan, the total number of employés who were eligible for benefits was no greater in 1931 than in 1928. Thus, after fifteen years of agitation, unemployment benefit systems have been adopted by but fifteen of the approximately 300,000 establishments in the United States, and cover at best but 50,000 of the country's 31,000,000 industrial and commercial workers.

They are confined in the main to a few exceptionally situated companies headed by men especially interested in industrial welfare. There is, to begin with, the Dennison Manufacturing Company, which initiated the movement. There is the Columbia Conserve Company, a small concern practically given over to its employés. There is Deering, Milliken & Company, always conspicuous for its enlightened labor policy. There is the Procter & Gamble Soap Company, headed by Col. W. C. Procter. There is Leeds & Northrup, under Quaker influence. And there is the General Electric Company, headed by the two publicists, Messrs. Young and Swope.

Unemployment plans in which employers and trade unions coöperate are confined almost entirely to the trades manned by foreign workers, who, rooted in the older European Socialist philosophy, have forced contributions from their employers. The largest plan, embracing more than two-thirds of all the workers in question, is managed by a union outside the fold of the American Federation of Labor. Of the eight national and international unions which at this writing are coöperating in such schemes, seven are in the needle trades or related industries.

Unemployment payments under joint plans, as under company plans, are never certain, and, agreement or no agreement, depend almost entirely upon current conditions in the industry. American experience *warrants the conclusion that workers are assured of unemployment benefits only so long as business is prosperous and they are employed.*

VI

Most of the larger industrial establishments which undertook welfare programmes in the days of prosperity were induced to do so only because they believed the total cost would not involve more than the price of a turkey at Christmas. A canvass made by the writer a few years ago disclosed that 514 corporations, employing a total of 3,075,034 workers, had expended during the year but $52,408,384.13, or an average of only $17.04 a worker, on all their welfare work, including expenditures on group insurance, old age benefits, mutual benefit societies,

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death benefits, restaurant losses, swimming pools, baseball clubs, golf courses, and the like. The *per capita* cost of industrial pensions was approximately but $10.75 a year. The cost of group insurance in 292 establishments amounted to but $9.72 a year. A study by the National Metal Trades Association showed an average cost for the contributory plans of $7.36 for the employer and $6.54 for the employé. The *per capita* cost of mutual benefit societies amounted to $4.99 a year. A study of the cost of health service in industry, by the National Industrial Conference Board, showed an average *per capita* outlay of but $1.33.

Even this small cost the paternalistic American industrialists have shifted in part to the shoulders of their employés. Years ago welfare programmes were generally granted free to employés. Today most companies compel their workers to contribute some part of the cost. Even in the prosperous days of 1926 the National Metal Trades Association reported that "it appears that the percentage of [group insurance] plans being written on the contributory basis is increasing yearly." The tendency now is to put at least one-half of the cost on the employés. Probably not more than 10% of the group insurance policies written fifteen years ago were contributory, but today approximately 75% are contributory.

In the case of pension plans the same tendency has set in. Says the New York Old Age Security Commission:

> There has been a gradual shift, which is still going on, from systems in which the company pays the whole of the pension to ones under which the employés bear a substantial portion of the cost. Before the end of 1903, except for the one attempt by the Baltimore & Ohio, and the plan of the Grand Trunk, there were no schemes in which the employés participated as contributors. In the period 1906-1910 one of the thirteen plans established was one in which part of the cost was assessed on employés (contributory) and three out of forty-seven in the next five-year period were in the same class. . . . In the period 1916-1920, three out of thirty-three plans were of the contributory type. . . . In the period 1921-1925, four of the twenty-three plans were of the contributory type. . . . In the period since 1926 almost half of the plans established, eight of eighteen, were financed partially by the employés. . . .

Not one of the pension plans adopted in 1931 was on a non-contributory basis. Unemployment benefits likewise began with gratuitous payments on the part of the companies, but the latest and largest plan, that of the General Electric Company, requires contributions from the workers.

But even if the current industrial welfare programmes were really adequate, they would offer little security to most of the 31,000,000 industrial workers of the United States. Substantial programmes are, of necessity, confined to the larger and more prosperous or monopolistic industries. Small concerns, struggling against competitors, cannot afford either the time or the money necessary for such luxuries. Moreover, since all welfare benefits are contingent upon length of service, the overwhelming majority of workers, because of their constantly shifting employment, are never able to qualify for them. Cases of employés being discharged just before they become entitled to benefits are not infrequent. The benefits, even in the contributory systems, are rarely guaranteed. At all times the corporation has the right to cancel its promises whenever it may feel so disposed. Indeed, the history of welfare plans is already strewn with the wrecked anticipations and prospects of workers. And the future, I fear, will witness only more shattered hopes.

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SHAW IN MOSCOW

BY H. W. L. DANA

SINCE George Bernard Shaw's return from Russia, he has begun what may prove to be a Ten-Year Lecture on the Five-Year Plan. In disgust, members of the Fed-Up-With-Shaw-Club seem to feel that he has reached his dotage and that after having for a long time made fools of others he is now making a fool of himself. Father Walsh likens the new Shaw to Texas Guinan, while Heywood Broun declares that he now "looks very much like Rudyard Kipling standing on his head". You can take your choice! One says that Shaw's present pose shows his "senile cynicism," while the other maintains on the contrary that it reveals his "schoolboy frenzy of enthusiasm".

The strange case of Mr. Shaw's conversion to Communism has evidently caused some confusion and not a little consternation. Possibly the incompleteness of the accounts of his Russian visit which have been published in England and America may account for this confusion. It seems worthwhile, then, to trace the evolution of his attitude during those nine days in the Soviet Union, when the Russians were a nine days' wonder to him and when he himself was a nine days' wonder to the Russians.

When he first arrived in Moscow there were many doubts about what his attitude would be. In 1917, only a few weeks after the Bolshevik revolution of November, he had dashed off a playlet, "Annajanska or The Bolshevik Empress", showing already a strange half-mocking sympathy with the Soviets, making a little fun of the revolutionists, but still more of the counter revolutionists. Since then, he had more than once protested against various political executions in the Soviet Union, and, to the consternation of the Bolsheviks, had come out in favor of Mussolini and the Fascists. On the other hand, he had made fun of the British Tories for their blunders about the notorious Zinoviev letter and the ridiculous Arcos raid, had warmly defended the Soviets in his reply to the Pope's attack on irreligion in Russia, and had hailed the announcement of the Five-Year Plan with enthusiasm.

Now this author, the most widely known in the world today, was coming to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday in the Soviet Union. The eyes of all Europe and America would be upon him and upon Russia. His speeches would be broadcast far and wide. What would he say? Would he, who had ridiculed everything else, ridicule the Soviets? What would be the influence upon him of the Tories and aristocrats travelling with him, Lord and Lady Astor and the Marquis of Lothian? What would be the influence of the correspondents of the *bourgeois* press who would lie in wait for him, and of the foreign diplomats who would entertain him?

Such were the doubts and questions that beset the group of Soviet officials and writers who had been admitted by special

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ticket to the platform of the railway station at Moscow to welcome Mr. Shaw. Few of them had met him before and they were talking together with suppressed excitement as they waited for his train to come in.

When it entered the station and slowed down, they saw standing in the narrow doorway of the railway carriage a tall, thin man in a brown suit, with brown cloth gloves, and a brown, soft felt hat, which he waved over his head in response to the welcoming cheers. His beard was no longer the red beard of a cynical Mephistopheles, but the crisp white beard of a good-natured Santa Claus. His healthy pink face was wreathed in a genial smile. His blue eyes sparkled with malicious enjoyment. He seemed to be saying: "Here I am at last and I like you!" All doubts disappeared. Shaw was a friend among friends.

As we walked along the platform toward the still larger crowd that was waiting impatiently outside, I took the occasion to introduce to Mr. Shaw a young compatriot of his, an Irish youth of eighteen. In answer to Mr. Shaw's questions, he said that he had come to Moscow for ten days, had already stayed ten weeks, and had decided to stay for ten years. Shaw answered enthusiastically: "If I were your age I would do the same!" And we felt he really meant it.

Through the cheering masses of workers outside the station, we made our way to the Hotel Metropole, where Shaw and his party were staying.

From there, as soon as he had taken his bath and brushed up a bit, Mr. Shaw asked to be conducted at once to the mausoleum of Lenin in the Red Square. Entering the dark red marble tomb, he stood for a long time looking at the embalmed body of Lenin lying there. It was interesting to watch in juxtaposition the heads of two of the brainiest men of our age, one preëminent in politics and the other in literature, here in death and life brought face to face. Perhaps no foreigner ever lingered so long looking at the figure of the dead Lenin. At length, in answer to my question, Shaw made his comment on the finely chiseled features that he had been gazing at: "Pure intellectual type." Commenting on the hands of Lenin, he pointed out that he had evidently never worked with his hands and then added with characteristic Shavian exaggeration: "His ancestors evidently never worked with their hands for six hundred years",—a statement which is probably not true of any mortal.

Lady Astor, not to be outdone, insisted, "He is not a proletarian: he is an aristocrat."

Shaw retorted, "You mean an intellectual, not an aristocrat."

To this Lady Astor replied, "It is the same thing!" and we realized that for her it was the same thing: only an aristocrat could be an intellectual. She loved to experiment with this paradox and often during her visit, when she was introduced to a distinguished Bolshevik leader, she would say, "You are not a worker: you are an aristocrat". All too often the flattery worked and the man seemed pleased that a British aristocrat should think him an aristocrat, though it would never do for him to admit this in proletarian circles.

From the tomb of Lenin, Shaw asked to be taken into the Kremlin. Passing through the heavy gateway in the crenelated walls, we entered the former fortress of the Tsars, which had become the center of the government of the workers. Far from humbly acquiescing to all that was said and to all that he was shown, Shaw reacted in a way that kept his

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guides continually guessing. When from the terrace of the Kremlin they pointed out to him the great gilded dome of the nearby Church of the Saviour, a mid-Nineteenth Century monstrosity, which had dwarfed the towers of the Kremlin during recent decades and which they were now tearing down, Shaw pretended to be shocked and cried out, "What you need is not an Economic Five-Year Plan, but an Æsthetic Five-Year Plan." Yet a little later, when they showed him how carefully they have preserved the beautiful earlier Russian churches of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, and how the crosses were still intact on the domes and the imperial two-headed eagles on the towers of the Kremlin, Shaw took the other tack and playing with a new paradox, declared, "You Russians are not thorough-going revolutionists at all. In England, Henry VIII did a better job in destroying monasteries, and Cromwell in Ireland. We English are really the thorough-going revolutionists. You in Russia are only half-way revolutionists!"

The bewildered Russians did not know how to take Shaw's sallies and began to feel that perhaps he was right and that they had not been thorough enough in their attack on religion. They were equally puzzled a few minutes later when he climbed up on top of the big old cannon of the Kremlin and posed as a pacifist.

II

Entering the great hall where the Congresses of the Soviets have been held, Shaw asked permission to try the acoustic properties of the room and briskly mounted the high speaker's tribune. There were cries from those below of "Speech! Speech!" Shaw lifted his head, tossed his white beard, opened his mouth, and we all awaited the words of the oracle. He surprised us all by giving forth a melodious wordless yodel, which fairly set the rafters ringing

Lady Astor, not to be outdone, mounted the tribune and began a speech: "I am a Conservative. I am a Capitalist. I am opposed to Communism. I think you are all terrible." As she descended the tribune she said to me: "This is the first time they have heard that said here." It may be a long time before it will be said again. Yet, far from being displeased, they all seemed to be delighted with her audacity.

That afternoon Shaw wanted to see the outdoor parks. We drove all around the city without any fixed plan, out to the Petrovsky Park and the New Stadium and finally to the Park of Culture and Leisure, where the workers, after four days of work, spend their fifth day in strenuous exercise and amusement. In this Park of Culture and Leisure there seemed to be little leisure and not very much culture. There was culture enough, however, to have the name of Shaw mean something to them. When they saw this tall genial giant strolling about, and, pulling me aside, asked me, "Who is it?", and I answered, with the monosyllable "Shaw", there came from the crowd a long drawn "Ah!"

This "Ah!" thousands of miles from home and among a foreign people was perhaps the greatest tribute that Shaw ever received.

He watched a game of volley ball. One of the players, recognizing him, came over to shake hands with him, and made an impromptu speech to the other players, telling them what he knew about Shaw's writings.

Lady Astor took a particular interest in the children's games. By chance she found one little girl who spoke English. She

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saw her chance to get this girl to say something in criticism of the Soviet system, while the Russians, who did not understand English, would not be listening. But the little girl only answered, "I like it", and was in a hurry to get back from this English aristocrat to her game with the Russian children. Lady Astor was gradually being won over to the cause she came to criticize.

We had climbed a hill from which we got a view over the far extended playing ground, across the river crowded with boats and swimmers, to the city of Moscow with its towers and domes. We were descending the hill cautiously by wooden steps, keeping hold of the railing. Suddenly I saw Mr. Shaw running down the hill ahead of us and waiting laughing for us at the bottom. On the eve of his seventy-fifth birthday he seemed magnificently fit. At the end of the day, when the others were puffing, they often suggested going back to the hotel, saying, "We mustn't tire out Mr. Shaw"; but it was obvious that it was they who were tired and not he. Throughout his nine days' stay he showed an inexhaustible curiosity. He insisted on seeing the things and the people he himself wanted to see.

Some have hinted that Shaw while in the Soviet Union was an easy mark. Try to put something over on him and see if you find him an easy mark. Whenever any propagandist or counter-propagandist tried to sell some idea to him, he was found to have very strong sales resistance. Father Walsh has implied that Shaw's party in Moscow was personally conducted. Father Walsh is right. It was personally conducted, but the person who personally conducted it was Mr. Shaw himself.

That evening the indefatigable Shaw went to the theatre. In the *entre-act* he was given an ovation, and all the actors came out on the stage bearing a huge red banner with the inscription in English: "To the Brilliant Master, Bernard Shaw, a Warm Welcome to Soviet Soil."

The next morning Shaw expressed a desire to see something of the way in which prisoners are treated and accordingly went to Bolshevo, to the camp run by the much discussed secret police, O. G. P. U., for the *besprizorni* or homeless boys, the lone wolves, and especially for those who have been caught stealing. He saw how they were held there, not by prison walls but by being given such good food and shown such interesting moving pictures at night that those who ran away and found how hard life was elsewhere for them, soon came sneaking back to the prison camp. Shaw was asked to make a speech to the young thieves and somewhat to the consternation of their guardians, the dread O. G. P. U., but to the great delight of the boys themselves, spoke as follows:

> When I was a child I used to steal too, but I stole so cleverly no one caught me. A thief is not the one who steals, but the one who gets caught. All of you must have been very poor thieves. Outside of the borders of Russia thousands of criminals are going about in freedom, having committed and still committing many different kinds of crimes. For the time being they are not caught, only because they commit their crimes very cleverly; but a time will come when they too will get caught.

Later on Shaw asked to see a court where criminals were tried according to the Soviet system. He visited a People's Court. The judge chanced to be a woman. He found her "a Portia come to judgment!" Shaw felt that such a court is not so much for the punishment as for the education of the criminal. He said, "You call this a 'People's Court', but it ought to be called a 'People's School' ".

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The following day Shaw asked to see the workers at work, and visited a great electric plant. He watched with keen interest the merry zeal with which the men worked. When the lunch-hour came, they gathered around him and asked him for a speech. He was lifted on to a motor lorry as a rostrum. Once more, as he had fifty years ago in his early Socialist days, he found himself speaking from what he used to call the cart's tail. Some of the shock troups among the workers who had received the Lenin Medal for getting work done quicker than the others, were introduced to him. Shaw remarked:

> In England a worker who gets his work done quicker than his fellow workers would receive from them not a medal but a thumping. What is the difference? If our workers produce more, that merely enables some shareholder to stay longer on the Riviera. When you work faster you are enabling the Five-Year Plan to be finished sooner. Your work is building up Socialism. When I return to England, I shall try to persuade English workers to do as you have done, and establish a system where they are working for public service and not for the private profits of a few individuals.

Lady Astor, trying as a Tory member of Parliament to counteract this Labour party talk, insisted on mounting the lorry and started to tell these Russian workers how free the English are: how good life is in England.

The Russian workers interrupted, "Whose life is good in England? That of the workers or that of the capitalists?"

Lady Astor continued, "You Russian workers should keep step with the rest of the world".

They retorted, "We will keep step with the workers of the world, but not with the *bourgeoisie*".

Lady Astor remonstrated, "You Russian workers are too proud. You are prouder than the workers of England."

They answered, "We have a right to be proud. We are accomplishing the Five-Year Plan in two-and-a-half years. We are building up a Workers' Republic."

She continued by trying to persuade them that they were not free. She cried, "You are not free to advocate capitalism".

They replied, "We do not want to advocate capitalism. We want to denounce it".

One day a lunch was given by Halatov for writers and publishers. Halatov is at the head of what is far and away the largest publishing company in the world, the Gosisdat, with some 27,000 persons under him. Shaw had met this strange, Oriental, black-bearded Halatov, one of the very few Russian Communists who look at all like the usual caricatures of the Bolshevik, and knew perfectly well who he was; but when Shaw was called on to speak he began with a malicious twinkle: "Are there any publishers present?" Nearly half of those present at the lunch raised their hands. Shaw shook his head in mock sorrow: "This is too bad! Writers can never talk freely in the presence of publishers. For publishers, who are usually good business men, exploit the writers, who are usually very poor business men."

Lunacharsky, the former People's Commisar of Education, familiar with six languages and himself the writer of many plays, tried to explain that in the Soviet Union it is just the opposite: "Here the writers are well paid. They exploit the publishers."

Shaw cried, "Good! I'll come and live here!"

Lady Astor put in her oar and tried to explain to the Russian writers, as she had to the Russian workers, that they were not free. Looking about from one writer to another, she cried, "You are not free as

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you would be in a land of democracy. You are not free!"

Shaw interrupted, "At least, Lady Astor, they are free from the illusion of democracy." His Russian auditors appreciated the irony of this jibe more than she did.

She went on, "In England I am free to leave all my servants in my city house and those on my country estate and come here to visit the Soviet Union."

The irrepressible Radek interjected, "You were free, Lady Astor, to come to the Soviet Union; but were your servants?"

Lunacharsky tried to smooth over the situation by turning to Bernard Shaw, changing the subject, and asking, "Are the Socialist writers given a hearing in England?" Shaw admitted, "Mr. H. G. Wells and I are listened to now, because we've got money."

Lady Astor blurted out, "Nonsense, G. B. S., you know that's nonsense!"

Shaw turned to her, "Well you know, Lady Astor, you would never have asked me to your country house if I had been a pauper."

The Russian writers exchanged smiles.

Shaw went on, "Of course, Rudyard Kipling is an Imperialist, but Wells hates the *bourgeois*."

Radek interrupted, "That's not so!"

Shaw tried to explain, "Well, that's because Wells is *bourgeois* himself. You talk of British bulldog tenacity. But the British are not tenacious. British writers are not consistent. Mr. Wells and Mr. Chesterton, like Ruskin before them, are always contradicting themselves."

Radek burst in again, "That *is* so!"

At the end, some sweet pacifistic soul tried to end it all off happily with this remark: "Well, Mr. Shaw, anyway you are a friend of the Russian people."

Shaw wouldn't give them even that satisfaction. "No!", he cried, "I am not the friend of any people as a whole. I reserve the right to criticize every people—including the Russians." And he cast over the assembled group a benign smile that, in spite of what he had been saying, was completely friendly.

III

One day Shaw went to a talking film studio and had recorded there his voice and features while making a speech on Lenin. A few days later we went to see this talking film tried out. Shaw sat in the front row of chairs in the projection room, watching himself appear on the screen with boyish delight. He saw his film self come out and bow with a merry smile, take off his brown cloth gloves, lay them on the table, and throwing back his head, begin his speech with this astounding invocation:

"Your Majesties! My lords and gentry! Comrades of the proletariat . . ."

Later, some of the Russians expressed surprise that in the Soviet Union of all places, Shaw should have begun with the salutation: "Your Majesties!"

This was shortly after the King of Spain had abdicated, and Shaw explained, "There are only a few kings left. These kings are interested today in talking films. They may want to listen in. I was polite enough to include them."

Shaw went on in his talking film to make a comparison of the two great tombs of the world today: the tomb of Napoleon in Paris and that of Lenin in Moscow. He declared that the tomb of Lenin had today become more important than that of Napoleon, and said:

> I do not know whether there will ever be a man to whom so much significance will

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> be given as the future will give to Lenin. If the experiment which Lenin started succeeds, it will be the opening of a new world era. If the experiment fails, then I shall have to take leave of you when I die with something of melancholy; but if the future is the future as Lenin saw it, then we may smile and look forward to the future without fear.

In the middle of this film something had gone wrong. I forget just what the matter was. Possibly Shaw had said, "The tomb of Napoleon at Moscow". Napoleon pretty nearly did have his tomb there. At any rate, it was necessary for Shaw, on this second visit to the studio, to do this middle part of the film over again. Accordingly, he good naturedly went over his remarks about the two tombs before the camera and the microphone a second time, and this part will be incorporated in the middle of the original film.

Now a curious thing happened. When Shaw went to the studio the first time, he happened not to have on a necktie. On his second visit to the studio, however, he had a bright red necktie, clearly visible. In the future, then, when this film is shown, it will be interesting to notice that Shaw begins his speech without a necktie, that when he comes to speak about the tombs of Napoleon and Lenin, presto, change! a necktie suddenly appears, and that when he has finished talking about the two tombs, presto, change! the necktie disappears.

A more important speech of Shaw's was that which he gave on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. It was in the great Hall of the Columns in the House of the Trade Unions—formerly the House of the Nobles. Shaw began by making fun of his fellow travellers who were seated with him on the platform: "Lord and Lady Astor and the Marquis of Lothian are enormously rich capitalists—land-owners on the most magnificent scale." Then, turning to his audience he added whimsically, "Don't blame them for that. It is not their fault. It is the fault of the British proletariat, and indeed the proletariat of the whole world, who alone can rescue them from that position."

Shaw went on to speak of the exaggerated idea in England about the terrible conditions prevailing in Russia. He comically described how weeping relatives, when they departed, had loaded them with baskets and parcels of food, with bedding pillows, and even with tents, for fear that in Russia they might not even have a roof over their heads. He said that as soon as they came to the frontier of the Soviet Union, they realized how little all these things would be needed, and accordingly threw those things out of the window so that the whole railroad, from the frontier to Moscow, was strewn with tents, etc.

In speaking of the Russian Revolution, Shaw declared that according to the theories of Karl Marx the revolution ought to have begun in an industrial country like England, rather than an agricultural country like Russia: "English workers ought to be ashamed that they did not lead the way instead of the Russians."

He continued, "When the Five-Year Plan is brought to a triumphant success, we in the West must follow in your footsteps, whether we will or no."

In ending his speech, Shaw beamed good naturedly upon the intent faces looking up at him and said, "I look round and see all these faces with a quite new look on them, a look you cannot see yet in the capitalist West, but which I hope to see everywhere some day."

Another day Shaw went to the horse races. He said whimsically to his Communist companions, "You don't believe in

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competition: So I suppose there will only be one horse." They had named one of the horses in his honor "Shaw." But Shaw took so little interest in the race that when his namesake was running he dozed off, or perhaps pretended to doze, while he was preparing his next speech.

There was a lunch one day at a rest home in the country, where Stanislavsky, the distinguished old actor and *régisseur*, was recuperating. There were many pleasant exchanges of compliments between the playwright and the play actor, and Shaw was photographed drinking a glass of milk.

There was another trip to the country to visit Maxim Gorky. The two greatest writers of their generation in the world today sat talking together. Shaw's face was wreathed in benevolent smiles. Opposite him sat Gorky with a face carved out of the hardest granite, powerful and unflinching. Gorky began by asking questions about Shaw's exchange of letters with Tolstoy. Shaw in return asked about Gorky's "Lower Depths" and the strange half-comic and half-pitiful personality of the pilgrim Luca.

On the last day there was a visit to Krupskaya, the Grand Old Woman, the widow of Lenin, by whom Lady Astor was at last really impressed.

The last evening came the interview with Stalin, which Shaw had particularly demanded, and which no one had dared to refuse. Most foreigners had only been granted twenty minutes. Shaw came back triumphant, crying that he had broken all records and that Stalin had talked with him for two hours and twenty minutes. The reporters gathered around Shaw as he was about to enter the elevator. They were clamoring to hear something about the interview with Stalin. Shaw pretended that he was going to make a great revelation. They drew close around him. He began: "I will tell you something about Stalin: Stalin has a black mustache"—and Shaw's elevator ascended, leaving the reporters gaping.

Later, still playing with the paradox he had used about Lenin, Shaw gave me something of his impressions of Stalin. He said:

> I expected to see a Russian working man and I found a Georgian gentleman. He was not only at his ease himself, but he had the art of setting us at our ease. He was charmingly good humored. There was no malice in him, but also no credulity.

Stalin had apparently seen that there was not much use in talking to them about Russia, since in his position, they would take whatever he said as biased information. He saw rather, an opportunity to talk with them about England. With Lady Astor, a member of Parliament of the Conservative party, and Lord Lothian, a member of Parliament of the Liberal party, and Bernard Shaw, a close friend of the Labour party; Stalin saw before him in microcosm the coalition government which was so soon to come into power in England. Stalin spoke particularly of three English statesmen, Cromwell, Chamberlain, and Churchill. Cromwell, who had put a king to death and established a commonwealth, seemed his favorite and he was constantly quoting him. He attributed to Cromwell the saying "Fear God, and keep your powder dry!" though Stalin did not seem to have so much use for the first half of this saying as for the second.

From Cromwell, Stalin jumped to Chamberlain and Churchill and their hostility to the Soviet Union. Considering Winston Churchill's later attack on Bernard Shaw for his interview with Stalin, it is interesting that Shaw should have

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spent most of the time in that interview trying to undo the mischief of Churchill's Russophobia. Shaw tried to persuade Stalin not to take Churchill too seriously. Russia was merely the bee in his bonnet and Churchill anyway was hopelessly pre-Marx in his historical equipment. Stalin, on the contrary, had a high opinion of Churchill's ability and believed that Churchill was deliberately trying to work up war against the Soviet Union. Stalin would say: "No intelligent man could believe the nonsense Churchill utters about Russia". It was in vain that Shaw tried to persuade Stalin that perhaps Churchill was not an intelligent man.

Unfortunately, Shaw could not pretend that Churchill was the only fool in England in regard to Russia, or that Stalin would be safe in disbanding the Red Army. In conclusion Shaw suggested to Stalin that he might invite Mr. Churchill to Russia and let him blow his steam off on the spot. Stalin seemed inclined to think this an excellent suggestion.

IV

At a farewell dinner, Litvinov, the People's Commisar of Foreign Affairs, who was the host, declared that Shaw, thanks to his fifty years of preparation in Socialist theory, had apparently seen and learned more in nine days than many foreigners had learned in nine months. Litvinov quoted the saying of Cato: "The wise man can learn something from everyone, even from fools. The fool cannot learn anything from anyone, not even from a wise man." In return, Shaw said on the eve of his departure: "I am leaving the land of hope, and returning to the lands of despair".

As soon as he crossed the frontier he was attacked by armies of reporters, but he overcame them all triumphantly. Shaw knew that whenever a distinguished visitor returned from Russia and passed through Warsaw or Berlin, the reporters would bombard him with questions. If he said nine things favorable to the Soviet Union and one thing hostile, the reporters would cable over to America the one hostile comment and suppress the nine favorable. Shaw was in fine fettle, and prepared to fool them by saying ten things favorable and not one thing hostile.

At Warsaw, one of the reporters was peculiarly inept and ignorant of Shaw's habits. Trying to trap him into the admission of bad conditions in his hotel in Moscow, he asked whether it was true that when he ordered roast beef they gave him horse flesh. Shaw retorted, "I have been a vegetarian for years. I never order roast beef." The reporter then asked him whether it was not a relief after the Soviet Union to get back to capitalistic countries. Shaw replied, "It is a torture to get back to capitalism. Capitalism is tottering. When you have seen Bolshevism on the spot, there can be no doubt that Capitalism is doomed."

At Berlin, the barrage of reporters was even fiercer. They asked Shaw if he did not think that Stalin was an idiot, and asked him what he thought of Hitler and other German politicians. Shaw retorted, "Stalin is a giant. All the other politicians are pigmies." They asked Shaw if Russia did not seem chaos compared to the other countries, to which Shaw replied, "Russia is putting her house in order; all the other nations are playing the fool."

In England they trumped up the old jibes against the "Irish mountebank." Formerly they had called him the Playboy of the Western World. Now that he had returned from Russia, they called him the Playboy of the Eastern World. Nothing

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daunted, Shaw told the English people: "Russia is all right, and we are all wrong. We had better follow Russia's example as soon as possible."

From America came the fiercest attack of what Shaw calls "anti-Russian bosh and boloney." He retorted by calmly declaring: "The Americans are the most absurd people upon earth at present." He began his radio broadcast to America by addressing the Americans as "Dear old boobs!" He went on to explain that Americans had heads of putty and that American putty is softer in the head and sets harder.

On another occasion he made this contrast between the land of Communism and the land of capitalism: "Communist leaders understand both Communism and capitalism. Capitalist spokesmen understand neither Communism nor capitalism." He admitted that evils were to be found both in the Soviet Union and in the United States, but he said that in the U. S. S. R. the evils were retreating while in the U. S. A. they were advancing.

To all this the embattled boobs have retorted. They are reacting to Shaw's reaction to their reaction to his reaction to Russia. Yet at the very moment they say, "Shaw is not to be taken seriously!", the very bitterness with which they say it betrays the fact that they *are* taking him seriously. Shaw is still up to his old game of irritating people into thinking. The more preposterous his statement, the more they are forced to discuss it. Born and brought up a Protestant among Catholics in Ireland, then living an Irishman among Englishmen in England, a Puritan among æsthetes in the theatre, a progressive among conservatives in politics, he has always attacked the world he was in. When he was in the Soviet Union, he showed a good sales resistance against Communist propaganda; but since his return, he has shown the same sales resistance against capitalist counter-propaganda. While there, he found much to make fun of among the extreme enthusiasts of the Soviet Union; but now he takes an even greater delight in ridiculing the embittered enemies of the Soviet Union in the capitalist world.

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THE BLUE SKY BLUES

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

"THEY'RE singing the blues," grinned Blackman through the bars of his cell. "The Blue Sky Blues—the poor mooches—hollering their heads off to the State's attorney! That's the tune that got me in ——"

He paused to light a cigar and apologized for not being able to hand me one through the close-meshed screen that separated us.

"And that's the tune that's going to get me out," he went on. "I tell you, chicken, nobody's ever going to keep *me* in jail. I don't like the scenery around here. They picked me up on a Blue Sky count. I could beat that rap in court, but what's the use? All you gotta do to stop a squawk is shove a little real dough under his nose. It's the easiest way out of what some would call an embarrassing situation."

He spoke from experience. In the course of his itinerant career as promoter and bucketeer he had been locked up more than fifteen times in different States on fraud charges, mostly for violating the Blue Sky laws, but he had never stood trial. He always got himself out of a jam by digging down into his squawk fund and buying off the complaining witness at twenty-five cents on the dollar—or even less.

And it was certain that he would not languish long in jail this time either. His lawyer was busy at that very moment arranging bail for his early release, and as it would be many months before his case could be reached for trial, he would have plenty of time to square things with his victims. He knew that the self-same investors who had bitterly denounced him to the State's attorney as a wicked swindler would drop their charges as soon as they got a little money back—a weakness of human nature with which most prosecutors are cynically familiar.

"The judges keep warning us," complained one assistant State's attorney, "that they will not permit the courts to be used as collection agencies. But what are they going to do about it? We work up a swell case against some crook and then the prosecuting witness settles with him before trial and surrenders whatever evidence he had."

They are perfectly willing to leave vengeance to the Lord, if they can only recover a tithe of what they lost—those thousands of would-be investors, who hoped to get rich quick out where the blue begins and the sky's the limit. They tied their money to balloons and watched it float lightly off into the empyrean and disappear. And when they finally realized that it might be gone forever, they set up a howl, "We want our money back!" which is the tragic little refrain of the Blue Sky Blues.

Many prosecuting attorneys have frankly accepted the situation and concern themselves chiefly with forcing the swindlers to disgorge as much of the loot as possible. Some of them have been

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remarkably successful at it. In the Chicago district alone, $3,626,990 was recovered for investors during 1930, according to the report of L. P. Holt and H. S. Weinberg, assistant State's attorneys. And during the same period the Fraud Prevention Bureau of the Attorney General's office of the State of New York obtained restitution of approximately $3,250,000 for the victims of bucketeers.

II

Only a little more than twenty years ago no one had ever heard of a Blue Sky law. The promoters of wild-cat stocks and endless financial chains and profit-sharing pyramids operated *ad libitum* in almost every State. There was practically no restraint upon the golden-tongued gentlemen who offered shares in all sorts of fabulous enterprises—or as one judge put it, "in fly-by-night concerns, visionary oil wells, distant gold mines and other like fraudulent exploitations"—while the law stood nonchalantly aside, saying, "Let the buyer beware!" After a sucker's money had shifted into more competent hands the law was willing to act—if it could be proven that a fraud had been committed and the perpetrator could be caught, which seldom happened.

In 1911 the leading citizens of Kansas were so fed up on seeing their friends and neighbors victimized by city slickers that they decided there ought to be a law against it, and proceeded to pass one. "Why," said one legislator when the subject came up for discussion, "some of those fellows would even sell stock in the bright blue sky itself." The phrase caught on and has since been used as a label for a series of paternalistic statutes which have been passed in every State of the Union except Nevada.

These laws are by no means uniform. Most of them are known as licensing acts and require that all speculative securities be approved by a State commission before they may lawfully be offered for sale to the public.

The Legislatures in New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, however, rejected the licensing idea and passed fraud or investigation statutes which do not require the seller of securities to obtain permission of the State in advance of their sale, but empower the Attorney General to investigate the operations of brokers and promoters and to take action to enjoin those who are engaged in crooked enterprises. Under this type of statute, after an injunction has been granted, the defendant must shut up shop and stop his unlawful activities, or subject himself to drastic punishment for contempt of court.

But no law, regardless of its method, can effectively save the gullible from being gulled. When we contemplate the endless procession of doctors, lawyers, farmers, teachers, engineers, widows, spinsters, bankers and business men who have been taken in by the oldest and simplest schemes under the belief that they really had a chance of pyramiding their savings into incalculable wealth, the conclusion is inescapable that no one is immune to the lure of easy money. Blackie Daw put it aptly when he said, "There's only two kinds of us—trimmers and lollops; and when you quit being one kind, you have to be the other."

The theory has sometimes been advanced that Americans are particularly susceptible to the blandishments of financial sharpers. Perhaps we are. But the reported success of a former Chicago barber in relieving the British public of millions of pounds through the operation of a tipster

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sheet in the heart of London would indicate that credulity and cupidity are human rather than national failings. Even the thrifty French will fall for the wiles of those plausible gentlemen who promise untold wealth through a small investment. Witness the fabulous rise of Alfred Austric, once a waiter in a Toulouse café. Through a hocus-pocus of holding companies pyramided upon almost nothing, he bought one of the oldest banks in France and controlled a great automobile plant. His ultimate crash carried with it some $56,000,000 which complacent investors had entrusted to him.

We shall never have any statistics to settle the question of relative national gullibility. But we do know that the total toll levied by swindlers annually in the United States is enormous. The losses through fraudulent security sales alone easily run to more than $1,000,000,000 a year. The official report of the Fraud Prevention Bureau of the office of the Attorney General of New York estimates the loss to investors in that State for the year 1930 at about $150,000,000. More recently Attorney General John J. Bennett has estimated the amount taken by stock racketeers every year in New York State to be close to $400,000,000. He is probably making allowances for the innumerable victims who never report their follies.

You might think that the collapse of the stock market and the ensuing debility of the security business would have put an end to the activities of the bucketeering gentry. But it hasn't. Even—or especially—in times like these there is a vast amount of cash in the hands of investors who don't know what to do with it. Because of low interest rates, bonds to the value of approximately $663,802,000 were called during the first eight months of 1931, and other issues for tremendous amounts continue to be called from week to week. A large part of the capital so released is available for re-investment, and the financial sharks are swarming everywhere trying to tear loose their share of it.

III

Most of the gypsters have found that the old tricks are the best. All they have to do is to adapt them to new conditions. Perhaps the easiest dodge of all is the one made famous by Ponzi—hornswoggling the simple-minded by paying them generous dividends out of their own principal. But it involves the unpleasant feature that unless you skip out with your winnings at an early stage of the game, you are sure to be caught and to land in the penitentiary. Most swindlers prefer to make a show of operating within the law. They want a legal "out" that will give them a break in case some stubborn victim insists on prosecuting.

That is why crooks like my friend Blackman in the county jail are partial to the venerable switching game. It has the semblance of legitimate trading—so much so that the operator invariably insists that he was honestly trying to make some money for his "customers." Even Blackman, who in his more candid moments admits his extra-legal practices, maintains that his Knee High Valley deal, which got him into jail this last time, was strictly on the square.

The way he worked it was this: He had a sucker list made up of the names of heirs and legatees taken from Probate Court records. Among them, for instance, was that of a Mrs. Kessel, whose husband had died leaving her a small estate invested in conservative stocks and bonds.

Blackman got her on the telephone. "I'm a friend of Mr. Van Worthy," he

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said. Mr. Van Worthy was a banker whom her husband had occasionally consulted. "Mr. Van Worthy tells me that you might be interested in some safe securities with a good return ——"

When she permitted him to call at her home, he told her that he had come solely at Mr. Van Worthy's suggestion to help her solve her investment problems. He was president of the Old Faithful Investment Company, he said, showing her a list of well-known securities. Tucked away among them was a sleeper—the 6% first mortgage gold bonds of the Knee High Valley Coal Company. They seemed somehow to belong on that highly respectable list, although Mrs. Kessel had never heard of them before.

Blackman soon found out what she owned and got her to trade a few of her holdings for other fairly good securities on the promise of higher returns. The next step was to unload the Knee High Valley bonds, which he did by gradually trading her out of $25,000 worth of sound stocks and bonds until she had it all invested in the coal mine.

When the Knee High Valley Company defaulted on its interest payments, Blackman was duly solicitous. The company was being re-organized, he explained. In the meantime, for her complete protection, he would give her stock in the Old Faithful Investment Company (which controlled the mine) in exchange for her bonds. This seemed very decent of him and Mrs. Kessel agreed, but she soon found herself one of a select group who had become the owners of the entire stock of the investment company.

The great field for the adepts of the switching game lies right now among the holders of real estate mortgage bonds. A customer of any house that floated such issues is likely to receive this invitation:

To Percy Peewit, Esq.:

You are invited to a special meeting of bondholders at which the present and future status of Real Estate Bonds will be discussed.

Valuable information of vital importance to bondholders will be presented. Do not sacrifice or dispose of your bonds till you have attended this meeting.

J. Van Twyst & Co.
2300 Buncomb Building

Admittance by card only

Anyone who falls for this may be sure that he will be urgently solicited to turn in his bonds "at par with accrued interest" in exchange for beneficial trust certificates, "equity securities," collateral notes, foreign bonds, vacant lots or whatever cats and dogs the trader has available, with gaudy promises of early liquidation.

Another approach is through the scare letter. Here is one that is typical:

Dear Mr. Mooch:

Even though your past experience in making exchanges was 100% wrong, I am still positive that it is suicide to stay in a first mortgage bond today that is still paying.

I certainly should be considered a diagnostician in real estate bonds because I spent my entire life in this field, *and under the circumstances, where issues are underwritten by real estate bonds,* it is undeniable, in my mind, that these bonds should not be retained.

Time will show that I am correct.

Assuring you of a pleasant relationship should you do any business through me, I am,

Very truly yours,
Pinchback, Brummagem & Co.
By Alexander T. Brummagem

P. S.—Sad but true:
October 1, 1930—Lakerim Apts. $80
October 1, 1931—Lakerim Apts. $20

Confronted thus cruelly with the alleged depreciation of Lakerim Apartment bonds, the bondholder will very likely be thrown into a panic and may turn over to Brum-

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magem bonds of every description, among them some that are reasonably sound, in return perhaps for equities in vacant lots in Paradise Highlands or Clover Acres with a burden of accumulated taxes and special assessments and a potential value as remote as the horizon.

IV

The professional gypster is never satisfied with his first takings. After he has hooked a mooch and unloaded a batch of worthless paper on him, he is always looking for a chance to *reload* his victim, and it is the reloading that brings in the cream. As Blackman put it: "Once you've got 'em round the neck, they can't break loose. And when they squawk, that's the time to reload and clean up."

He reloaded Mrs. Kessel with great success. After her first few exchanges with him, she got worried and wanted her original securities back. He returned them without the slightest hesitation.

"It's all the same to me," he said, "only I was trying to make some money for you. I'm having a conference with a syndicate of mine operators this afternoon, and if I put this deal over, it means at least 100% profit—*for those who stick with us.*"

His apparent honesty and the lure of easy money dispelled her doubts and she handed back to him all the good securities, together with a check for an additional $5,000 to invest in the deal, all of which she ultimately lost.

Crooked real estate subdivision operators have used a variation of the reloading technique with tremendous success. Jones, for instance, will receive a letter telling him that a friend of his has sent in his name in a "free lot" contest and that he has won Lot 48 in the Boomville First Addition. All he has to do is to pay the cost of bringing title to the property down in his own name and the lot will be his. Jones, quite thrilled, will probably authorize this expense, which comes to $50 or $75, but after he has paid out his money he discovers that the lot is too small for any practical use. The promoters blandly assure him that he can acquire a satisfactory frontage by buying the adjoining lot at a substantial price or by exchanging his lot for a bigger and better one at a considerable added cost. Through this simple scheme hundreds of acres of unimproved farm land have been worked off on inexperienced investors at a profit of 1000% or more to the promoters.

The free lot racket, with variations and improvements, is still flourishing, especially in the smaller communities, even in these days of moribund real estate. Perhaps this is because most people never can resist anything labelled free, although they ought to know that the free proposition is always hokum. It is simply a way of getting you involved, and once you are in, you will be played along like any other sucker.

The ordinary bucketeer uses a similar method. He doesn't offer you anything free, but he is willing to accept any kind of order, no matter how small, just to get you started. He will call you up on the telephone some morning:

"Good morning, Mr. Doe, this is Jackson Cornwallis of the Universal Standard Securities Corporation speaking. We want to let you know what the market is doing. Have you been watching Metered Gas lately? No? Then you're overlooking something ——"

You may demur that you have no money to invest.

"No money? You could raise a hundred dollars, couldn't you? Well, that's all you need. Just a hundred dollars to start an account and we'll carry you ——"

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You may have the nerve to say that you haven't a hundred dollars, but that doesn't faze him. He will offer to start you at fifty, or twenty-five, or even to take your note for it.

The simplicity of the game is amazing. All the bucketeer needs is a few good sucker lists, a "boiler-room" and a staff of "dynamiters." He can buy the sucker lists from a specialist who makes them up from the names of persons who have bought securities in the past or who have inherited money or received the proceeds from life insurance or who have sent in lists of their investments to some tipster sheet for a free analysis.

He rents a suite of offices on a month-to-month basis and paints one of those confidence-inspiring names on the door, compounded of such words as Universal, Standard, Allied, National, United States or American, and finished off with a corporate cognomen like Investment Company or Securities Corporation.

The outer office is nothing but a front equipped with mahogany furniture, a counter and a cashier's cage. The heart of the business is the boiler-room, which is off to one side behind a sound-proof door. It is crowded with tables and telephones. At each instrument sits a flashy young man in his shirtsleeves or a linen jacket, hard at work on a list of suckers, calling them up one by one. These boys are known as dynamiters and have been chosen for their gift of gab and their complete lack of scruples.

If one of them gets hold of you, he plies you with every kind of cajolery and argument:

"Why, Mr. Doe, you'll never see the market as low as this again as long as you live—This is the same kind of chance you would have had if you got in on the ground floor with Ford or Firestone —— If you stay out now, you ought to have your head examined ——"

And even if you hang up on him, he won't quit. He simply calls you back later in the day and apologizes for the interruption. "I've taken the liberty of putting in an order for you on Metered Gas at 4¼," he says in great excitement, "and it's gone up half a point. You don't have to take it, but we'll hold it for you if we can have your check at once in confirmation."

If you fall for this line—about three out of a hundred do—you may be mulcted in one of several ways. A "bonded" messenger is sent over to you with a confirmation of sale. You sign a duplicate of this and deliver your check to the messenger. If you have ordered from a fly-by-night operator, the check will be cashed and you will never hear from the swindler again.

But if you have been dealing with a bucketeer who intends to keep his shop open for a while, he will inveigle you into playing the market for all you are worth, using methods that closely simulate those of many legitimate houses, with this difference: that the bucketeer keeps your money right in his own pocket and never fills an order by actually buying any stock. He will either close you out on a falling market, or if the particular stock goes up, he will try to get you to switch to something else of little or no value—perhaps a batch of "wallpaper" which he has bought by the pound from a specialist in old certificates. Occasionally he may let you take a profit in cash, but only in the expectation of reloading you afterward. And if anyone forces a show-down, he simply closes up his office, and moves on to another town.

Many of the more sensational investment swindles have been perpetrated through the use of the mails. It is a favorite method of evading the State Blue Sky

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laws, which are local statutes and apply only to the sale of securities *within* any one State. The United States post-office inspectors can and will act to prevent postal frauds, but there are not enough of them to cope with the deluge of crooked schemes that pours in upon them.

One ingenious mail-order device for nicking the small investor was worked not long ago under the name of the Universal Oil and Gas Company of Oklahoma. Just before Christmas, a year or two ago, this outfit, in the guise of a corporate Santa Claus, sent out several hundred thousand letters decorated with holly wreaths, describing the wonderful developments the company was about to undertake. A check for $20 was enclosed payable to the addressee. All he had to do to cash it was to send in $30 for the purchase of pre-organization shares in a syndicate. This company occupied two floors of a large building, but its sole assets consisted of printing and multigraphing equipment and the brains of the promoters, who took in about $1,000,000 before they were stopped.

V

Almost anything can be sold successfully through the mails if the claims behind it are sufficiently lurid and extravagant. In spite of the over-production of oil and the state of the market, several operators in Texas with a talent for spectacular and dramatic writing have been sending out tons of multigraphed "personal" letters to people who at some time or other invested a few dollars in oil. They picture the rush and scramble of the oil fields, the raising of derricks, the chugs and snorts of engines and the great climax when the drill breaks through and the oil shoots up out of the ground. There is a touch of real poetry in some of their copy:

> The roar of these wells is bound to resound through the ages. The roar of these wells must be heard many generations—by the children of your children and their children's children. Generations will benefit from the profit that will be piled up and pyramided from these huge gushers.

A man with a gift like that should write an epic. But he has his feet on the ground and overlooks no chance of selling you an interest in his tremendous enterprises. There's absolutely no risk:

> Don't look on this as a speculation, for I have practically removed the speculative feature out of this offer by offering you that 700% return on your investment, backed up by two wells!!
>
> And yet the tremendous potential speculative profits remain there intact for that 1,000 acres of leases could easily make you from 1,000 to 5,000%.

We may agree that there is no "speculative feature" involved. Anything you send in is in the nature of a voluntary donation to the promoter. One of his competitors assures you that he doesn't guarantee the investor a 4,000% profit. All he guarantees is a profit of $960 for each $10 bill you contribute. With opportunities like this we should soon pull out of the doldrums. And we are not restricted to oil. The word comes from Nevada that we are on the verge of a new gold rush. Eldorado is within the reach of anyone who can raise a few dollars:

> The tide has turned—the depression is receding—the Gold Boom is advancing! Follow the shrewd investors. The wise ones are turning to Gold. The swing of the financial Pendulum is undoubtedly toward Gold. . . .
>
> You do not have to pay 10 cents each for YOUR interests. YOU now pay only One-half that Price. The other One-half is to be paid from Half the Dividends as earned and paid by our properties. Further-

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> more—YOU pay only 20% or One-fifth of the remainder. This means that YOU now pay only One Cent each for YOUR interests. That's what YOUR interests cost YOU now—ONE CENT EACH! You get 10% off for cash too ——

The exploitation of the financially feeble-minded will go on to some extent in spite of statutes and governmental agencies, for no legal device—short of the appointment of a conservator—can prevent a fool from parting with his money.

But even so, the Blue Sky laws have materially reduced the volume of the more flagrant investment frauds. The free-booting bucketeer no longer plunders his victims with the same ease and sang-froid as in the grand old days of the E. S. Dean wheat pool and the Franklin Syndicate. He has been forced to become more circumspect, to get himself a broker's license, if possible, or to operate under the name of a duly licensed dummy, and in general to take on a more respectable front.

VI

The pressure of the Blue Sky laws has resulted, in fact, in the invasion by bucketeers of the field of supposedly conservative securities. They have been quick to discover that the framers of the security laws, in their zeal to protect investors against the machinations of wild-cat promoters, left the gate ajar for certain types of frauds masquerading as non-speculative.

The statutes in many States, for instance, do not require the qualification or licensing of bonds or notes secured by mortgages on real estate. They specify merely that such obligations may be offered for sale to the public if their aggregate face value does not exceed 65% or 70% of the "fair market value" of the property mortgaged. The burden is on the investor, if he loses money and thinks he has been defrauded, of proving that such paper was sold upon a fraudulently inflated valuation. In most cases this is practically impossible because of the expense involved and the difficulty of obtaining evidence.

It should be noted also that in almost all of the States the security commissioners have no jurisdiction over corporate shares that have been listed on certain recognized stock exchanges. While the standards of many exchanges are fairly high, there is no adequate social reason why the State, if it assumes any responsibility at all, should delegate part of it to private agencies. This is especially true where such agencies are in another State and their officers are therefore not amenable to the penal laws of the State where the securities are sold.

It should be pointed out, however, that a few States really have endeavored to protect the conservative investor as well as his gambling brother by requiring the promoters of all securities, except a very limited exempted class, to make a detailed and complete disclosure of all facts pertinent to the value of such issues before offering them for sale. The information so submitted becomes a matter of record accessible to the public at any time, and if material misrepresentations have been made, the perpetrator is given short shrift.

This is about as far as State legislation can go. The opponents of governmental paternalism will say it is much too far, that our Blue Sky laws are an unwarranted interference with economic processes anyway. They may be right. Perhaps we ought to repeal all our security laws and let every man be his own Blue Sky commissioner. But the innumerable lambs who have been fleeced during the past few years are setting up such a bitter bleating that they will have to be mollified in some way. Like it

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or not, we are in for a programme of more legislation rather than less—a programme directed to the closer supervision of every branch of the investment business.

In the Spring of 1931, in fact, the Illinois State Legislature amended its Blue Sky law by adding provisions regulating the sale of "investment contracts" and investment trust shares and by tightening up the requirements with reference to real estate mortgage bonds. Other States will, no doubt, follow suit. The movement will probably gather momentum for the adoption of uniform Blue Sky laws throughout the United States, with stringent provisions against the sale of any investment unless the material facts upon which it is based have been fully disclosed and made a matter of public record. There may also be a revival of the efforts to reduce fraud in interstate transactions by enacting a Federal Blue Sky law, such as Representative Edward E. Denison of Illinois has long advocated.

Many organizations like the Investment Bankers Association of America, the Investors Protective Bureau in Chicago, and the Better Business bureaus in New York and elsewhere, have for years emphasized the importance of educating the investor. Their advice is neatly summed up in the admonition to "investigate before you invest."

The idea is sound enough, but the slogan will remain a pious mockery as long as "reputable" investment houses continue to hide (in States that permit it, and most of them do) behind the saving clause printed in small type at the bottom of their circulars:

> While we believe the foregoing information to be accurate, we cannot guarantee it.

It might even be the salvation of our sales-minded friends in the investment business if they should be forced by law to furnish adequate guaranteed data to every one who has the desire and intelligence to investigate before he invests. And for those who do not wish to be bothered with tiresome facts but insist upon chasing golden bubbles, the State could still offer the melancholy consolation that by singing the Blue Sky Blues and threatening prosecution, they may get part of their money back.

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TWO POEMS

BY LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

I

Youth Running Along a Beach

I opened my eyes and saw a tall youth coming towards me,
  Running along the scalloped edge of the tide,
Skirting with certain foot the purple ropes of the seaweed;
  But he was running somewhere, unconscious of anything beside.

I watched him disappear into the further crescent—
  Everything about him was violent and invulnerable;
And closed my eyes, remembering without bitterness
  How in the end it would avail him nothing at all.

II

The Old Men

The old men, faintly incredulous of themselves,
  Watch the young boys at their play and the girls at their laughter.
Something has gone wrong, they are not quite certain what;
  They are confused with thoughts of day and the night following after.

But more bewildered still when in the darkness
  Slim bodies pass them by, hand in hand folded tightly.
They ask if it can be true they were once like these;
  They wonder if it can be that they remember rightly.

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MOUQUIN'S

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

THE Legend of the Free City of New York quickens in the arteries of the national imagination. Wherever three New Yorkers meet beyond the boundaries of the greater town tales are exchanged and round boasts are uttered and Rabelaisian laughter is heard and deeds of alcoholic derring-do are thundered of pre-1920 New York. For it was in that year, *mes enfants* of the present gin-sodden, stomach-boil generation, that the happy Atlantis of our memories disappeared in a tidal-wave of Methodist waterbrash, and the New York of brutal senility, poisoned beers and whiskeys, female bar-flies, cesspools called speakeasies, and Blossomy Youth with a Kansas sour-breath rose in its place.

Great booze legends of the Big Town are in the building. They may some day rival the Thousand and One Nights, the Niebelungenlied, or the Song of Roland. I hear, in my prophetic ear, children who still repose in the womb of the Noble Experiment, children who will be born when America is a Gunman's Sparta, children who will be alive in the reign of Vachel Lindsay's Cocaine Buddha and Slick-Slack Kopenskys—I hear them whimpering at the knee of some ham-sagging centenarian uncle, "Tell me a tale, uncle, of the days of Mouquin's, Lüchow's, Jack's, Joel's; of Terrace Garden; of the good Prince Burgundy, of the Fairy Princess Absinthe, of the big fat Gambrinus, of the funny clown Gin Rickey, of the playmate of all the world, Little Sauterne; of the mighty deeds done nightly in the great Castles of Laughter in Broadway and Sixth avenue." And I hear the old gaffer, one of the few survivors of the Booze Bull Run of 1920, begin once again his bedtime story of the magical wine-sacks and human beer-bungs of pre-pussyfoot New York. And I see the dear little ones in that hideous era of communistic Cromwells going into Blanket Bay murmuring, with seraphic looks on their faces, Mouquin! Lüchow! Burgundy! Sauterne! Pilsner!

As for me, the word Mouquin evokes, as it must do in thousands of others, a magic, a charm, a warmth that neither Lüchow, Jack, Joel, Martin, Breevort nor Hofbräu can evoke. I am flooded with the sorcery of bibulous exaltation when I conjure up that building at Twenty-eighth street and Sixth avenue whereinto I entered a three-dimensional buttoned-up being and departed a five-dimensional wide-open bacchant for nearly twenty years. The other places bring me pleasant enough recollections, but the image of Mouquin's causes the detonation in me of thousands of tiny wine-cells; and the men I knew, the songs I sang, the talk I talked and the grins I grinned become transfigured in an ocean of gushing red and white wines to something akin to a hasheesh dream, wherein I can hear myself shouting in mingled rage and ecstasy: *Ave,* Mouquineers!—To arms, Burgundians, Sauternians, Pommardians, Chambertins and Saint Juliens! *Evohé,* Mouquineers—arise from your *châteaux*

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and *caves* for one more revel of iced buckets and carafons while we hang in the middle of the big room upstairs the last Baptist parson with a rope made of the ticker-tape of the last Methodist bishop!

And we'll crown Papa Henri Mouquin in his ninety-fifth year—a veritable Bacchic Methuselah!—Prince of Hosts, and then drench him in Château la Tour Blanche and Chablis Moutonne!

II

The elements of this unique quality of magic which bathed Mouquin's uptown place and set it apart from any other French, German or American restaurant in New York were frivolity, a total absence of all formality, *cameraderie,* the subtle suggestions that came to the nostrils and the eye of wines, wines shimmering and winking at you in every conceivable kind of glass; the wall-mirrors and shiny marble-topped tables in the famous café downstairs, and, above all, the feeling that soaked into you on entering that here was a place where business was never discussed. One entered Mouquin's to shed all forms of seriousness. Here was the real Abbey Thélème of New York: *Do as thou wilt!*

Mouquin's was essentially and profoundly French—hence a wine house, although excellent German beers could be had there. It was the Left Bank in New York. No matter at what time you entered the door blasts of gayety came to you from the tables. The quality of intoxication varies. There are exquisite degrees and kinds of it. I believe in the Spirit of Place; therefore I believe that one place will produce a form entirely different from another place. The faces of the beer fanatics in Lüchow's were blithe but yet somehow serious; in the Hofbräuhaus you heard the bituminous Kulmbacher guffaw; in Joel's the plastered looked sinister and perverse; in Jack's their faces were either split with a furious, insane laughter or drawn up like a pill—ready to give up the ghost. But in Mouquin's the quality of intoxication was always vinous—which is to say, radiant. Every face sang. There one always found that lightness, that mobility, that *gaieté de coêur,* that dancing, Dionysian will-to-folly that can only be discovered among the Latins, and which those two super-Latin non-Latins—Erasmus and Nietzsche—declared to be the profoundest of wisdoms.

Even during the war, with many of the waiters' sons at the front, with many of the waiters themselves at the front—Mouquin's had seventy-six volunteers from the uptown, downtown and wholesale places in four years, many of whom never returned—the gayety went on unabated, the wines flowed as they had never flowed before, and "Sambre et Meuse" and "Lorraine" rang out every night over thousands of bottles that also had contained the blood of France Wine!

No two things are farther apart in the world ethnologically (except it be an Esquimo and a Hottentot) than Americanism and Latinity. The Yankee is nearer the Jew than he is to the Mediterranean man. He has affinities with every race in Europe except the Latin. To him France, Italy and Spain, with their old cultures, their noble art, their spacious concepts of life, their heroic drinking habits, are Original Sin. Our "friendship" with France is the most ridiculous piece of hypocrisy I know of. I have never met a blown-in-the-bone American who was in France during the war (or since) who doesn't secretly, or overtly, hate France and all Frenchmen. The cause? The American hates everything that is not bootleg—everything that is open, loose, amoral. He hates genius, the imagination, beauty, mirth. Why again?

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Because it is the opposite of Work, the Moloch-god of the Nordic countries.

This was one of the reasons why Mouquin's spelled magic to me. It was a retreat from America. It was going back home. It was getting away from my accidental self to my real self. It was release. I frequented Mouquin's for the same reason that New York is the only city in this country I would live in—because it is non-American. And this is what drew thousands of Americans to this great French house: the desire to taste, even artificially, the Latin spirit. But the hundred per centers who went there, even many of the soil artists and writers, never seemed to fit into the place. They plainly didn't belong. They managed to feel at home in any other restaurant in New York, even the Brevoort, the Lafayette or Lüchow's; but in Mouquin's they plainly had the air of slumming, just as the Kansas Crô-Magnon has when he tours France.

What added to this perpetual magic of place in the eye of all real Mouquineers (and must have been an added stench in the nostrils of all wind-machine patriots) was that the place was the greatest rendezvous for artists, writers, newspaper men and—whew!—poets that America has ever had. Henri Mouquin, his son and his partners catered to the men who painted, wrote or mauled granite *à la* Jo Davidson (whose coal-black beard, hair and eyes used to stick out from the marble and the mirrors like a *tête de nègre* in a monstrous charlotte russe, the while his voice boomed the canons of his art and his gullet lowered the drawbridge ever and anon for the passage of another bottle of Clos Vougeot or Volnay Santenot).

I acquired there, from my first visits in 1906, a kind of second innocence of brain and body. When I went to Jack's I went to get soused; when I went to Joel's I went to purloin a girl from the *corps de ballet;* when I went to the Brevoort I went to meet the nuts; when I went to Lüchow's I went to mush in beer and the nimble pig's foot; when I went to the Café Francis I went to sober up—but when I went to Mouquin's I went for mental and physical levitation; to play battledore and shuttlecock with Art, Literature, Philosophy, the Cosmos and all points south and west; to shut out utilitarian America as one slams a door in the face of the President, and to watch my face in the mirror expand from a sucker of a proofreader to a monstrous wine-bubble.

For Mouquin's had the atmosphere of vinous exaltation and intoxication even if you drank only Vichy Céléstins or Saint-Galmier. It was a secret of the very rafters and beams of the place, which is not the exaggeration of a divinizer of Bacchus but a literal fact, which I shall show as we go on with this Tale of Tokay.

III

Henri Mouquin—now living on his farm (on a tract once held by the Washington family) at Williamsburg, Va., in his ninety-fifth year—was born at Aubonne, Switzerland, in 1837. Six generations of hotel proprietors were in back of him, so Henri was born of the grape, for the grape and by the grape. This salty and witty old man once said to me: "The celebrated *caves de Mouquin* are really the blood-cells of my ancestors. I am an old bottle out of those cellars!" He still brags that as a boy he used to pour the wine for one of the guests at his father's hotel—Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III. When Henri went to Paris with his parents shortly after the *coup d'état* he took up Louis's challenge to come to see him, and he was received by both the Emperor and Eugénie.

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Asked what he was going to do, Henri said he thought of going to America.

"That's a fine idea, young man," said the Emperor. "I've been there, and those people are rapidly becoming whiskey sots. Teach them to drink wine—it will civilize them."

It was, indeed, Henri Mouquin who was first to popularize wine in America and put it within the reach of everybody's pocket. Before his time it was something for rich men only—something to be drunk at weddings, balls and inaugural orgies. He performed the same service for America in the matter of wines that August Lüchow performed in the matter of sound German beers. But he did it much earlier, for he came to New York in 1854 and established himself in a cellar in Fulton street in the very year that Lüchow was born, 1857.

1859 is generally held to be the most important year in that decade, for in it Darwin published "The Origin of Species." I will always insist, however, that 1857 was the greater year, for it was then that the Gallic Bacchus and the Teutonic Gambrinus conspired to take us off the old American whiskey diet. If H.M.S. *Beagle* had sunk with Darwin on board it wouldn't have made a particle of difference; but if the boats which carried Henri Mouquin and August Lüchow had sunk, the quantity and quality of joy in New York would have been appreciably changed for the worse in millions of gullets, stomachs and brains.

The importance of our theoretical origins is as nothing compared to the unbelievable *fact* that for years in Mouquin's I drank Beaune, '89, at $1 a quart, Chambertin, '89, at $1.75, Deidesheimer at fifty cents, Château Yquem, '94, at $1, Margaux, '90, at seventy-five cents, Château la Tour Blanche, '90, at $1.15, and Chablis Mousseux (which was my favorite) at $1.80. As I write this I have before me an old wine and food list. Here are names of drinks and dishes at prices that compel you to believe that once upon a time in New York City God *was* in his Heaven and all was right with My Country 'Tis of Volstead. O ye post-war grown-ups, ye suckers and fungi on the rotting bottom of the old hulk of our liberties, listen to these yarns from that little-while-ago:

Chicken fricassée with rice *à la* Henry IV, forty cents (with a pint of Listrac Médoc, '93, twenty cents extra); broiled English quail with peas *au beurre*, fifty cents (wash it down with a pint of Médoc Supérieur, '93, sixty cents extra). Top off things like these with a cognac, '54, for fifteen cents!

My memory weeps. My parched pylorus weeps. From gizzard to *caput* I'm all Niobe. This Mouquin menu is more precious to me than the signature of Greta Garbo or a newly deciphered Babylonian brick. There are 175 wines on that list, and on each one the eye of my memory rebuilds a Pleasure House that makes the seraglio of Kubla Khan in Xanadu look like a cowhouse in Indiana. The printed letters rise out of their inorganic life and shape themselves into full bottles before me. The corks pop in rhythmic thundertones and I am again at my table in Mouquin's amid the lightning of Chambertin-loosed brains and the tintinnabulation of tongues that Chambolle-Musigny has whipped to *mots* and epigrams minted in the belly of the grape. And nowhere on this wine-list do I see Gordon Gin, the *eau bénite* of our godly Republic.

Mouquin's hadn't been long in Fulton street when his place became a newspaper and political centre. He not only popularized wine but was the first New Yorker to bring down certain famous French delica-

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cies from heaven to earth. Downtown New York during the Civil War began to talk of *bouillabaise*, truffles, *escargots,* French mushrooms, *ceves,* artichokes and mushrooms *sous cloche* and to swallow cheeses that were before the advent of Mouquin only names: Camembert, Gorgonzola, Port du Salut and Pont l'Évêque. And along with these marched the tall Mazagran, hot black coffee in a long glass that one sipped with a spoon. Throw a pony of cognac, '54, into this tumbler and you began to float like a spirit over all your numbed metabolistic machinery. Take three and you were in hypostatic conjunction with what old man Plotinus called the Transcendental Luminosity.

It was here, in the Fulton street place, that Madame Mouquin seventy years ago, then being two years married to Henri, made from her own recipe that onion soup which did so much to make Mouquin's famous. It was the greatest pick-me-up after a night-of-it that my stomach has ever known. It saved hundreds of newspaper men, artists, and even judges of the Supreme Court from an early enforced sobriety. This thick redemptive mixture of onions, bread—and what else, Mother Mouquin?—not only put you back instantly on your feet but also caused a delightful yelp of the belly-juices for a carafon of *vin blanc.* And that famous sauce Madère! If you do not know what it was, made by Mother Mouquin, then your palate has missed an almighty kick.

There was a little bar on the Ann street side (the place went through the block). At this bar—and at the tables—there were present at various times Charles A. Dana, James Gordon Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal McCloskey, Whitelaw Reid, Amos J. Cummings, Horace Greeley, John Hay, Chester A. Arthur, General Grant, Larry Godkin, Walt Whitman—almost everybody who was anybody in that era save Neal Dow and Frances Willard. Mouquin himself often sat with Dana at lunch and split a bottle with him. The noisiest person in the place was young Jimmy Bennett of the *Herald*, who, always deckle-edged from the night before, insisted on running in and out of the kitchen to see how Mother Mouquin was getting along with his order.

The waiters were all taken from France and Switzerland when they were boys and grew up with the place. A waiter seldom left Mouquin's. They were all known as Émile, Max or Pierre. Sometimes an Étienne showed up, but he soon became Émile, Max or Pierre. On the street window and on every bit of china and glassware in the house was printed *In Vino Veritas.* So closely did Mouquin adhere to this motto that the famous establishment shut its doors forever twenty-four hours after the Eighteenth Amendment became a law —the fine gesture of an eighty-three-year-old public benefactor in front of the Borgias of Morality.

"Eating in public without drinking wine or beer is piggery," said Mouquin as he slammed his door in the face of your Uncle Sam.

IV

Fulton street thus surrendered without a shot, but the Sixth avenue place fought on to Waterloo. It was padlocked in April, 1925. It was this uptown place that I knew best. It was, under Louis Mouquin, Henri's son; Ulysse T. Delisle, Peter Chaffard and Joseph Herry, *tout* New York—that is, the only part of New York that counts, the New York of art, letters and music.

The building at Twenty-eighth street and Sixth avenue was literally saturated

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with wine and ale. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant in that section of the city it had never been anything else but a tavern. It had been built by Isaac Varian on the old Varian farm a hundred and fifty years ago between two cowpaths, one of which is now Broadway and the other Sixth avenue. Its tavern history goes back authentically to 1810, when it was the first stop for drinks for the stage that left Bowling Green. Some of the original timbers of the old Varian mansion are still supporting the back of the building. It became known afterward as the Knickerbocker Cottage, and was run by a Captain Fuller, founder of the Thirteen Club, the traditional feasts of which survived down to Mouquin's tenancy, when annually Louis gave a party for thirteen on the top floor. It was the first home of the New York Athletic Club. After that it was Jacquin's restaurant, a French place modelled on Mouquin's downtown restaurant.

Henri Mouquin himself took it over in 1898. There was the regulation mirror-and-marble Parisian café downstairs and large dining-rooms upstairs. There was music once a week, on Friday evening from 6 to 8:15, in honor of *bouillabaise*, which was always to be had on Friday in the Mouquin restaurants. This gorgeous fish chowder, first concocted in the south of France and made famous in Anglo-Saxon countries by Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaise," brought them a-runnin' to Mouquin's from Staten Island to Yonkers. It was (can it be had anywhere since Mouquin's closed?) a dish that fired every cell in me to vinous derring-do. A fine Burgundy or Rhône would do the job honorably and well.

The place was essentially and absolutely New York. The same persons went there year in and year out. It was off the line of transient travel and millions of New Yorkers never heard of it (thank heaven!) and it was unknown in the sticks. People were taken there; no one ever found it. I lived in New York for four years before I ever heard of it (although I worked and lived less than a mile from it) and it was seven years before I ever entered, which was in 1906. Once having found it—I was towed there by Lou Glackens—I had literally to be pried loose at closing time. And always those eternal Émiles, Maxes and Pierres!

It was there I met Jack London. (It was there I met almost everybody I've known since.) Jack was dining with Richard Le Gallienne and Michael Monahan. Mike ambled over to my table, where I was sitting with Henry Charles Lee (Harry Lee), a painter of immaculate Barbizon buckeyes. Mike had a habit of sitting on your table when he came to talk with you, sometimes sitting in your pie and carrying it away with him on his rear. He said that Jack and I should get together. We did. It was too much for Le Gallienne, but Mike, Jack, Harry and I died facing the enemy that morning.

This Harry Lee, who looked so much like Maeterlinck that in Paris he was often taken for him, was the greatest and most continuous laugher that I ever met. He spent his nights and days chortling, gurgling, guffawing, yowling. At one in the morning he was shaking like a huge tapioca pudding. Tell him he painted buckeyes and he'd yelp with glee. A man of means, he never cared where he slept. He never had a plan or an appointment that I knew of. He was the most totally unleashed, unfettered, unmoored bohemian I ever met. Life was a colossal joke to him. He was in Paris during the war and he spent huge sums on what he called canteen comforts for the girls who followed the allied armies. He is dead. Peace, Harry!—you were a great Mouquineer!

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It was in Mouquin's that the famous revolution was plotted—in 1908, I believe—against the National Academy of Design by Lawson, Sloane, Glackens, Arthur B. Davies, Henri, Shinn and two others whose names escape me. These were the Eight. They all became famous. The night they issued their defiance to the academic nunkey-donkeys Sloane rode on the back of Shinn on the marble floor while the century-old rum-soaked rafters quivered and quavered with our war-shouts (I was not a painter, but I'm for all rebellions). In the cellar of Louis II, there are marble slabs on which Glackens, Lawson, Sloane, Henri, Homer Davenport, Tom Powers, Arthur B. Davies, Leon Dabo and Winslow Homer have drawn faces, bottles, dogs, cats and Rabelais-knows-what! Blow the man down! Sink the ship with all on board!—such were the slogans of those days, with the wine-bottles lying all around, all around, with the wine-bottles lying on the ground, on the ground!

Stories of the glorious place crowd upon me so thick I can't remember them. Here's one:

Mook's was almost empty. It was Monday. Must have been a hard week-end for the boys of the pencil and brush. I squat, order a sandwich and a carafe of *vin blanc*. I must talk. I had several epigrams to unburden on some one, beside some brilliant ideas about anything else that might tickle my well-oiled tongue. I looked around for a human cuspidor for my bursting brain and I noticed a man sitting at the table to my left who was lapping up some red-eye. I aimed at him and unloaded. He was receptive, but not very loquacious—in fact, politely morose, I thought. I emptied all that was in me, swinging the battle-ax at many a famous head in literature, art and politics. I got around to the short story—Poe, De Maupassant, Chekhov, God knows who. Finally, I got to O. Henry. Lightly entertaining, splendid New Yorkese, but without depth, background or universality, I stormed. Then there were those tricked endings. That Columbia professor who called him the American De Maupassant was a ninny. It was the difference between tragedy and clever vaudeville.

I had exhausted myself. My acquaintance had poured down several more whiskeys and I had secreted four more carafes. It was one o'clock.

"Well, I think I'll hit the hay—you've had a bully talk," said my acquaintance, shaking my hands. He left. Delisle, the manager, came to my table and said:

"That's the first time I've seen O. Henry here in several months."

One night, in a highly creative—so to speak—mood, he sketched out on a tablecloth the plot of his celebrated short story, "Four Millions." He then, after another bottle, presented the tablecloth to young Louis II. Louis was later offered $1000 for it, but he refused. He recently went to look for it to show it to Bob Davis, but it had taken wings.

"And not moth-wings, either," said he, telling me the story.

V

The great beauty of Mouquin's, and of all such places, was the apotheosis of the nonsensical, the trivial, the inconsequential. Your real Mouquineer was acolyte to Baron Munchausen, Tartarian, Jerome Coignard and Colas Breugnon. At the south side of the café was a table which for years was consecrated to a group of writers and artists, of men of the long-bow and topsy-turvy anecdotes, of heady, scabrous wit mixed with the blood of the Musæ. The founders of this table were Fighting John Flanagan, sculptor; Paul Bartlett,

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sculptor; Ernest Lawson, painter; Frederick James Gregg, editor of the old *Evening Sun*, a man who fought all over the editorial pages for the red-coats in the arts; Jo Davidson, sculptor; Homer Davenport, cartoonist, and Robert Henri, painter. The table was occupied by these men and other members of this informal club at lunchtime and every evening from six o'clock on. If sometimes cloak-and-suiters or a crowd of leather goods salesmen preëmpted the seats they were ordered cleaned by Paul Bartlett. Those were the mirific days of *à bas the boojewah!* What a telescoping of sublimities and humbug! What an intellectual *pétarade*!

One night we were all sitting at this table discussing which one of us would outlast the other in the mouth of the old strumpet, Fame.

"There's one at the table next to us that'll outlast all of us," said Jim Huneker.

We all turned to an empty table and saw, crossing its surface, a giant cockroach.

Another evening I dropped in rather late and saw Huneker glued against the mirror with the immense hairy artist (whose name I'm forbidden to mention) from Jersey City whom we called Abracadabra Junior because of his brilliant but incomprehensible juxtaposition of words and ideas. Abra Junior was pouring his sesquipedalian sauce into Jim's ear in an attempt to demonstrate that "The Merry Widow" had better music in it than "Tristan und Isolde." I sat with them and ordered a whiskey. "But this is Yom Kippur, Ben, and whiskey isn't kosher anyhow!" boomed Jim, the while Abra Junior kept threading his unmarried words through the needle of Jim's ear-drums. Jim was a great stickler for Jewish holidays. He was right. Yom Kippur had begun at sundown. "Well, I'll be kosher for your sake, Jim," I said. So I ordered a port wine while Abra Junior continued—"and the potential blast that that music conceals would, if let loose, blow the whole of Erin to all the shores of Mercator's Projection, and still there would remain a soft holocaust to breathe a quiet curse to the god behind the eye of Leonardo da Vinci."

There was a singing quartette in Mouquin's in the old days before Prohibition whose great stunt was the sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor." We all used to join in—even the strange lone drinker who was known as Tête-de-Veaux and the mysterious absinthe drinker, always in black, who was known as Croque-Mort. Again the old shack would quiver under the fusillade of a hundred alcohol-dilated lungs and throats dripping with Sauterne and Chablis.

And every Mouquineer will remember the rat that used to come out from his hole under the seats on the north wall precisely at 1:40 A. M. and skip down the room into another hole. It was noticed that two o'clock closing time was approaching. We timed this rat dozens of times. It never missed by a minute. According to Arthur Leonard Ross, a celebrated Mouquineer, it proved that time was absolute and put Einstein and his theory on the shelf. Discussion is invited.

In the early days of Prohibition Mouquin's uptown place went on as if nothing had happened. Henri retired to his Virginia farm to meditate on human stupidity and to look after his chickens. Louis, Mouquin, Delisle, Chaffard and the Only Joe Herry—captain and manager and twelve-bottle man who, when things got dull in the café, would recite yards of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset in French —tended to our wants.

During the Democratic National Convention of 1924 in Madison Square Garden the house was so wide open that it looked

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like a French Wine-Growers' Convention. Buckets! Buckets! Buckets! Dry snoots from the South, dry McAdoodles from California and Texas slushed and sloshed and died in the place, soaked, drunk, plastered. We worked on them night after night for Al Smith. We sang "The Sidewalks of New York" into their sodden, hypocritical brains. We even drew recruits from German Hoboken through the Hudson tubes to swing the dry swine for Smith.

But all carnivals must end, my children. So the house of revels, this abode of fantasy and joy, was snapped shut in 1925 by agents of your Father who art in Washington. But history was not done with Mouquin's. In padlocking the restaurant Mr. Emory Buckner left seven cats in the place. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals protested to the government. Finally, Mr. Buckner sent up some agents to break in and rescue the cats. When they were about to smash, the cats were discovered in a coffee-house next door. Such, ladies and gentlemen of posterity, are the important matters that occupy the time of what has been called in some editorials the greatest country on the face of the globe.

The Mouquins, father, son and grandson, have faces that are abloom with the joy of living. They are of the earth and have the wisdom and laughter of it. Henri, at ninety-four, is a retired Cincinnatus of the Vine; Louis travels in Europe, dining and wining on the best, and Louis II conducts the wholesale French delicatessen house in West Broadway. All Mouquineers are welcome wherever you see a Mouquin.

England had its Grand Old Man, Gladstone; France had its Grand Old Man, Clemenceau; Germany has her Grand Old Man, Hindenburg. So I nominate for the Grand Old Man of America, not Thomas A. Edison or John D. Rockefeller or John R. Voorhis, but Henri Mouquin, of Williamsburg, Va., the man who first put wine within the pocket-reach of even the children of America (who should be brought up by law on a half-pint of *vin rouge* or *vin blanc* a day). It was Henri Mouquin who for sixty-eight years put that in our mouths which destroys seriousness, the disease and curse of all Americans.

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THE MUSIC ROOM

"CHOPSTICKS": A MUSICOLOGICAL MYSTERY

By Alfred V. Frankenstein

Two-and-a-quarter centuries ago Bartolommeo di Francesco Cristofori, harpsichord maker to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, had an idea. Cristofori's idea was innocent enough, and he could not foresee that it would change the aspect of the world. He made a *gravicembalo con piano e forte* for his patron, an instrument of strings, hammers and a keyboard, the distinctive feature of which was that any single key could produce both loud and soft tones. He could not look ahead to a day when his instrument, its long name reduced to the single word *piano,* would stand, an ill-tuned article of neglected furniture, in the drawing-rooms of the *bourgeoisie.*

Now, the instrument that Cristofori brought into the world is in its way a noble creation. It is not the fault of the piano that everyone, musical or unmusical, has at one time or another toyed with its white ivory keys. Nor is it its fault that before there was machinery for the recording and broadcasting of cheap music young ladies learned how to manipulate the keyboard well enough to "render selections." Since there was then no broadcasting or recording, thousands of composers throughout the Nineteenth Century ground out literally millions of pieces of bad music that was sufficiently easy for casual amateurs to play. The phonograph and the radio have completely killed this branch of the music industry, but the library shelves clog with a vast waste of these dead ephemerae.

Full classification of them awaits the attention of the scholarly necrophiles, but in a quick glance one may distinguish three varieties. First of all comes the heavy artillery, including the "battle pieces" like the legendary "Battle of Prague"; for this class of compositions many pianos were equipped with a fantastic accessory known as the "janissary pedal" by means of which a drum and cymbal hidden in the bowels of the box could be made to sound. Under the heading of heavy artillery one may also place the operatic fantasias, with their many cadenzas. Then there are the waltzes, the "dreams" of this and that, and the suave idyls. Together these make up our second variety. Last of all there are pieces that should really be classified as parlor tricks and not as musical compositions, for they are intended for people who cannot play the piano at all, and they consist of little scrubby tunes to be played with one or two fingers. "Chopsticks" is indisputably at the head of this third class, and "Chopsticks" was not even intended to be played with the fingers but with the side of the hand.

"Chopsticks," indeed, alone survives its period. "The Battle of Buena Vista," "Monastery Bells," "The Awakening of the Lion," "Star of the Sea," and "The Last Waltzes of a Maniac" have gone to dust with the swarming millions of their kind, but "Chopsticks" is probably quite as well known today as it ever was in the era when one-finger waltzes formed part

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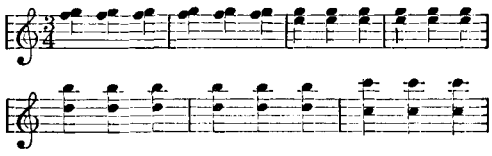
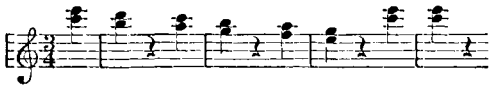
of every music dealer's stock in trade. "Chopsticks" has become part of the American folk tradition; very few who play it today have ever seen the music, and many do not even know that it has ever been published.

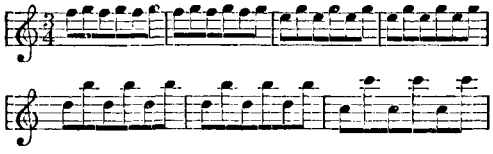
But "Chopsticks" *has* been published, and copiously. Musically, all the editions agree. The piece consists of two sixteen-measure periods, the first one of which opens as follows:



The opening bars of the second period are:



Then the entire waltz is repeated in a varied form. The first section goes like this:



while the second is ornamented with a one-finger *glissando*. In most of the printed copies the piece is given both as a four-hand duet and as a solo. In either case the accompaniment consists of nothing but an oom-pah-pah bass on the tonic and dominant chords.

When we compare the editions on other grounds than their musical contents we run into the first of the many mysteries connected with this immortal composition. While the music is the same in all editions the title varies. In early editions it is called "The Celebrated Chop Waltz;" in later printed versions it bears the title "The Celebrated Chopsticks Waltz," or simply "Chopsticks." One edition, that published by Richard Saalfield of New York in 1879, gives both names, the second on the title cover and the first inside over the music. Saalfield was a publisher of the kind that issued "reprints" of foreign hits in the days before the international copyright. His edition of our piece was printed from an engraved copperplate, so that the title above the music could not easily be altered. But the fact that he gave the name "Chopsticks" on the cover indicates that the composition was known by the latter title, in America at least, two years after its first publication, in Glasgow in 1877. In Saalfield's and other editions the title "Chop Waltz" is elucidated in the following footnote to the primo part of the duet version:

> This part must be played with both hands turned sideways, the little fingers the lowest, so that the movements of the hands imitate the chopping from which the waltz gets its name.

Musicians of the tribe of Allan have flourished in Glasgow since the Eighteenth Century. Three generations ago one of the family went into the allied trade of the dancing-master. But Dancing-Master Allan had pronounced musical tastes, for he named his three sons Handel, Haydn and Mozart. He also had a daughter to whom he gave the melliflu-ous name of Euphemia Amelia. In 1877 or thereabouts Mozart Allan went into the music publishing business and among his first efforts was the publication of the first printed version of the composition we are here concerned with. It appeared in the year mentioned and bore on its title cover the following:

> The Celebrated Chop Waltz Arranged as a Duet and Solo for the Pianoforte by Arthur de Lulli.

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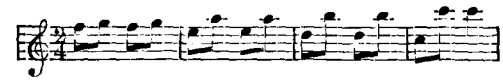
Arthur de Lulli was the pseudonym of Mozart Allan's sister, Euphemia, who in 1877 was sixteen years old. While the name appears on later Mozart Allan editions and on the editions of other publishers as composer, it is apparent from the above title page and from other and more cogent evidence to be adduced in a moment that Arthur de Lulli was merely the arranger and not the original author of the music.

After a long and laborious investigation, I must confess that I do not know what music Euphemia Allan arranged. No composition bearing the title of "Chop Waltz" or "Chopsticks Waltz" was published before the Allan edition, if every English and German and French handbook of musical literature in the Library of Congress, the copyright files of that library, and the files of the British Museum are to be believed. The Allans no doubt know what Arthur de Lulli's original was, but the Allans simply refuse to tell.

Mr. Mozart Allan, Jr. was kind enough to send me two copies of the piece as published by him, but he declined to give me any relevant information. Miss Euphemia Allan, who is still living in Glasgow, has failed to answer my repeated requests for light on the subject. For the information concerning the identity of Arthur de Lulli I am indebted to Dr. Henry George Farmer, the well-known musicologist of Glasgow.

In 1877, the very year in which the Allans published "The Chop Waltz," one of the adopted daughters of Alexander Borodin, the Russian composer, expressed her desire to play a duet with her famous father. Borodin objected that the child could not play the piano. She insisted that she could, and, going to it, banged out the following tune:



This, it will be seen immediately, is nothing but a 2/4 version of our Example 3, from "The Chop Waltz." Borodin calls it "'The Coteletten Polka', which is so popular with the little ones in Russia." *Coteletten* is a German adjectival inflection of the French word *côtelette,* which means a cutlet. And a cutlet, as everyone knows, is a chop!

Borodin was much amused at the idea of playing a duet on this theme. There and then he improvised a polka for the secondo, the primo consisting of Example 4 played over and over again. He wrote the thing down and showed it to his musical friends in St. Petersburg. They were delighted with it, and other musicians set to work to write compositions in which the primo would consist of the "Coteletten Polka" played over and over, while the secondo played off against it with different melodies, in different rhythms, and in different tonalities.

Rimsky-Korsakoff took particular pleasure in the idea and treated it with great scholastic gravity. He used the theme as a fugue subject and as the basis of a minuet and a berceuse and a set of variations. Underneath the repeated primo part he set a fughetta on the notes B A C H and the chorale, "Eine Feste Burg Ist Unser' Gott." (This last was never published.) Borodin added a mazurka, a funeral march, and a requiem. Cui and Liadoff assisted in the project. Mussorgsky came in likewise, but since he changed the "Côtelette" tune to conform to his secondo part his contribution was disqualified by his colleagues.

The whole collection was published in 1879 and immediately came to Liszt's attention. Liszt wrote a letter to the Rus-

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sian composers in which he called their work "an admirable compendium of the science of harmony, of counterpoint, of rhythms, of figuration, of what in German is called *Formenlehre*" and added that he would recommend that the "Paraphrases," as the collection was called, be adopted as a textbook of composition throughout the world.

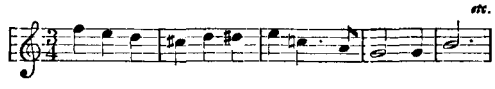
The letter was published in a Russian newspaper, and caused a storm. The opponents of the nationalists claimed that Liszt would never interest himself in such small fry as Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and hence the letter must be a forgery. To prove his good faith Liszt himself composed a trifling paraphrase on the melody which has been published in facsimile in subsequent editions of the collection.

The present (which is the third) edition of the "Paraphrases" is a volume of forty-seven pages containing contributions by all the composers mentioned and by Stcherbatcheff as well. Liszt's opinion of the work, which he expressed repeatedly in various letters, is entirely justified, and the "Paraphrases" should be better known than they are.

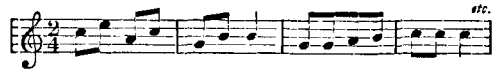
What is the connection between Borodin's "Coteletten Polka" and Euphemia Allan's "Chop Waltz"? That there *is* a connection both the titles and the tunes indicate, but just what this connection may be it is difficult, if not entirely impossible, to determine. So far as I have been able to discover, no piece of music bearing the title of "Coteletten Polka" has ever been published. It is possible that the word *côtelette* may appear in the Russian title through mistranslation of the English *chop*. A somewhat similar mistranslation is preserved in the English version of "Cinderella," the translator of which, mistaking the word *vair* in his French original for *verre,* gave the English cinder girl a glass slipper instead of a fur one.

But it does not seem probable that Borodin's "Coteletten Polka" was derived directly from Euphemia Allan's "Chop Waltz," for it is hard to believe that a piece of music published in Scotland should, in the very year of its appearance, become universally known among Russian children in a variant version. Both Borodin's piece and Miss Allan's seem to go back to an undiscoverable English original about which only the Allans are competent to speak today, and about which the Allans keep their own counsel, as they do about the lesser mystery of the two titles to the composition.

"Chopsticks," as I observed above, has become part of the American folk tradition, and, like all folk music, has undergone variation and metamorphosis in the process of folk circulation. The folk variants are endless, and occasionally an entirely new and different melody is played along with the printed tune. The most common of these variants is:



In some localities and among some people the name "Chopsticks" has slipped off the waltz entirely and is applied to other bits of folk music. Some of my friends have denied hotly that "Chopsticks" is in ¾ time, and when challenged to produce *their* "Chopsticks" have played the following:



I presume there is not a native-born citizen of the United States above the age of three who does not know the above melody. It is a universal song-tune to

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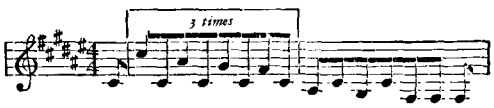
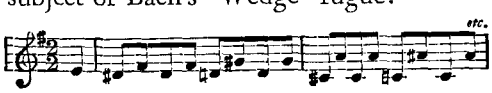
which there are more texts than could be counted in any one lifetime. But so far as my researches go it is known as "Chopsticks" only in the East; at least I have yet to meet anyone born and bred, as I was, in Chicago, who knew it by that title. Another melody to which the name of "Chopsticks" is sometimes given is this little étude on the black keys:



It is only persons past middle age who have given me this tune as "Chopsticks." The younger generation sing it to the words of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," and do not connect it with the subject of this sketch. These things may indicate that "Chopsticks" was originally not the title of a specific piece of music but a generic name for a whole class of compositions played with one finger of either hand. The movement of two forefingers picking at the keys of a piano might easily be likened to the movement of a pair of Chinese eating utensils. If the name ever had this generic significance, by now it has lost it.

Of course if "Chopsticks" were a jazz piece certain critics would find no difficulty in locating its original. There are those who, as soon as they detect a parallel between a piece of jazz and a composition of the standard repertory, immediately assume as proven fact the derivation of the jazz tune from the "classic." A critic of this school, looking at our Example 3, could easily show that the composer of "Chopsticks" was Johann Sebastian Bach, sometime cantor at the Thomasschule in Leipzig. For behold the subject of Bach's "Wedge" fugue:



PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY No. 5 *in C-Minor.*
The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Victor*
$4.50 12-inch record *Camden*

Now that the Victor Company has developed a record that can play for fifteen minutes on each side, discophiles at last will be relieved of the necessity of arising to turn over their discs every three or four minutes. Entire symphonies may now be had on one record. Comic operas that previously required eighteen or twenty sides for recording are now to be had complete on three records. Not only this, but the records are made of a new non-breakable material called victrolac and are much lighter than the discs that they will eventually replace. The long playing records are called programme transcriptions; they revolve 33 1-3 times a minute, as against the 78 revolutions a minute of the old type. The new phonographs are equipped with a lever so that one may play both types on the same machine. The older electrical instruments will need the addition of an expensive gear-shift. Stokowski's men play with their usual skill, and one may confidently predict, from a hearing of this latest invention, a minor revolution in the pleasures of phonographic reproduction. Not the least of its advantages is a reduction of about 50% in the price of the finest symphonic music.

VARIATIONS ON AN ORIGINAL THEME (*"Enigma"*). *The Hallé Orchestra*
By Edward Elgar. *Columbia*
$6. Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*

It has been Elgar's fate, so far as the United States is concerned, to be known for his mellifluous "Salut d'Amour" and his rousing march (one of two) "Pomp and Circumstance." The "Enigma" variations—the name was given to the composition by friends who were puzzled as to the identity of the persons whose traits are described in the variations—were composed in 1899; they are one of Elgar's chief titles to fame. Unaffectedly and unashamedly melodious, they make an immediate appeal by the charm of their melody and the skill with which the obli-

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gatory transformations are affected. Sir Hamilton Harty conducts with authority and enthusiasm, two qualities that were most pleasantly discernible in his recent trip to this country as a guest conductor with various orchestras. The "Enigma" variations were first made known by Hans Richter, who conducted them in London, in June, 1899. In the United States they were not heard until 1902, when Theodore Thomas disclosed them to Chicago.

SELECTED WORKS.
The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By Claude A. Debussy. *Victor*
$6. Album of 4 12-in. records *Camden*

The selections comprise "Nuages"; Danses: I. "Sacrée"; II. "Profane"; and "La Cathedrale Engloutie." The music is played with the customary skill of the Philadelphia band under the inspiration of Stokowski. The director, in addition, is responsible for orchestration of the familiar little tone poem of "The Engulfed Cathedral." Stokowski is a gifted orchestrator, as his versions of some of the Bach fugues have proved; with this piece of Debussy he is less successful than usual.

SYMPHONY No. 3 *in E-flat Major.*
The Philharmonic Society
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Victor*
$10.50 Album of 7 12-in. records *Camden*

Surely there is no lack of "Eroicas" in the phonograph catalogues. The latest, directed with competence, has been prepared under the baton of Willem Mengelberg. One has heard better performances and also worse.

SHEET MUSIC

DOS POEMAS AFRO-CUBANAS.
Voice & Piano
The Elkan-Vogel Company
By Alejandro Garcia Caturla; Text by Alejo Carpentier.
8 francs. 10¼ x 13⅝; 8 pp. *Philadelphia*

The poems are "Mari-Sabel" and "Juego-Santo." Caturla is a young Cuban who is specializing, to judge from his recent scores, in the adaptation to modernist music of the primitive negroid rhythms of his native island. Such of his orchestral pieces as "Bembe" show, amid a certain confusion of instrumentation, a really vital sense of the new possibilities in old rhythms. So, too, these songs are notable first of all for their sharp, original beat. Caturla (as in "Juego Santo") can take the hackneyed musical idea of a drum and pound it into fresh metres. These songs are not at all easy to sing, nor are the accompaniments easy to play; but out of their own originality they should appeal to a like feeling for experimentation in all capable executants.

FIVE SONGS. *Voice & Piano*
Riker, Brown & Wellington
By George Frederick Händel.
50 cents each 9½ x 12½; 3 pp. each *Boston*

This is a rather late date for first editions of Händel's songs, yet such, it appears, are the five that make up this interesting series. They were collected and harmonized, from the original figured basses, for John McCormack by Samuel Endicott, a Boston teacher. The list includes "Love and Friendship," "The Birds No More Shall Sing," "While I Fondly View," "Love's A Dear Deceitful Jewel" and "Guardian Angels." The melodies have the familiar Händelian flow; the harmonies have been made with due regard to the harmonic and contrapuntal processes that are so well-known from Händel's other work. They form a highly pleasing addition to the singer's repertory and do not make too severe demands upon vocalist or player.

THE MUSIC THAT WASHINGTON KNEW. *Voice & Piano*
The Oliver Ditson Company
Edited by William Arms Fisher.
75 cents. 6⅞ x 10¾; 44 pp. *Boston*

This is an engaging method of dramatizing, around a salient figure, the music of an epoch. Beside hints for performance, Mr. Fisher has added a long historical sketch in which he considers the music most directly linked with Washington, other music that the general knew, and the dance music of the day. It makes a very readable account. Fifteen pieces are included in the collection, not counting fifteen additional old-time dances, minuets, gavottes, country-dances, cotillions, horn-

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pipes and reels. Each selection is prefaced by a historical note, and there are even notes on the dances. In short, Mr. Fisher has achieved an admirable bit of editing that may serve as a model of how such things should be done.

CONCERT PIECES. *Pianoforte*
Riker, Brown & Wellington
Edited by George Copeland.
Various prices. 3, 5 and 7 pp. *Boston*

The selections are "España Cañi" (70 cents), anonymous; a corrente from A. Corelli (1653-1713; 60 cents); a sarabanda from the same source (60 cents) and an adagio from G. B. Grazioli (1755-1820; 50 cents). Mr. Copeland's arrangements, as might have been expected of a pianist with his proven abilities and long experience, are highly capable. The music, in general, is simple and melodious, though the rhythms of the Spanish gypsy piece are tricky. The Italian selections are fresh and ingratiating, now with effective contrapuntal stride, again with a graceful, melodic line that evokes a long departed musical era.

BOOKS

JOSEPH HAYDN: *An Introduction.*
By D. G. A. Fox. *Carl Fischer*
75 cents. 4⅛ x 6⅞; 63 pp. *New York*

This is the latest volume in the excellent series edited by Sir Arthur Somervell under the general title of "The Musical Pilgrim." Mr. Fox selects for extended analysis three symphonies, "The Creation," and four of the string quartettes. Haydn, he points out, lived a long and comparatively peaceful life; it was, moreover, a life of contentment, so that here no pent-up emotions quake. Love of nature and the outdoors, sanity of outlook, spiritual serenity, "the poetry of perfect health," characterize the pages of Papa Haydn. He "will never elate, thrill, astonish or cause one to think very deeply . . . But, provided we are correctly 'tuned in,' he can be more consistently refreshing and salutary than any other great composer—and he will very rarely let us down."

TUNE IN, AMERICA!
By Daniel Gregory Mason. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2. 5¼ x 7¾; 206 pp. *New York*

The sub-title is "a study of our coming musical independence." Mr. Mason considers American music, conductors and programmes, audiences, players, the radio, composers, and an æsthetic for America. He is full of common sense; also, however, he suffers from the prejudice that Anglo-Saxon and American are virtually exchangeable terms. Whatever is valid in nationalism he ultimately relates—see his remarks on Elgar—to the unconscious mechanisms of the composer's mind. It would then seem to take care of itself. He does not like jazz; he does not like the influence of the Jew in contemporary musical life; he is alternately stimulating and provoking.

PAMPHLET

INTRODUCTORY STUDY ON VIOLIN VIBRATO.
The Peabody Conservatory of Music
By Louis Cheslock.
$1. 9¾ x 6¾; 79 pp. *Baltimore*

Mr. Cheslock finds that the vibrati of all experienced violinists are substantially identical. The oscillations run from 5.5 to 7 movements a second, and average 6.4. The amplitudes of the vibrato movement vary with the tonal intensity, and "show a high degree of constancy." An amplitude of more than a quarter-tone "has a tendency to produce the sensation of two different pitches." The vibrato movement is transferred to the whole violin, and even to the performer's bow arm, and thus affects the tone produced. Individual differences, which are commonly slight, are due to variations in shifting, in tone beginning and ending, and in anatomical peculiarities of the finger-tip. The study, which is well illustrated and very interesting, is the first of a series of Research Studies in Music to be issued by the Peabody Conservatory under the editorship of the director, Otto Ortmann.

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Case for Democracy

AFTER THE DELUGE: *A Study of Communal Psychology*, by Leonard Woolf. $3.50. 8½ x 5⅜; 347 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

LIBERTY & RESTRAINT, by Louis Le Fevre. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 375 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

IN DEFENSE OF TOMORROW, by Robert Douglas Bowden. $2. 7½ x 5; 210 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES, by Simeon Strunsky. $2. 8 x 5¼; 215 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

ALL of these authors profess to believe in democracy and all of them argue for it with laudable earnestness, but I hesitate to risk a lifelong reputation for scientific precision by adding that they prove their case. As a matter of fact, only one of them, Dr. Bowden, seems to be completely sure of it himself, and the reasons that he gives for his confidence will often, I fear, pain the judicious. Perhaps I may best indicate his state of mind by noting that, in calling a "roll of famous poets, statesmen, artists, writers and musicians" who have been "products of the common people," he puts James Whitcomb Riley in second place, ahead of Shakespeare and Beethoven, and groups Lindbergh (whether as poet, statesman, artist, writer or musician I don't know) with Milton, Pasteur, Whitman and Balzac. In the same paragraph he lists the Renaissance as one of "the great mass reforms of the middle classes," and then throws in the Industrial Revolution as another "reform"! In the United States of today, he says gravely, "The state exists for the individual" and there is "less effort to direct his private life . . . than at any other time in the history of civilized races." The proof is that "only a generation ago almost every Protestant in America was barred from card-playing and dancing; now the churches encourage their members in it (*sic*)." Dr. Bowden is head of the department of the social sciences at Youngstown College in Ohio. His work was awarded "the John G. Agar prize of $3000 for the best book on the soul of America in a contest sponsored by the National Arts Club." I can only regret that the judges did not unearth an author with a greater gift for logic and a firmer grasp of the principles of English syntax.

Mr. Strunsky's English, as everyone knows, is impeccable, but his logic is often almost as shaky as Professor Bowden's. On page 66, for example, one finds him arguing solemnly that "Mr. Hoover's victory over Governor Smith in 1928 vindicated the dignity of the average man. A bigot," he continues, "has more human value than a marionette. A good hater is more impressive than an empty meal-sack. Caliban is a richer personality than Simple Simon." Perhaps. But where is the evidence that the Methodist morons who leaped and howled as Archbishop Cannon pulled the strings were really Calibans, and not mere Simple Simons? What reason is there for believing that their bigotry had anything more respectable in it than one finds in the docile jigging of marionettes? As a matter of fact, the whole Cannon movement offered massive proof, not that the Southern share-croppers and

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lintheads were too independent in spirit to follow their party blindly, but only that they were too stupid and subservient to throw off the tyranny of their so-called church. I leave it to any fair man to say whether the politics of Al Smith in 1928 was better or worse by any rational standard of value than the theology of Monsignor Cannon. Does Mr. Strunsky argue that it would be a vindication of the dignity of Catholics if they waited for orders on election day from the Pope? Or a testimony to the human worth of the Jews if they went to the polls determined only to vote against every *Goy* who showed his head? I can imagine a very persuasive argument for the kind of prejudice that has logical ideas behind it, and even for certain kinds of bigotry, but certainly it is hard to imagine any for the kind that is grounded only on a credulity that would disgrace savages, and a porcine willingness to be led by the nose.

For the most part, I should add in fairness, Mr. Strunsky avoids such wholly preposterous arguments, and devotes himself to contending that it is not equitable to blame *Homo americanus* for imbecilities that are common to all mankind. "The doctrine of comparison," he announces with pontifical assurance, "forbids the labelling as Americana of universal human follies that are also Gallicana, Anglicana, and Atheniana." But here also, I suspect, there is somewhat more sound than sense. The doctrine of comparison which Mr. Strunsky speaks of was invented by himself to help out a bad cause, and has no more authority that I am aware of than the doctrine that the moon is made of green cheese. If it is the "Americana" in this great family magazine that he is driving at, which seems to be the case, then he must be well aware that very little of it could be plausibly laid to the people of any other nation. Have the French any Ku Kluxers or Southern Methodists? Do any considerable number of the Dutch accept the New Thought? Is patriotism, in England, the monopoly of mountebanks who live by it and fools who are their dupes? Is there a Hollywood in Italy, or indeed a California? Has Sweden an Arkansas? Do the Swiss baptize by total immersion, wear carnations on Mother's Day, and burn blackamoors at the stake? Where in all Europe is there a city as corrupt as Philadelphia, or Chicago, or, for that matter, New York? What European Senate has a member comparable to Tom Heflin or Huey Long? What has Belgium to put beside the Elks, the Moose, the Shriners? Has Rotary, indeed, extended to all points of the compass? Then where did it originate? And who invented Christian Science? Where else in Christendom is it unlawful to drink a glass of beer? What other country has public functionaries reasonably comparable to our Prohibition agents, our university presidents, or our radio crooners? Are there any Al Capones in Germany, or any Jimmie Walkers in Spain? If there is a Mooney jugged in Norway, what is his name?

But I fear that I labor the obvious. All that Mr. Strunsky's argument would come to, even if its premisses were sound, would be a defense of polecats on the ground that hyenas also have an unfriendly smell. But its premisses are by no means sound, as one quickly discovers on examining any one of them in detail. For example, consider his contention that "the mother cult in America should be compared with the Frenchman's worship of his *maman*." Well, let us do it. The Frenchman, like any other normal man, has a great deal of affection for his mother, and he is not ashamed to own it. But does he advertise

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it by flaunting a carnation in his lapel on some day fixed by the Florists' Board of Trade, or by going to the nearest telegraph office and sending her a canned telegram, or by making maudlin speeches about her at public banquets? Nay, he does not. Such intolerable bounderism is confined to the United States, and to list it under "Americana" is quite as accurate as to list the banalities of Arthur Brisbane. It is one of the things that give this great Republic its peculiar color, distinguishing it sharply from all other countries. It is as essentially American as a speakeasy or a college yell. If (which God forbid!) the progress of world Americanization ever causes it to be imitated in other countries, as Rotary, jazz and *Fordismus* have been imitated, it will remain nevertheless as indubitably American as they are. And so long as it remains American it will constitute a sweet and instructive study for the more philosophical variety of Americans. Such stuff is under our noses day in and day out, year following year. Surely it is absurd to argue that putting an American label on it is a violation of any fantastic "doctrine of contrast," or that Americans ought to turn their backs on it, and devote themselves to analyzing the flourishes with which a Frenchman kisses the hand of his *maman*.

Mr. Strunsky's whole book, indeed, is made up of loose thinking couched in charming but essentially meaningless terms. He tries to prove that a love of liberty still glows in the breasts of Americans by pointing to their wholesale violations of the Volstead Act. But would a people with any genuine passion for freedom content themselves with violating it; wouldn't they also proceed to get rid of it? Again, he argues gravely that "the real Americanization of Germany in recent years is to be seen in Socialist Chancellors presiding over German Cabinets" and that "the real Americanization of England is the British Labor party in power," quite forgetting that the American Cabinet and Congress are as heavily buttressed against Socialists as they are against cannibals, and that in at least half of the American States subscribing to what many of the German and English Socialists preach openly is a penal offense. I suspect that Mr. Strunsky's sense of humor, once so flourishing, has begun to fail him. Worse, I begin to fear that my own will come down with the same wasting disease if I parley with his pious sophistry much longer. There is, indeed, nothing more dangerous to the midriff than a seance with a 100% American. It may begin with snickers, but it always ends with something hard to distinguish from moral indignation. So I pass on to Messrs. Le Fevre and Woolf.

Mr. Le Fevre starts out with two ideas that are plainly sound. The first is that human progress is largely a function of liberty—that it is bound to be slow wherever the unusual individual confronts a rigid and hostile organization of society. The other is that the importance of government is commonly much exaggerated—that there are plenty of other human enterprises of quite as much significance, and not a few that are of more. But from this safe ground he launches at once into a very swampy and dubious region, and is presently making heavy going. Let us take up his arguments one by one, though with a few changes in the order in which he sums them up. The first is that under democracy "rulers are frequently changed and are therefore unable to consolidate and extend their power." This, of course, sounds plausible, but the moment one thinks of Aldrich, Penrose, Tammany and the bi-partisan gangs that have wrecked Chicago and Philadelphia it blows up.

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The second is that "it is almost impossible [under democracy] to enforce laws opposed by a vigorous minority." Granted. But it is even more difficult to repeal them, as the examples of the Volstead Act, the Comstock Postal Act, and the various anti-Red and anti-birth-control laws so beautifully demonstrate. Third, "every class with a share in political power has an opportunity to express its grievances and possesses real weapons against oppression." True again, but what of the classes that have no such power, *e.g.*, the Negroes in the South, the Communists in the North and West, and the great class of William Graham Sumner's Forgotten Men everywhere? Fourth, "democracy provides the best insurance against changes violently imposed on the people's way of life, and is the most stable form of government in the face of disaster and defeat." The first half of this, I fear, is simply not true. Who could imagine a more "sudden change, violently imposed on the people's way of life," than the advent of Prohibition? Or than the setting up of the Wilson dictatorship in 1917, with its train of tyrannies that still beset us?

As for the other half, I fear that the evidence in support of it is very dubious, to say the least. Since the appearance of democracy in the modern world but one democratic country has suffered actual defeat in war, and but one other has been seriously imperilled. The first was the Confederate States of America, in 1865, and the second was France in 1916. The Confederacy collapsed completely, and its constituent States are still not fully recovered. France was held in line in 1916 and 1917 only by English urging and the promise of American aid; even so, many important units of the Army threw up the sponge, and a general mutiny was avoided by only a hairsbreadth. Certainly no sane person would argue that the French would have held out if their position had been comparable to that of the Germans. Even with overwhelming odds on their side they were close to cracking; with the same odds against them they would have been out of the war by the end of 1914.

The truth is that democracy is not strong in adversity, but very weak. At the first threat of genuine trouble it slides almost automatically into a dictatorship, as happened in this country under Lincoln in 1861 and again under Wilson in 1917. It can survive only by abandoning all of its fundamental philosophy. It becomes something that, by every theory, it simply is not. If it be argued that other forms of government commit suicide under the same circumstances in the same manner, the answer may be made that the fact is irrelevant, for Mr. Le Fevre is here maintaining that democracy is more stable than those others. No one really knows what would happen to the United States in the face of serious disaster. Mr. Le Fevre's belief is that it would gloriously muddle through; my own is that it would fall to pieces. And there, I suppose, the question will have to rest until Yahweh puts us to the test. But surely no one who recalls the ludicrous hysteria which prevailed from Coast to Coast in 1917 and 1918 will be too confident that Americans would keep their heads if a horde of Japs were ravaging California and a horde of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans or some other kind of heathen were bombing Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and New York. I should not want to be President at such a time. Nor should I care to have any bet down on the survival of the Constitution.

Mr. Le Fevre opposes all forms of non-democratic government on the ground that they lead to "excessive centralization of power, to the expansion of governmen-

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tal authority, to the suppression of all opposition, and to incessant encroachments on individual freedom." But it must be plain that all of his fears are already realized under our American democracy. In order to find them so painfully realized under any other form of government he must go to such frankly half-civilized lands as pre-war Turkey and Russia. In the Germany and Austria of those days there was certainly no such "excessive centralization of power" as one now finds in the United States (consider, for example, the case of Bavaria, and that of the Hanseatic towns), nor any such "suppression of all opposition" (consider the cases of the German Socialists and Catholics), nor any even remote approach to our current "encroachments on individual freedom." Mr. Le Fevre's whole argument in favor of democracy, indeed, might be very readily converted into an argument against it. He is a learned and earnest man, and he avoids the palpable nonsense of Messrs. Bowden and Strunsky, but he is sadly incommoded by a long series of plain and painful facts.

Mr. Woolf's approach to the subject is historical rather than polemical. He traces the growth of the democratic idea since the French Revolution, and shows what a revolution it has made in all our ways of thinking. And then he marvels at the appearance of what he calls neo-authoritarianism, with its bitter war upon liberty and equality. His amazement, I believe, is due to a simple misunderstanding: he confuses liberty and democracy. The two things did not come into the world together, and they are by no means identical. In various important ways there was far more liberty in the Prussia of Frederick the Great than there has ever been in France since the Revolution, and even a far sounder variety of equality, as anyone may discover by contrasting the Miller Arnold case, described by Carlyle, with the Dreyfus case. Liberty and equality make effective democratic shibboleths, but once they have served that purpose they are forgotten. No democratic society is ever really tolerant of minorities. It suffers them only when they are too strong to be destroyed; when they are weak it always tries to destroy them. It is, in its typical forms, no more than a conspiracy against liberty in the name of liberty, just as religion is largely a conspiracy against morality in the name of morality.

Mr. Woolf has made an interesting book. There are, to be sure, some lamentable holes in his argument, as when, for example, he accuses "Mr. Mencken of believing that he has driven the last nail into democracy's coffin when he has remade the discovery that all men are not in all respects equal." I have, as a matter of fact, never fallen into any such transparent folly. But in the main he is careful and intelligent. At the end, unfortunately, he is still far at sea, and so he announces that several more volumes will have to follow. I predict that by the time he gets to Vol. X he will begin to see a bright light.

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BENJAMIN DECASSERES'S *latest book is "The Love-Letters of a Living Poet."*

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WILLIAM E. WILLNER *is a New York architect.*

LEANE ZUGSMITH *was born in Louisville, and educated at Goucher College, the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia. Her first novel, "All Victories Are Alike," was written during a year she lived abroad, chiefly in France and Italy. "Goodbye and Tomorrow" is her second. At present Miss Zugsmith is connected with the publishing house of Liveright, Inc.*

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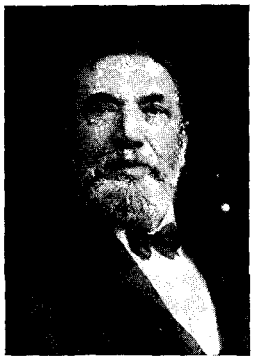
Editorial NOTES

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is honored by the privilege of presenting herewith a portrait of M. Henri Mouquin, whose services to civilization in the United States are described in the present issue by Mr. Benjamin De Casseres. Men of M. Mouquin's peculiar talents are now proscribed by the abominable laws of the land. But his old patrons have not forgotten him, and Mr. De Casseres's tribute to him is printed in the hope that it will, in some measure, console them, if only by sharpening their memories of better days.



Henri Mouquin

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is in receipt of a protest from the owners of the Department of Labor Building in Washington regarding statements made about the structure in "One of Mr. Hoover's Friends," by Robert S. Allen, in the January issue. Mr. Allen had no intention to reflect on the soundness and worthiness of the building. He has no reason to believe that it is not a substantial structure.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for April will be "Democracy and Mass Massacre," by Hoffman Nickerson; "The Foreign Bond Bubble," by Max Winkler; and "Life in a Yankee Utopia," by Jorge J. Blanco.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xx

the social and political difficulties that are caused by the prevailing conflict of languages in the world, and the various attempts that have been made to get rid of them by setting up a new international language. No specific international language is advocated, but the characters that every one must show, to get serious attention, are described. Dr. Shenton is professor of sociology at Syracuse, Dr. Sapir is professor of anthropology and general linguistics at Chicago, and the late Dr. Jespersen was professor of English at Copenhagen. Dr. Sapir's essay was first published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February, 1931. There is a preface by C. K. Ogden.

SOCIOLOGY

NEW MINDS: NEW MEN?
By Thomas Woody. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅞; 528 pp. *New York*

Mr. Woody's theme is the tremendous effort that is now under way in Russia to purge the plain people of the common European heritage of ideas, and to substitute in their minds the ideology of Communism. That effort is naturally centered in the public schools, but it also goes on briskly in a dozen other fields. The Soviet leaders are determined to make the new generation Communist in every thought. Every vestige of the old way of thinking is systematically opposed, and the Bolshevik gospel is held up as complete and perfect. All governments, of course, make the same effort to inculcate orthodoxy, and in the United States, as every one knows, the business is carried to great lengths, but in Russia it is being carried much further. Whether or not it will succeed there Dr. Woody does not profess to predict. He simply presents the facts, and lets the reader draw his own conclusions. The book is heavily packed with facts, many of them unfamiliar, and is written in an impartial spirit. There are 38 illustrations, chiefly of schools, and at the end an extensive bibliography is followed by a good index.

GETTING A DIVORCE.
By Isabel Drummond. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 544 pp. *New York*

Miss Drummond, who is a practicing lawyer in Philadelphia, here offers what is substantially a one-volume encyclopedia of divorce law. She begins with an historical survey, and then discusses the legal nature of marriage, the common grounds for divorce and annulment, the defenses that are usually allowed, the rules of practice affecting divorce cases, the question of alimony, that of the custody of children, and the costs of proceedings in the various

Continued on page xxviii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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States. There follow chapters on divorce outside the United States and on the conflict of laws. Part II consists of a detailed summary of the principal statutory enactments on divorce in each of the forty-eight States, with references to cases, and a supplement on divorce in France, Mexico, Cuba and Sweden. The book closes with an elaborate index. It is very carefully written, and will be of great value to persons contemplating applying for divorces, to those in doubt about the authority and effect of existing divorces, and to the lawyers of both. The references are copious, and the summaries are succinct and clear.

THE THEORY OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.
By Albert Jay Nock. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 160 pp. *New York*

Mr. Nock argues that a false concept of equality has played hob with education in this country, and especially with what is called the higher education. We proceed on the assumption that every individual is educable, but that assumption is constantly blown up by experience. Thus the universities are confronted by a great mass of hopeless students, and they get out of the dilemma by substituting training for true education. The result is a graduate who has been schooled in various more or less useful arts and disciplines, but is almost wholly lacking in culture. Mr. Nock is not optimistic about the possibility of reform. The idea of equality is too deeply ingrained in the American mind, he believes, to be disposed of by the logic of the plain facts. The best we can do is to seek ameliorations. The book is a reprint of a series of lectures delivered at the University of Virginia in 1931 on the Page-Barbour foundation.

A HISTORY OF SMOKING.
By Count Corti. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 296 pp. *New York*

Count Corti believes that the use of tobacco originated among the Mayan priests of Yucatan, and that they first burned it as incense. "While thus employed," he says, "they would naturally blow on the red-hot embers, inhale the smoke, and so come to realize the pleasing narcotic effects." These effects, priest-like, they ascribed to the gods. The theory need not be taken too seriously, though it gets some support from the facts observed by the early European visitors to America. Count Corti has unearthed a great deal of unfamiliar material, and made a very interesting book. Regarding the origins of the cigar, the pipe and the cigarette he is especially illuminating. There are 64 illustrations, a chronology, a bibliography and an index. The translation is by Paul England.

THE ARTS

EARLY AMERICAN TEXTILES.
By Frances Little. *The Century Company*
$4 8¼ x 5¼; 267 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Little, who is assistant curator of decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum, describes the differentiating qualities of American-made textiles as compared with those imported from abroad. Early American textiles, she says, were largely utilitarian in character, owing to the lack of skill among the weavers. She traces, from materials gathered from original sources, the development of the industry in America, and discusses American silk, embroidery, early cotton printing, and the textiles used in early American homes. The book, which belongs to the Century Library of American Antiques, is an invaluable text for the collector. There are numerous illustrations, a chronology of important dates in the history of American textiles, an extensive bibliography, and an index.

ORIENTAL RUGS & CARPETS.
By Arthur Urbane Dilley. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$15 11 x 8⅜; 303 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dilley here interprets "the spirit of rugs as revealed by the record of national personality" in a highly readable volume. There are chapters on the rugs of Persia, India, Turkey, the Caucasus, Western Turkestan, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, China and Chinese Turkestan, on fibres and dyes, on the weaver's work, and on the significance of rug names. Finally, Mr. Dilley discusses rugs as merchandise and as decorations. He says that rug makers from time immemorial have broken every rule of the theorist in decoration. There are fourteen full-page illustrations in color, sixty-six pages of half-tone illustrations, a bibliographical statement in the preface, and an index.

GREAT MASTERS IN COLOR. *I., Raphael; II., Botticelli; III., Turner; IV., Jan Vermeer of Delft.*
Hale, Cushman & Flint
$1 each 9⅞ x 7⅜; 4 vols.; 16 plates *Boston*

These volumes were printed in England, and the plates are done in four-color half-tone. The coloring, in some cases, is rather crude, but in the main the reproductions, of which there are sixteen in each volume, are adequate. Each volume also contains a short biography of the painter, followed by notes

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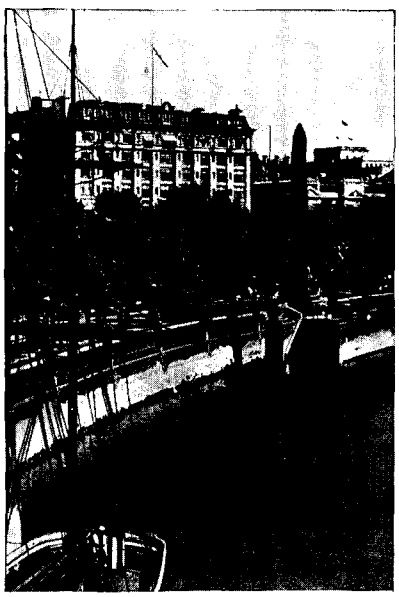

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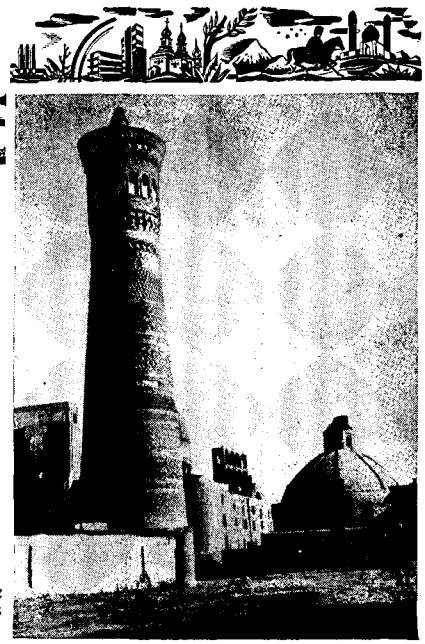

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Continued from page xxviii

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PORTRAITS IN POTTERY.
By Albert Lee. *The Stratford Company*
$6 9¼ x 6¼; 272 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Lee here describes his adventures in the antique shops of England, the Continent, and America, in search of portraits in Staffordshire, Lambeth, Doulton & Watts, and many other famous old wares. His book is not only very entertaining reading but a valuable compendium of information for the collector. There are over 200 examples of pottery portraiture, in excellent reproduction, and an index.

REFERENCE BOOKS

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, *Vols. III, IV & V.*
Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman & Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company
New York
$7.50 a vol. 10⅜ x 7½; 681 + 710 + 690 pp.

Vol. III opens with John Bright and Vol. V closes with Exile, which indicates that the complete work will run to fourteen volumes. The articles are not confined narrowly to the field of sociology; on the contrary, they extend into the fields of economics and law, with frequent excursions into anthropology, psychology, pedagogy, history and statistics. The editorial committee includes not only delegates of ten of the principal American scientific societies, but also representatives of the laity, *e.g.*, Senator James Couzens, Silas H. Strawn, John J. Raskob and Owen D. Young. The articles cover their subjects adequately, but are beautifully succinct. For example, Comparative Psychology is dealt with by Dr. Robert M. Yerkes in less than four columns, Censorship by Dr. H. D. Lasswell in seven and a half, and Environmentalism by Dr. Wilson D. Wallis in ten. The larger articles, such as those on Education, Economic History, Coöperation and Contract are subdivided, and each division is commonly dealt with by a different writer. The volumes are printed in large and clear type on opaque paper, the cross-references are numerous, and there are well-planned and useful bibliographies. Altogether, the work has manifold values, and deserves to be in every public library.

AN OUTLINE OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE.
Edited by William Rose. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 1103 pp. *New York*

Twenty-two authorities here discuss the elements of twenty-six subjects. They are the following: A. Wolf, philosophy and scientific methodology; W. R. Matthews, cosmogony and theology; J. W. N. Sullivan, physics; R. A. Sampson, astronomy; James Rice, mathematics; J. Arthur Thompson, biology; F. A. E. Crew, sex; F. Aveling, psychology; J. C. Flügel, psychoanalysis; R. R. Marett, morals; C. G. Seligman, anthropology; E. A. Gardner, archeology; Maurice Dobb, economics; T. E. Gregory, finance; G. D. H. Cole, industry and politics; C. Delisle Burns, international affairs; F. J. C. Hearnshaw, the science of history; L. Dudley Stamp, geography; Lascelles Abercrombie, literary criticism; Roger Fry, painting and sculpture; C. H. Reilly, architecture; and R. O. Morris, music. There are numerous illustrations, bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and an elaborate index.

FICTION

LAKE FRONT.
By Ruth Russell. *The Thomas S. Rockwell Company*
$2.50 9 x 5⅞; 291 pp. *Chicago*

Here we have the history of Chicago from 1835 to 1931, and incidentally, of the O'Maras, a simple Irish family that becomes embroiled in its clamorous life. In a foreword Miss Russell says, "Since this is the story of a city, truth to the lives of individuals has been subordinated to truth to the life of the city." Unfortunately, she fails to recreate the life of either. The numerous woodcuts are by Ruth Kellogg.

ALL YE PEOPLE.
By Merle Colby. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 429 pp. *New York*

This is a tedious and confused novel written around John Bray, a Vermonter, who strikes out for the Ohio in 1810. One meets, "all ye people" of the westward movement, in their Conestoga wagons. The 429 closely-printed pages only too obviously lean upon the source books to which Mr. Colby makes acknowledgment at the end.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.
By Richard Aldington.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 335 pp.
Garden City, L. I.

An unconvincing tale about the sporting gentry of England, in particular, Colonel Smithers, retired;

Continued on page xxxii

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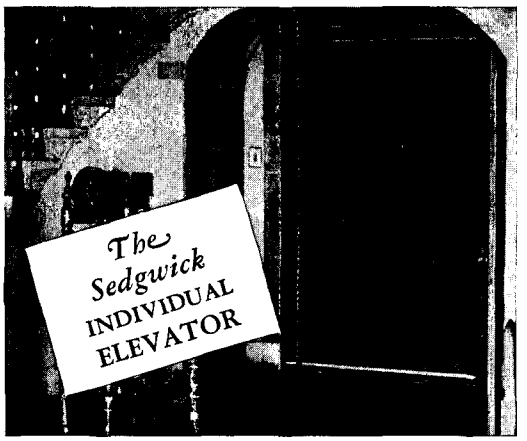

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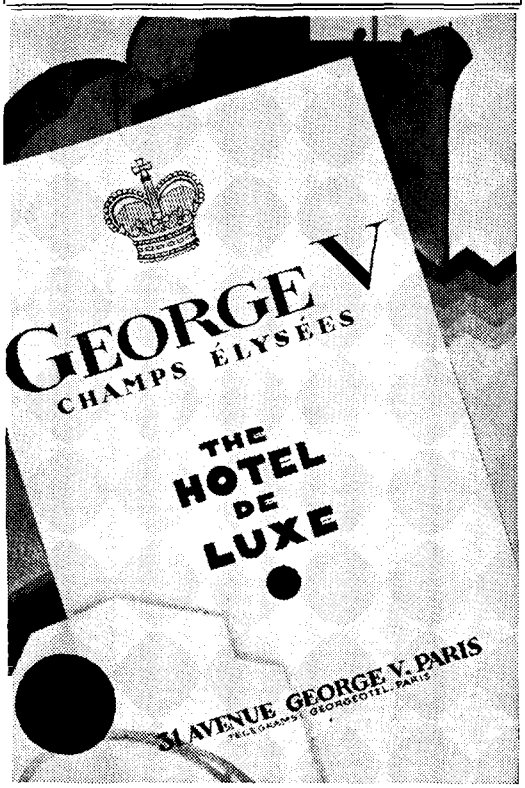

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Continued from page xxx

his wife Alvina, who hunts to the exclusion of her household duties; and their unattractive daughter Georgie, whose one ambition is to grab a man. An unworthy successor to "Death of a Hero."

STRANGE BROTHER.
By Blair Niles. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 341 pp. *New York*

A detailed chronicle of the persecutions that a homosexual suffers in modern society. In spite of the author's sympathetic treatment of her protagonist, Mark Thornton, a sensitive young man from the Middle West who comes to New York, the book simply doesn't come off.

THE POOCH.
By Ross Santee. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 253 pp. *New York*

The autobiography of Spike, a fox-terrier, and his adventures in cow camp and corral, and on the open range. A faithful portrayal of the cowpuncher's Arizona. Spike speaks the same language as his cowboy friends. Mr. Santee's illustrations are very good.

THE KIRBYS.
By Margaret Whipple. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2 7¼ x 5; 376 pp. *New York*

A portrait of a middle-class family in Benoit, an industrial town of the Middle West: their bickerings and ambitions, their bills and mortgages and fur coats, their stage-struck daughter and wise, dear mother, all described in a commonplace manner.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRUE STORIES OF IMMORTAL CRIMES: *Tales of Terror.*
By H. Ashton-Wolfe. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 286 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has examined the secret archives of the Paris police, and here presents some of his findings. He does not pretend to omniscience, but he is inclined to believe that he has unearthed some new facts about various celebrated French crimes and criminals. Among the latter, he deals with Pierre Picaud, the original of the Count of Monte Cristo, Joseph Lesurques, the mysterious Man in the Iron Mask, Pierre Coignard, Marie Madeleine Dreux d'Aubray, Count Charles Fouquer de Crovigny, the most successful of Cagliostro's followers, Princess Jabirouska, the female Bluebeard of Paris, and François Vidocq, who started life as a bandit and finally became chief of the Paris police. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe thinks he has finally identified the Man in the Iron Mask. He says: "That this mysterious prisoner was of kingly blood is certain. . . . He was the son of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, and Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII and Queen of France. He was therefore the half-brother of Louis XIV, and his senior." There are many illustrations.

GOG.
By Giovanni Papini. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 300 pp. *New York*

Gog is half American and half Kanaka. He rolls up many millions during the war, and then retires from business and sets out upon his travels. He visits Einstein, George Bernard Shaw, Gandhi, Henry Ford, Maeterlinck, H. G. Wells, Knut Hamsun, Lenin, Freud, Edison, Kaiser Wilhelm II and other notables. He also calls upon many lesser lights, ranging from a cannibal to a metaphysician, and from a city-planner to an executioner. They discuss everything under the sun, from the nature of history to the future of the theatre, and from capital punishment to the function of lice. There are, here and there, some ingenious and amusing passages, but in the main the ideas exposed are not striking, nor is their exposition very impressive. The book, indeed, only bears out what was suggested by Papini's life of Christ: that there is little in him save a somewhat sophomoric and trashy cleverness.

AN EARLY AMERICAN HOME.
By Claude H. Miller.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.50 9⅜ x 6¼; 238 pp. *New York*

Having been impressed, while living temporarily in Boston, by the comfort and beauty of the old-time New England village houses, with their white clapboards and huge central chimneys, Mr. Miller resolved to build one at Denville, N. J. Here he describes the process in detail. He has much that is shrewd and useful to say about dealing with contractors, and about lighting and heating systems, hardware, insulation, and so on. At the end he has an excellent chapter on furnishings, in which he steers a discreet middle course between the charm of antiques and the practical utility of modern furniture. His writing is defaced by a somewhat strained facetiousness, but he manages nevertheless to be much more informing than most authors who discuss his subject. His book has many illustrations, but many of them are bad. There is an index.

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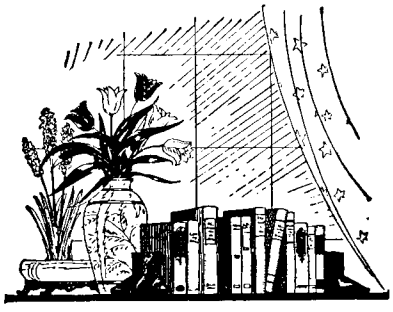

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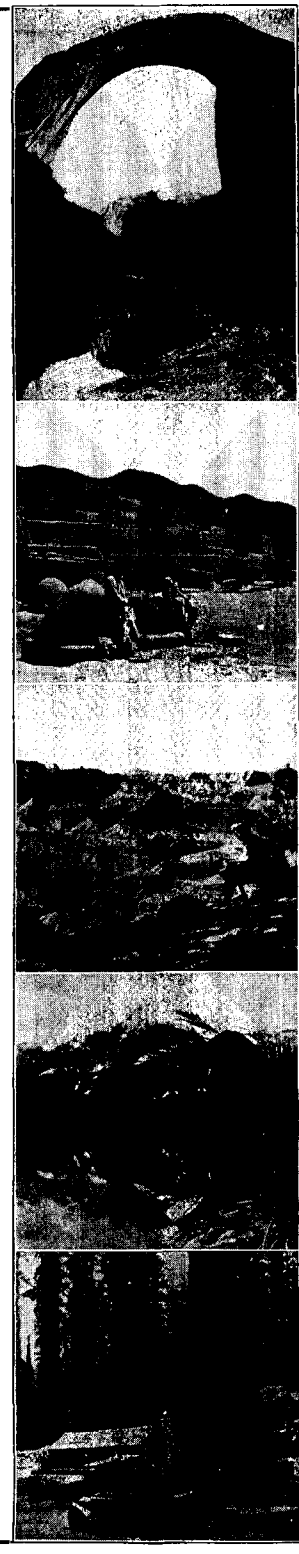

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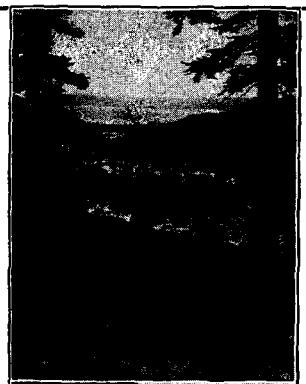

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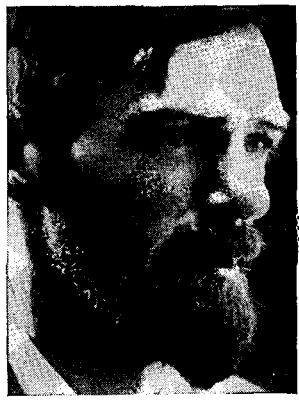

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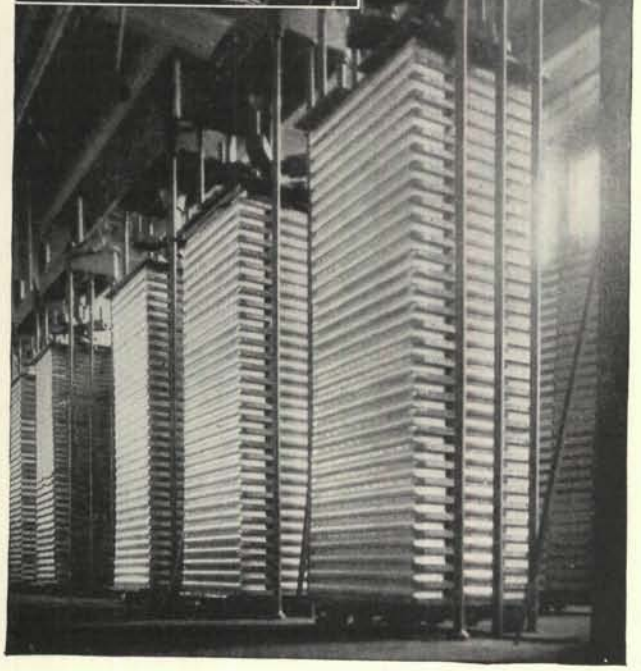

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